POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MAY 9 • 1964 20c

CANCER:
A sweeping new study gives hope that serums and drugs might bring cures

CRIME IN MOSCOW:
How Red courts deal with murderers, drunks and wife-beaters

JILL ST. JOHN
An actress in search of her childhood

The anti-Negro vote / Terror in Alaska / A Bobby [illegible]h?

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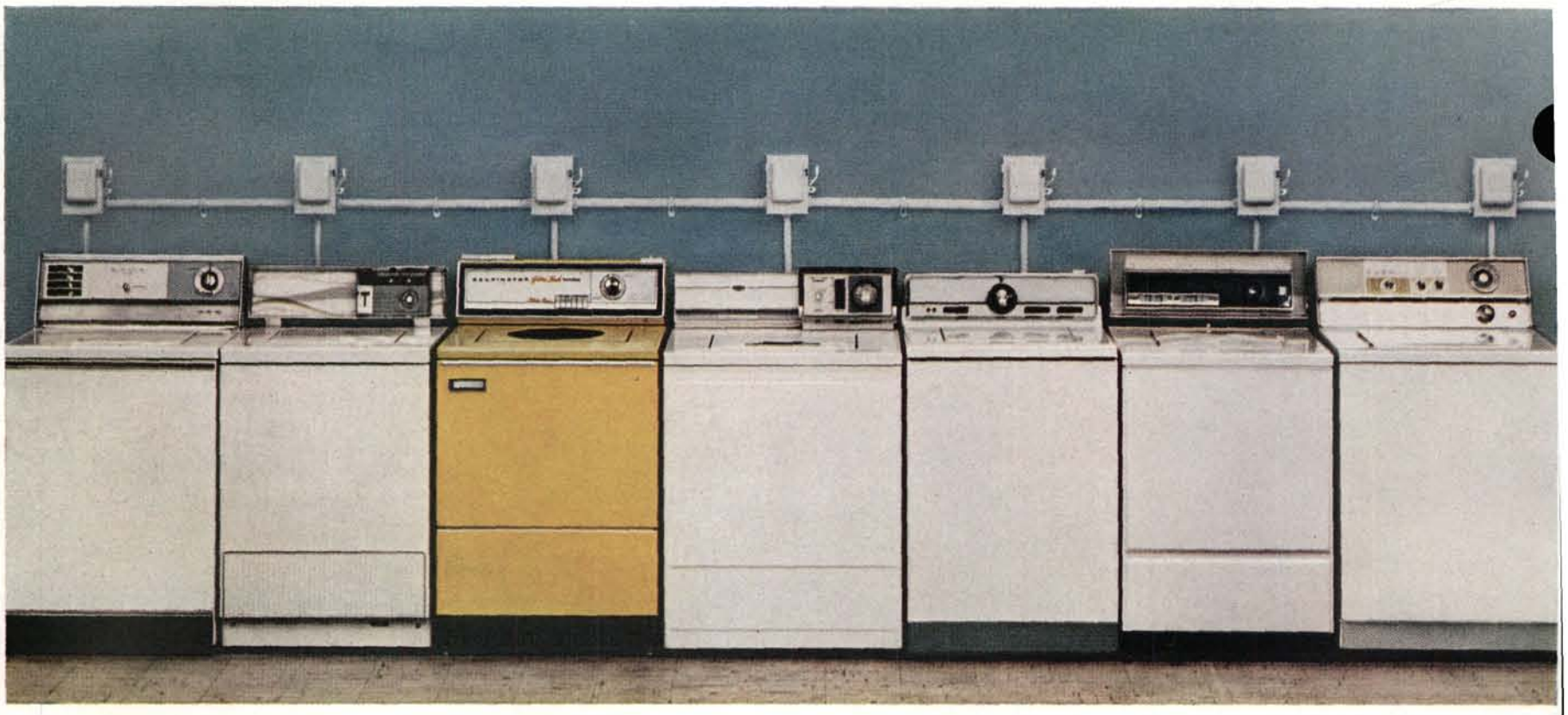

These 6 important tests of 7 leading washers will help you choose the best one for you

Read all these significant facts before you buy and you'll choose Kelvinator's Golden Touch Washer. (It comes with a 5-year parts guarantee.)

Henry Scholten, Arthur Dunham and Elinor Muller who supervised the tests at Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute. They began testing July 11, 1963. The models tested were the latest available at that time. Their report dated Sept. 13, giving the results shown here, may be inspected at Kelvinator in Detroit.

Test 1: How well does it clean?

The first thing you'd test is how clean the washer gets clothes. If it doesn't do this, nothing else counts. Now we can report from a series of impartial tests: No washer gets clothes cleaner than the Golden Touch Kelvinator.

Test 2: Is it gentle on clothes?

Another big question is how the washer treats your clothes. Does it cause unnecessary wear? Five of the washers tested were less gentle with test fabrics than Kelvinator. The sixth washer was no better than the Kelvinator. Something valuable to remember if you want your clothes to last longer and look better!

Test 3: Does it rinse well?

In rinsing, there is no significant difference. All seven washers were equally good. Any claim by any one of them that it rinses out soil and suds better was proved unfounded in these tests.

Test 4: Is lint a problem?

Even without its lint filter in operation, Kelvinator deposits less lint than all the other washers. This indicates how thoroughly Kelvinator rinses lint away and how little lint it will leave on clothing or linens you have just finished washing.

Test 5: Will it waste water?

Five of the washers used more water, from start to finish, than Kelvinator. And all of them used more water during the wash cycle. More wash water means more soap or detergent needed. More expense! Count up all the times you use your washer in a year and your extra expense for soap or detergent adds up to a sizeable amount that you could save.

Test 6: What about servicing?

Kelvinator was the easiest to service of all seven washers tested. This means substantial savings on labor costs, if your Kelvinator ever needs servicing for any reason.

Speaking of servicing, five of the other washers are built with gears. The remarkable Kelvinator has no gears to break down! That's the main reason why you can't have a $70-$80 gear repair bill with Kelvinator's Golden Touch washer.

We build Kelvinator washers to be trouble-free. That's why Kelvinator can afford to guarantee parts for five long years.

Kelvinator will repair or replace any defective drive mechanism part, except electrical, for five years and any other defective part for one year. Your dealer will even pay labor costs the first year. On top of all this, the Kelvinator gives you a full minute of automatic prescrubbing, an exclusive feature which we call the Magic Minute. It helps loosen stubborn stains and ground-in dirt to eliminate tiresome hand prescrubbing. Then Kelvinator's Golden Touch agitation works throughout the full tub. Squeezes, relaxes and surges su through every item. That's the reaso Kelvinator washes a load more uniformly clean with less wear. Now that you have these facts you know what to do. Want a clean wash? Want gentle handling of fabrics? Want clothes to last longer? Want reliability? See your Kelvinator dealer. He has the washer that gives you the most!

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DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

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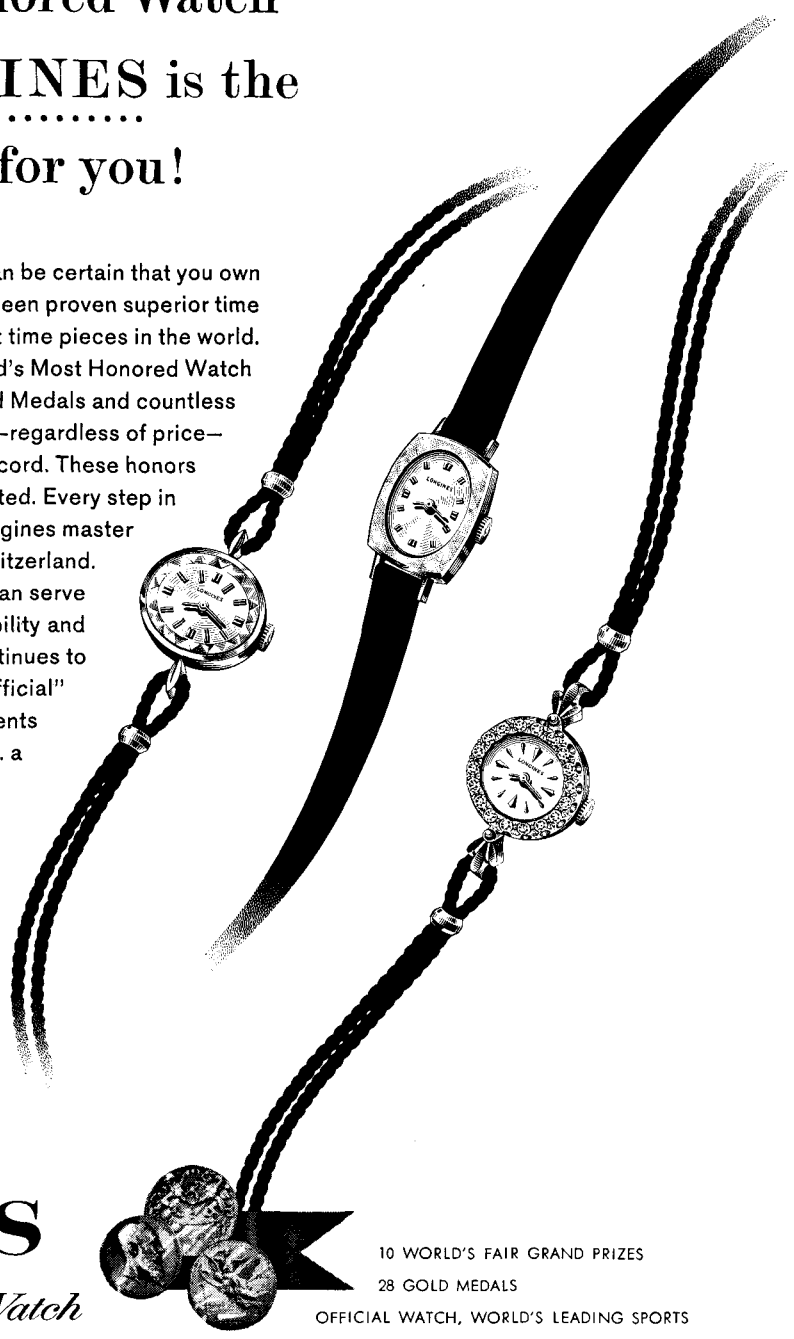

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Pictured above are *(LEFT)* Longines World's Fair L3451 Unbreakable faceted synthetic sapphire crystal case, solid 14K Gold. $125. *(CENTER)* Longines World's Fair L3362, delicately framed florentine pattern in solid 14K Gold. $100. *(RIGHT)* Longines Diamond Creation #3803 with 18 beautiful diamonds, solid 14K Gold. $295. Other Longines Watches for Ladies from $71.50

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POST

MAY 9, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 18

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Cancer is yielding up its secrets . . . . *by Pat McGrady and Murray Morgan* 19

Science is making steady progress in forcing cancer to yield its secrets. Researchers are increasingly certain that viruses are the main cause of the disease and this means that a vaccine may be the answer. This two-part article was written by Pat McGrady, and Murray Morgan, a free-lance writer. Much of the material was taken from McGrady's forthcoming book, *The Savage Cell*, which the author wrote while on leave of absence from his job as science editor of the American Cancer Society. In this issue the authors describe the evidence that points to cancer viruses; next week, in Part II, they examine the massive research to find a chemical cure. No breakthrough can come soon enough for the one in four Americans now alive who will suffer from some form of cancer.

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The authors. In Alaska to cover the great quake, **Bard Lindeman** lived through a severe aftershock. He says, "I thought I was going to write about quakes, not run from them." He describes the brave Alaskan effort to rebuild. . . . **Richard Warren Lewis** sent Jill St. John a long-playing record of steam-locomotive sound effects. The choo-choo noises were for her model trains. . . . **George Feifer** studied Russian at the Navy Language School, then went to Moscow under the cultural-exchange program. To study Soviet justice firsthand, he says, he just walked into a courthouse and sat down. Feifer watched a variety of cases. He saw Russian citizens tried for crimes ranging from thievery to attempted rape and murder. . . . **Anne Chamberlin** says she warmed to the Smithsonian's new home: It looked to her like a perfect place for her old car, but she then just couldn't convince the curators. . . . **Georges Carousso,** who has published 17 short stories in *The Post,* is public-relations director of the brewery that flew the blind deer to a specially trained veterinarian for eye surgery. He gave up a deer-hunting trip to help Bambi. . . . **Joseph Bell** lives 15 minutes from Disneyland. He rides the monorail there to entertain his children, but the ride in Seattle was strictly for business. . . . After following Governor Wallace along the northern primary trail, fellow Southerner **Harold H. Martin** has one explanation for the governor's unexpected success: "Ultraconservatives may think he represents a respectable way to oppose Big Government."

The cover. The big girl who refuses to grow up, Jill St. John, was photographed by **Frank Bez.**

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LETTERS

Dallas, Texas

Your editorial, THE SHAME OF DALLAS, TEXAS [Apr. 11], was an unfair attack on this city. Everyone I know was horrified and ashamed when our President was killed here. Most were horrified again when Oswald was murdered, but I truly believe Dallas gave Ruby a fair trial. Belli's defense left little room for any other verdict under Texas law.

MRS. DAVID O. BURCH
Dallas, Tex.

• Unfortunately, the "shame of Dallas" is also the shame of every U.S. citizen. You verbalize the gnawing thoughts many of us have had. And let us not forget that the overaggressive, ill-mannered members of the press set the tone for much of the catastrophic confusion.

CAROLE L. BLEY
Arlington, Va.

• I wish to congratulate you on your frank and shockingly true editorial. Believe me when I say the youth of our nation are appalled by the so-called justice carried out in Dallas and hope and pray that we, as the adults of tomorrow, can build a better society for our children.

JON F. HARPER
Naperville, Ill.

• As a former resident of Dallas, I know that an overwhelming majority of its citizens are fine people. As an old friend and former contributor to the *Post*, I am saddened to find you joining in a hate campaign against an entire city.

WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON
Middlebury, Vt.

• Your observations on our recent national disgrace—the shocking succession of spectacles in Dallas—are refreshing in a world of insipid editorial comment.

ROBERT OLSON
Eugene, Oreg.

• Here in Dallas, we find ourselves shocked by reports of the woman in New York who was murdered by a maniac one night recently within feet of the doorsteps of 38 persons, not one of whom lifted a finger to help her or even call the police. I suggest that you might reflect a bit on New York City's shortcomings.

MRS. ANNIE MAE ETTER
Dallas, Tex.

• I don't generally love Dallas and I do generally love the *Post*, but I do believe that your Dallas editorial is one of the most unfair and unconstructive pieces I've ever seen. As one who has lived in this country from end to end and would like to see it at peace with itself, I've been grateful for your past support for the reasonable view of human affairs. The Dallas editorial, though, I rank with the most miserable of parochial public statements.

D.W. SPENCE
Houston, Tex.

• The anger generated by the tragic murder of our young President has, naturally, been expressed in righteous wrath. For months, we in Dallas have stood defenseless, shamed by the eyes of the entire world. How can we dare ask justice in this area of shame and blame? The bequest of November 1963 to our city is not unfelt here, and there are no words to express what I feel personally. But may I, as the mother of some very young children and with their future in mind, ask please that you stop pointing now if you can?

MRS. JOANNE D. HILL
Dallas, Tex.

"Pampering" the gifted

"Certainly our children need to be as well-educated as we can make them," says University of Chicago Professor Bruno Bettelheim [STOP PAMPERING GIFTED CHILDREN, Apr. 11]. Then he devotes the rest of his article to arguing that the gifted should be held back to the speed of the more average.

CHARLES W. BROWN
Columbus, N. Mex.

• I agree with Dr. Bettelheim that it is undemocratic to segregate gifted children. A creative and gifted teacher can make the classroom a laboratory for democratic living. The fast learner can take an extra subject or do extra reading or even—as Dr. Bettelheim suggests—help his slower-learning classmates. Thereby, he may develop compassion for the less fortunate.

LOREN E. TAYLOR
Southern Illinois University
Carbondale, Ill.

• Dr. Bettelheim fears that an "intellectual elite" will arise if gifted children are given special attention. He is laboring under a distorted view of democracy, which glorifies the lowest common denominator. All men are not equal—there already is an intellectual elite—and the sooner this is acknowledged, the better.

RANDALL L. MEAD
Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

• Dr. Bettelheim would have us sacrifice the cream of our nation for the sake of the ego of our average and our subaverage.

CHRIS HOLLIDAY
Tarentum, Pa.

• Dr. Bettelheim intimates that gifted children are so because they have memorized more facts. He overlooks the fact that the gifted tend to acquire what he calls "insight" faster than ordinary children.

JOAN BENTLEY
Trenton, N.J.

• Unlike Dr. Bettelheim's college and graduate students who ask why they weren't told about poverty and mental disease, the 10- and 11-year-olds in our school for gifted children already know about these problems from discussions that relate their studies in history and literature to current events.

DR. NORMAN J. MIRMAN, *Director*
The Mirman School
Los Angeles, Calif.

• Re Mr. Bettelheim's article, I would like to modernize the Biblical saying: "What does it profit a man to gain all knowledge and to lose the ability to use it for the benefit of all?"

MRS. G.E. KENNEDY
Newman Grove, Nebr.

COMING SOON... in The Post

HENRY CABOT LODGE
Will the Oregon primary clinch the nomination?

Senator Fulbright Speaks Out:
HOW TO HANDLE CUBA

Part II of a new study
WILL SERUMS AND DRUGS CURE CANCER?

CALIFORNIA:
The world's biggest university
(growing bigger every year)

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Republicans

Dwight D. Eisenhower's article [WHY I AM A REPUBLICAN, Apr. 11] is worth many times my yearly subscription. I have wanted for a long time to see this information in print. Take heed, America.

MRS. R. RICHARDSON
Los Angeles, Calif.

• After reading Eisenhower's piece and agreeing with every word of it, suddenly the reason came to mind. I've been a Republican for 40 years.

ROTH CLINE
Culver, Ind.

• If we give Eisenhower credit for sincerity—and I'm sure we can—his piece points up, more than anything else, the gap between wish and accomplishment, design and execution. He mentions inflation, for example, and seems to think it is caused mostly by Democratic policies, yet the process continued during his tenure of office. I believe the piece has no power to convince the thinking person that Republican policy is superior to that of the Democrats.

F.L. SHREWSBURY
Winter Park, Fla.

Questions & answers

Stewart Alsop's THE INEVITABLE QUESTIONS [Apr. 11] about the Cuba and Vietnam situation was so concise, easy to read and remarkably to the point that I carry it in my wallet. Many thanks.

RUSSELL SOLOMON
Oakland, Calif.

• Alsop feels he knows more than Barry Goldwater, an experienced military fighter. The real facts are (1) that we could take Cuba overnight and hold it easily, and (2) that we can never police the world and should not try to do it.

HARRY RUSKIN
Boston, Mass.

Boy from Auschwitz

I was interested in the deeply moving account of Emil Geisler's experiences [THE BOY WHO SURVIVED AUSCHWITZ, by Ernst Papanek with Edward Linn, Apr. 11]. The sad thought that the few survivors of Auschwitz might have feelings of guilt because they had not died with the rest had never occurred to me.

GEORGE E. TENNEY
North Little Rock, Ark.

Fair trade

Thank you for the article on the "Quality Stabilization" fight by Martin Mayer [FAIR TRADE OR FOUL, THE BATTLE RAGES AGAIN! Apr. 11]. This great issue warrants as much public exposure as possible, for it is capable of hacking away at the foundations of free enterprise and free trade. If this bill (S. 774) is passed, the consumer will be in for a rude awakening which will cost him dearly.

JOHN P. JOHNSON
Gary, Ind.

• Free enterprise works right only when based on love for our neighbor, but far too many businessmen in this country think free enterprise means the right to destroy their competition. I prefer paying a small local businessman a fair profit for a good product to chasing all over for bargains, which often turn out to be imaginary.

MRS. DOROTHY CHAMBERS
Broomfield, Colo.

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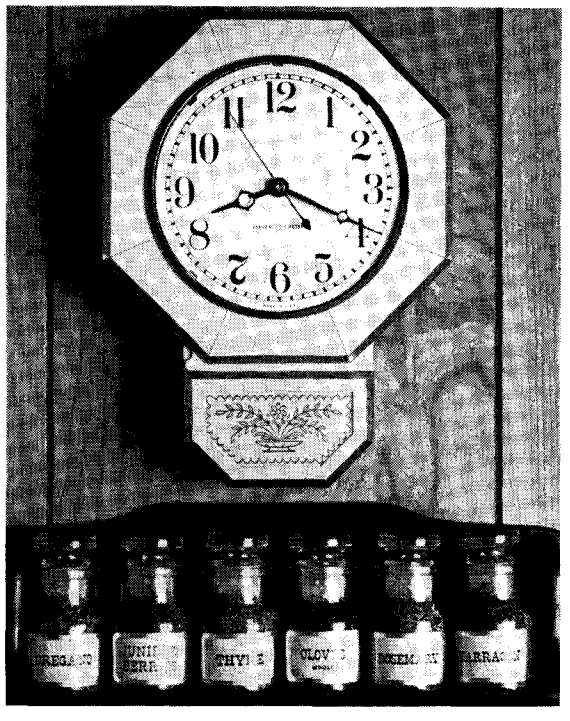
From General Electric:
Timely gifts for everyone! Kitchen clocks to match any decor...
Decorative clocks that enhance any wall...
Alarm clocks with lighted dials and signal lights to show when alarm is set

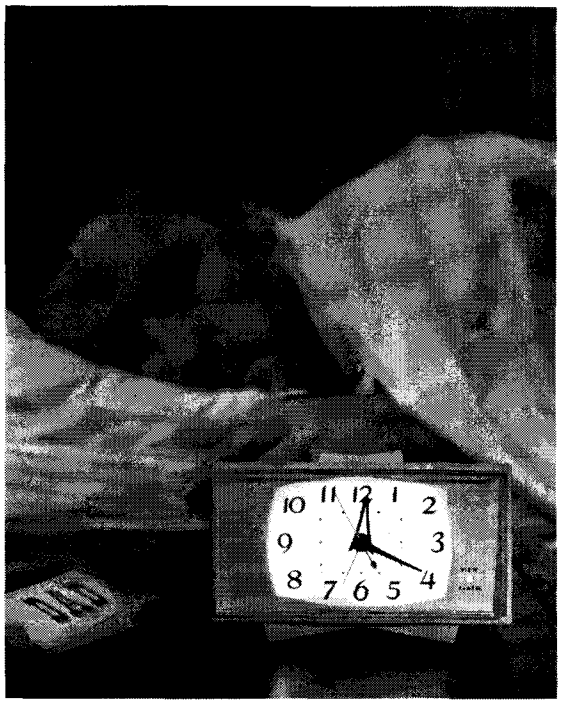
Beth's kitchen shower was a real surprise. . . . She loved the "Chef" wall clock. It will go beautifully with whatever type kitchen she has. The white case was a smart choice, but it also comes in sunny yellow and a soft beige. Would make a perfect gift for Mother, too. (Model 2131.)



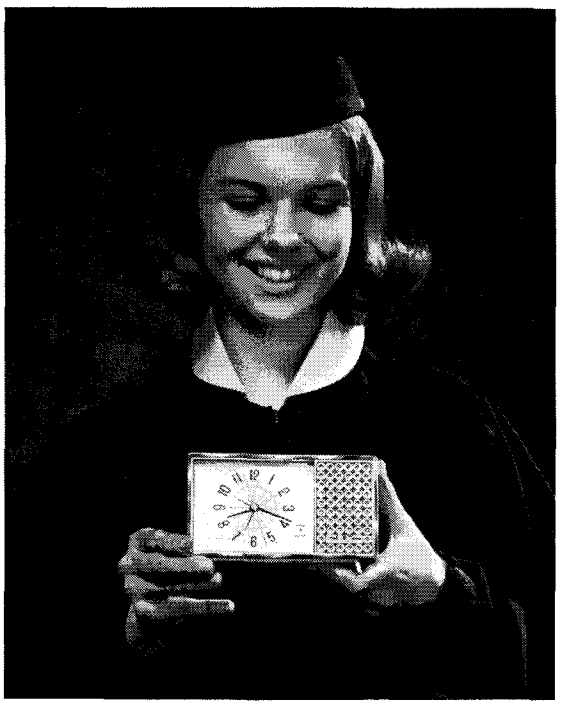
The Johnsons are having a housewarming. . . . Isn't "Reminiscence" a delightful gift for any home? Its old-fashioned schoolroom look is charming in so many different rooms. This 9-inch-high wall clock comes in brown, black or white, with gold-color trim. (Model 2128.)

For Ellen and Bill's 10th anniversary. . . . "Designer" will be simply stunning over the mantel in their living room. This decorator wall clock is 20 inches high, wide and handsome. And the brass-colored sunburst design will make a perfect gift for Mother, too. (Model 2502.)

Career-girl Connie is getting married! . . . And her wedding present must be as contemporary as her apartment. "Modern Times" wall clock is the answer. Two models—the conventional cord type (Model 2503), and one that's battery-operated, needs no electrical outlet (Model 2504).



A Father's Day gift for Jim . . . to get him to the train on time! "Decor-ette" Snooz-Alarm® clock will automatically call him a second time. The alarm rings, shuts off when top bar is pressed, sounds again 10 minutes later. Lighted dial and View Alarm light, too. (Model 7270-K.)



For Carolyn's graduation . . . something to take to college. A "Mel-O-Tone"* alarm clock. Rings with a slow-beat musical note. A happy sound. Sandalwood-color case is perfect for a dormitory or studio apartment. Lighted dial (Model 7287-K). Unlighted dial (Model 7287).

General Electric clocks, in all sizes and colors—for every room, every gift occasion, every personality, at your favorite store

General Electric Company, Clock & Timer Department, Ashland, Massachusetts

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AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

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THE DIAL SOAP $50,000 Instant

Step into a shower with your Dial Soap Sweepstakes Ticket
(you may step out $25,000 richer!)

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Sweepstakes

$50,000 IN PRIZES

Dial lets you know right now if you're a winner

You might have a $25,000 winning ticket right now! It's easy to find out.

Just step into a Dial shower with the white ticket. Dip the ticket in water (but do *not* rub it) and watch what happens inside the "Magic Rectangle."

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0124	3163	5468	8130
0147	3434	5985	8132
0307	3621	6139	8418
0379	3671	6720	8575
0642	3699	6762	8638
0668	3969	6876	8651
0802	3997	6881	8738
0895	4056	7092	8826
0933	4293	7386	9059
1249	4524	7439	9079
1455	4767	7443	9119
1503	4972	7467	9267
1945	4974	7473	9428
2460	4996	7494	9484
2511	5012	7699	9693
2791	5171	7727	9805
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0115	0765	1658	2677	3871	4730	6072	7053	7967	8697
0129	0851	1719	2832	3872	4838	6090	7172	8000	8787
0178	0877	1810	2864	3974	4963	6143	7295	8001	8865
0238	0909	1813	2898	3981	5095	6208	7315	8039	9048
0282	1220	1889	2971	3991	5100	6252	7419	8094	9049
0316	1227	1915	3009	4125	5296	6416	7420	8159	9231
0337	1246	1969	3137	4154	5326	6527	7436	8172	9266
0365	1294	2016	3167	4161	5424	6556	7580	8183	9313
0386	1295	2019	3214	4295	5433	6567	7592	8184	9399
0430	1333	2047	3222	4301	5558	6589	7629	8206	9455
0438	1357	2108	3279	4321	5626	6612	7693	8354	9494
0461	1393	2125	3325	4422	5666	6731	7710	8356	9555
0493	1438	2230	3349	4441	5709	6811	7734	8361	9600
0527	1445	2281	3452	4449	5740	6851	7795	8407	9684
0544	1452	2295	3568	4456	5751	6863	7813	8472	9777
0607	1475	2304	3630	4472	5775	6882	7820	8473	9788
0613	1505	2388	3677	4590	5786	6911	7832	8497	9807
0648	1549	2396	3712	4634	5800	6993	7841	8656	9971
0651	1601	2564	3762	4714	5859	7003	7880	8674	9980

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SPEAKING OUT*

Senator from Pennsylvania and member of the Rules and Administration Committee, Hugh Scott was one of the first in Congress to make a public disclosure of personal finances.

THEY CAN'T COVER UP FOR BOBBY BAKER

By Sen. Hugh Scott

A Republican senator condemns his Democratic colleagues for trying to squelch a scandal and tells of attempts to silence him.

The Senate Rules Committee investigation of Bobby Baker was a shameful farce. When the committee should have been deliberating, it was squabbling. As a member of the committee I saw that most of my Democratic colleagues were concerned not with the facts but the calendar. In the face of the approaching elections, they were determined to cram the skeleton back into the closet.

This was a serious mistake. Baker's incredible activities are not, in my opinion, a legitimate political issue in themselves. One soon learns that in politics money doesn't have a conscience and corruption doesn't have a political party. But the outrageous cover-up of the Bobby Baker case is another matter. That is an issue, and an urgent one, for the campaigns ahead.

Bobby Baker served for eight years as secretary to the Senate Democratic majority, during which time he managed to build a two-million-dollar financial empire on an official salary of $19,600 a year. Many of his shenanigans took place under the very dome of the U.S. Capitol. Consequently the public was entitled to demand that a formally designated group of United States senators, instructed by the Senate itself to uncover all the facts, proceed to do its job fairly and completely.

The Baker inquiry failed to do this because the majority of Democrats on the committee would not allow it. Time after time they refused to call important witnesses or follow obvious investigative leads, in some cases because the improprieties were not "fiscal." The Senate had instructed the committee to examine "other improprieties" *as well as* "fiscal irregularities," and to concern itself with senators as well as Senate employees. Yet the committee majority insisted on the narrowest possible interpretation of the instructions.

The Baker inquiry bears superficial earmarks of a thorough study. We heard 59 witnesses in public or executive sessions, and 171 others were interviewed by staff investigators. But in my five months on that unhappy panel I found it increasingly clear that the Democratic majority had fashioned blinders for their own eyes, plugs for their ears and handcuffs for their wrists. They were hoping against hope that Bobby Baker and all his works would miraculously vanish with a minimum of embarrassment to all concerned.

Behind closed doors, many witnesses risked their careers in Washington by telling in damning detail the truth about Baker's improper activities, only to be relentlessly grilled by antagonistic senatorial inquisitors. When such witnesses conceded a point favorable to Baker, their questioners would grin with jubilation. In my 21 years on committees of Congress, I have never witnessed another performance so topsy-turvy. The watchdogs spurned the scent at every chance.

Throughout the course of the inquiry, the nation's newspapers, magazines, and radio and television stations were consistently ahead of the investigators, turning up new leads day after day to the visible distress of the reluctant official sleuths. Unfortunately many of the most important and disturbing disclosures were never followed up:

- *The New York Times* reported Baker had helped pass a mysterious amendment to the 1962 tax bill which was favorable to his $1.2 million resort motel, the Carousel. If true, this would be a flagrant abuse of the legislative process. The committee failed to follow up the report, simply because there was no charge that money had changed hands.
- The *Daily Oklahoman* and the Los Angeles *Times* reported that $1,500 in campaign funds was diverted somewhere after being handed to Baker. The committee ignored this on the grounds that political finances could not be studied. Why not?
- Investigators were directed to skip widely publicized charges about party girls who traveled in the Baker orbit; they similarly skipped evidence about mysterious trips to Puerto Rico. "I've been skipping so much lately," one frustrated investigator told me, "that I feel like a kid playing hopscotch."

Six Democratic senators and three Republican senators comprise the Committee on Rules and Administration, which in normal times busies itself with such urgent matters as the price of meat and potatoes in the Senate restaurant. In these deliberations, a benign spirit of bipartisanship prevails. The Baker case, however, was a glaring exception; this potato was hot.

From the outset, dissent was firmly discouraged in a variety of unmistakable ways. The committee majority allocated itself a staff of seven investigators, but we Republicans were allowed only one. He was detailed by the committee leadership to the safest possible assignments. Furthermore, we were forbidden to select our minority counsel from outside the Senate establishment, despite the self-evident need for this official to be free from any worry that a diligent pursuit of facts might darken his long-term future. Unhappily, such a concern is not farfetched. Last year, in an unrelated case, a Republican employee of the Rules Committee undertook an investigation at the behest of one of his senatorial bosses. For his sins his pay was cut off for several months.

In executive session of the committee the Republican members, including myself, made 14 separate attempts to summon additional witnesses we believed should be heard. We were defeated every time, usually by a six-to-three party-line vote. In this way the committee was denied the chance to question Margaret Tucker Broome, who was Carole Tyler's predecessor as Baker's secretary; Jessop McDonnell, who had been fired by Baker as his top assistant after policy differences; Ambassador Matthew H. McCloskey, whose construction firm won the contract to build the District of Columbia Stadium after a meeting about it in Baker's office; and other Government officials and associates of Baker's who were reported to possess worthwhile information. Not a single witness requested by the minority was ever called.

I began to realize what was afoot when the committee heard one of the first witnesses, Don B. Reynolds, an insurance man from Silver Spring, Md. Reynolds reported paying large sums to Baker for aid in procuring business. He also testified that Baker helped him sell life insurance to then-Sen. Lyndon B. Johnson and that in return Reynolds was persuaded to purchase television time on the L.B.J. station in Texas in 1957 and two years later to send an expensive stereo set to his client.

Reynolds produced canceled checks and other corroboration to back up his disturbing story. Nevertheless, Democratic members of the committee spent considerable time desperately attempting to cast doubt on Reynolds's testimony. Later someone leaked to the press confidential Air Force data intended to embarrass Reynolds. *The New York Times* reported that White House aides had a hand in this maneuver.

Walter Jenkins, a longtime Johnson aide, was involved in Reynolds's testimony. Jenkins was permitted to deny the charges in an informal conference with

**One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.*

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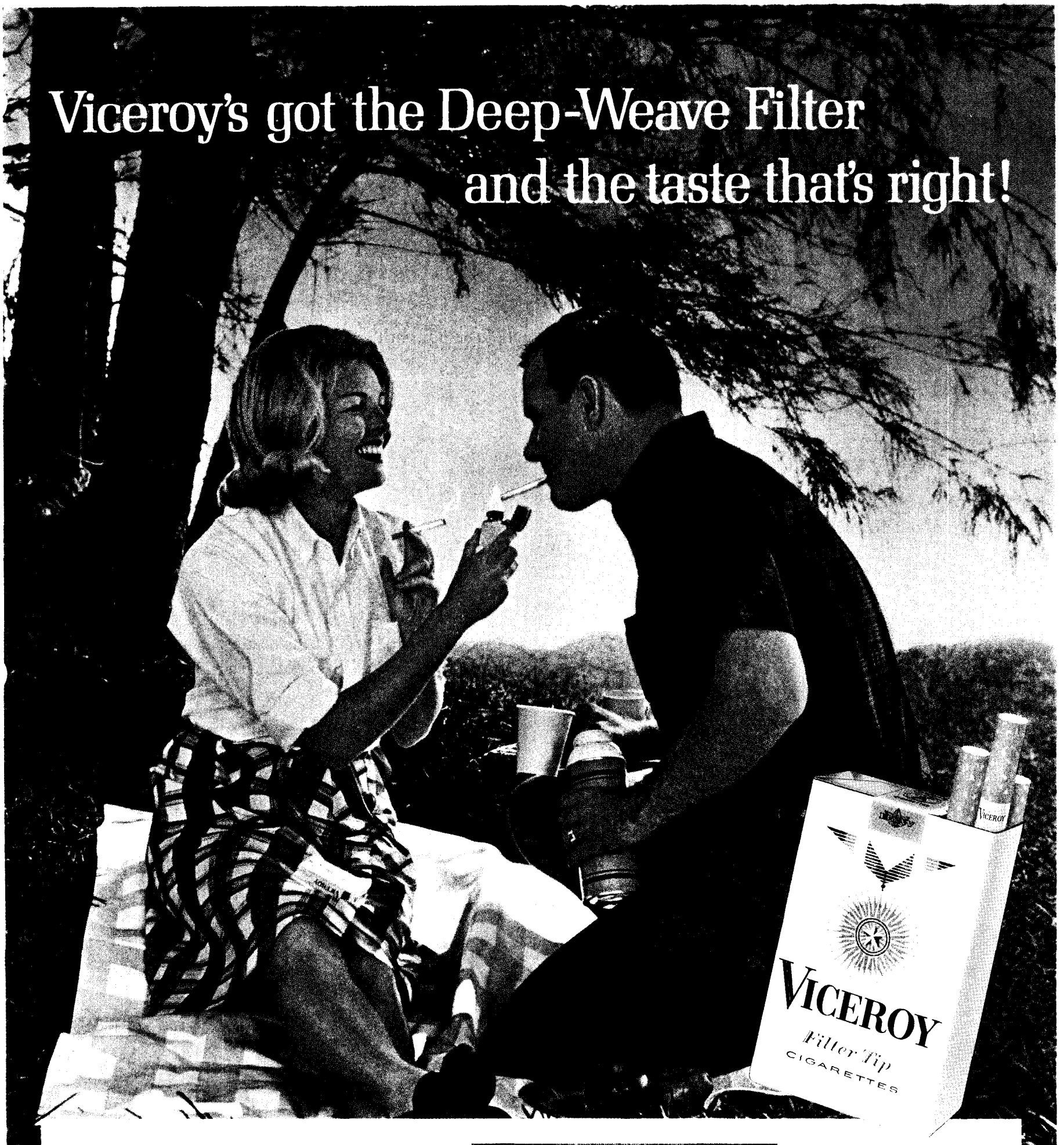

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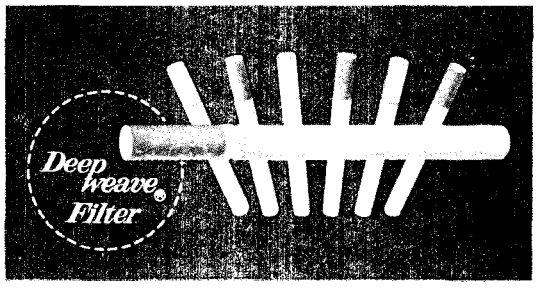

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That's why Stan—in addition to ample provision for food, clothing and shelter—budgets $61 a month for life insurance, the Fourth Necessity.

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staff investigators, who summarized his reply in a loosely written memorandum. Only at the insistence of a Republican senator did Jenkins affix a one-sentence affidavit swearing that the summary report of the conference was true. The committee then voted six-to-three not to call Jenkins for questioning. Thereafter, it voted six-to-three not to recall Reynolds to clear up the conflicts. When Reynolds submitted an affidavit of his own, the committee refused to accept it.

The same unbelievable complacency marked the committee to the bitter end. By March 13 the Democratic members had decided in secret caucus to shut off the investigation, come what may. So when Milton L. Hauft, Baker's own tax accountant, submitted an affidavit disclosing that his name had been forged to certain of the former Senate aide's tax returns, the dismayed Democrats blocked an attempt to insert Hauft's affidavit into the committee record. Carl Curtis of Nebraska, however, managed to obtain the committee floor and read the affidavit aloud before anyone could stop him.

The committee's next move was even more incredible. It sent Hauft, in the care of a staff investigator, to a personal off-the-record interview with Edward Bennett Williams, who is the private attorney for Bobby Baker. This was four weeks after Baker had refused to cooperate with the committee, citing the First, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth amendments 125 times as reasons not to answer our questions. Yet the investigators were still dealing with his defense counsel.

Investigating Bobby Baker would have been a hard job, even with unanimous resolve to let the chips fall where they may. The erstwhile Senate page boy from Pickens, S.C., grew up in the Senate, and he did a heap of livin' in the house he called his home. In his heyday, Baker's elaborate private empire extended from the Senate chamber to Haiti, Las Vegas, Hawaii and many points between. His official duties were to organize the vote on the Senate floor, a function of extraordinary trust and power, but his activities included vending-machine operations, a plush resort motel, and a successful insurance corporation, among others. When investigators belatedly began checking on him, they discovered he had even owned the South Carolina credit bureau they first consulted.

In pursuing this Horatio Alger of Capitol Hill, every senator—Republican and Democratic—labored under heavy handicaps. Each of us had often seen the scurrying Baker on the Senate floor, and all of us were affected, slightly or substantially, by his work. No senator could foresee the full consequences of a thorough investigation. In my own case, several thinly veiled threats were transmitted through friends and associates. I was warned that the safest course would be to let the matter sleep. I was told that discretion now could prevent nasty publicity against me later. Suffice it to say that the nasty innuendos have begun to appear in print. Democratic senators must have been under even greater pressure to keep silent, for the reputation of their party was involved.

Nevertheless, it was vitally important to persevere. The Baker case is only one of a series of recent incidents that have subjected Congress to public scorn, but it is certainly the most serious. Baker was a creature of the Senate itself, yet news reports have left the impression that the kid from Pickens succeeded in running the place. If we senators cannot get to the bottom of misconduct by our own employees in our very halls, what claim have we to judge those in Government agencies, in business and labor?

Reluctantly I conclude that so far we have failed. In the Rules Committee only a minority was prepared to lay aside the bonds of camaraderie long enough to uncover the full truth. The majority was willing to settle for only half a job.

Perhaps those who say it is virtually impossible for senators to investigate senators are right, after all. If so, I think that in future crises we would serve the nation better to admit frankly our weakness from the start and pass the investigative task to someone else. It would be possible, for example, to select an outside panel of three retired federal judges, no more than two of them from any one political party, who could be empowered to investigate fully and make recommendations to the Senate for action. These men would scrutinize any wrongdoing without partisanship or rancor, and without the inevitable conflicts of sentiment that arise among the jolly good fellows of the Senate club.

Another course might be the adoption of the British system whereby parliamentary inquiries are conducted under the supervision of a "master of the rolls," a judge appointed by the lord high chancellor for just this purpose. Whatever the system, the ultimate deterrent is the certain knowledge that misconduct will be fearlessly exposed, whether the sinner be a member of Congress, a powerful staff employee or a lowly elevator operator in a Capitol patronage job. That is why the Baker investigation was so important, and its failure to complete its job so tragic.

It has been suggested that we can now compensate for the recent deficiencies by composing firm and specific rules of conduct to apply to senators and Senate employees alike, much as a diligent tavern keeper might post rules on the wall to restrain a group of rowdy customers. Depressing as the thought is, I strongly favor any rules that are workable enough to mean anything. Yet I can hardly bring myself to believe that even the most drastic code of ethics would inhibit those who may be skilled in evasion and intent on evil deeds.

After all, conflicts of interest, special favors for friends and profiteering in public office have all been banned under the Code of Ethics for Government Service, which was passed by Congress in 1958 and which was recently reprinted in the official transcript of the Baker investigation. Some of the committee members might find it to be instructive reading. The very first commandment is to "put loyalty to the highest moral principles and to put country above loyalty to persons, party or Government department." The ninth commandment is to "expose corruption wherever discovered."

The Baker inquiry has abundantly demonstrated that even the most eloquent credos can be futile without the will to make them work. The Rules Committee is armed with staff investigators, subpoena powers and the vast authority of the Senate itself, but it lacks the simple determination to use them fully. The result is an appalling travesty of democratic government. THE END

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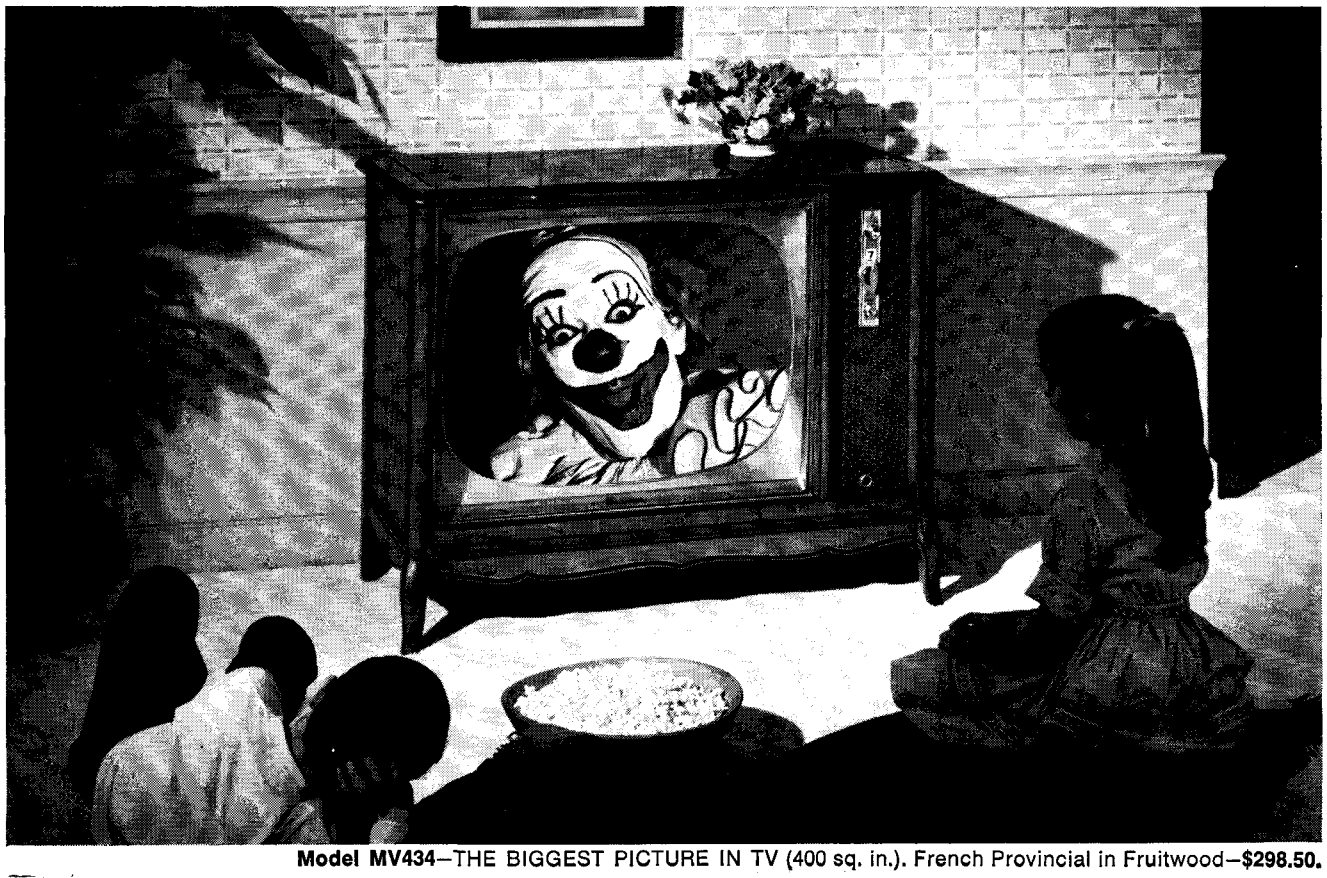

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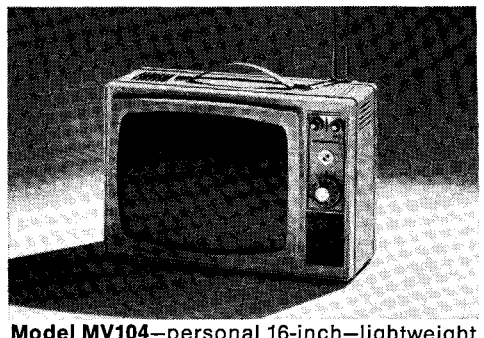

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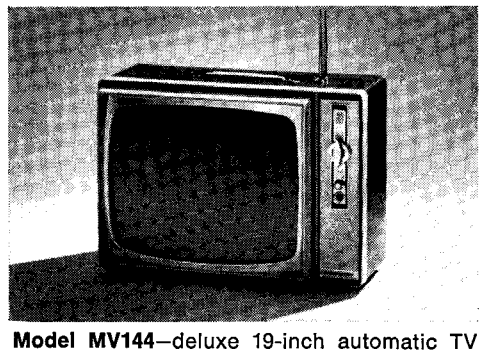

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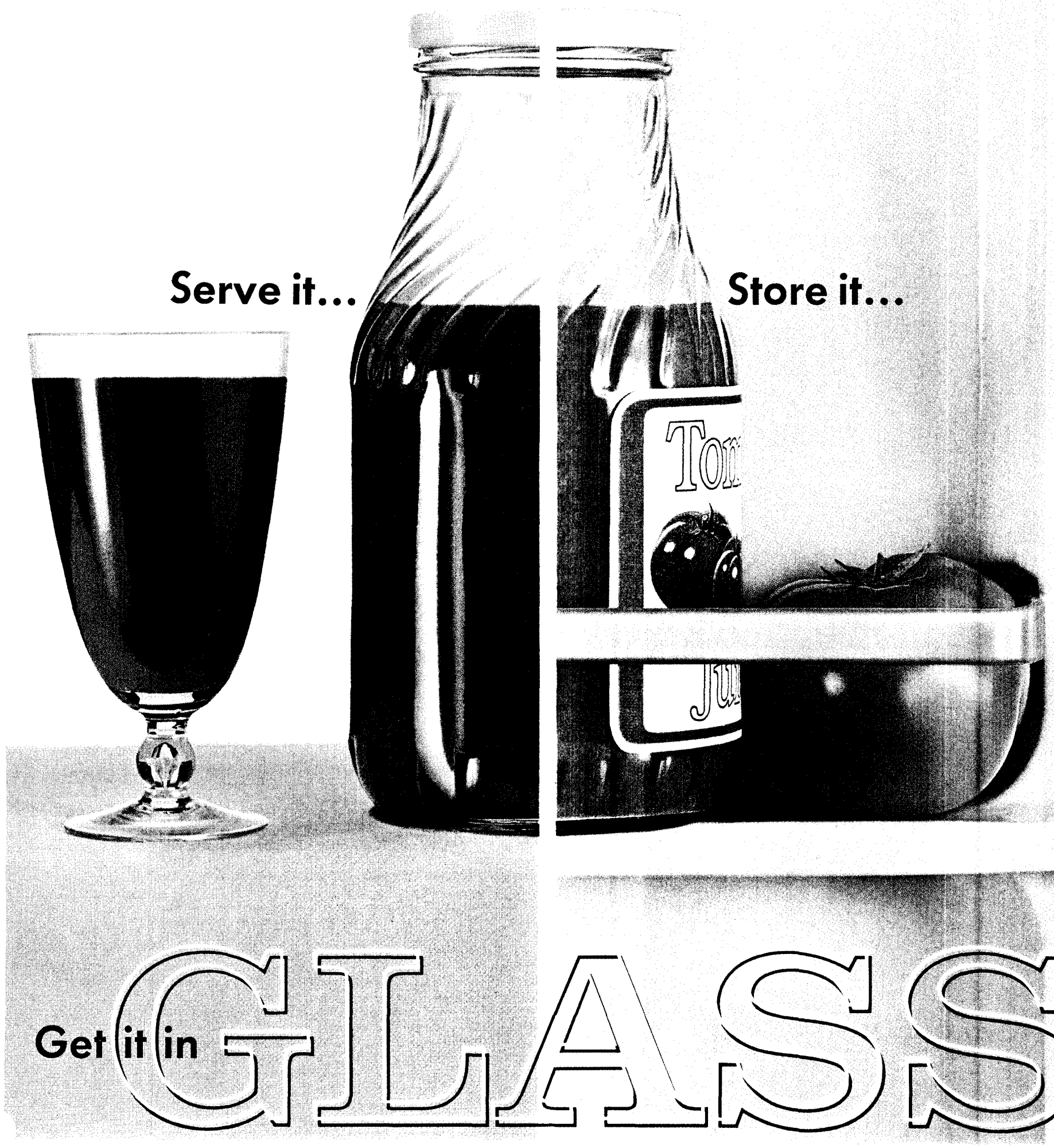

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A second era of good feeling?

WASHINGTON: President Johnson is currently admired by such remarkably diverse personalities as Sen. Richard Russell of Georgia and the Rev. Martin Luther King; Henry Ford and Walter Reuther; Dean Acheson and Walter Lippmann; Keith Funston of the New York Stock Exchange, and Joe Rauh of the ultra-liberal Americans for Democratic Action; and so on.

The President is admired, in short, by people with diametrically opposed views on basic domestic and international issues. At first, this was not very surprising—a new President always enjoys a honeymoon. But it is surprising now, and more surprising with every day that passes.

It is almost six months, after all, since President Kennedy was killed, and it is six months till the election. Yet that contradiction in terms—a presidential honeymoon in a presidential election year—still continues, to the dismay of the Republicans. How in Heaven's name does Johnson do it?

Part of the explanation certainly lies in the kind of man Johnson is. There is something overwhelming about Johnson, the more so now that he has the aura of the Presidency about him. Like Theodore Roosevelt, he instantly becomes the center of any stage, "the corpse at every funeral, the bride at every wedding." Added to a glandular energy which is like a force of nature, he has a passionate desire to be liked by everybody, from kings to camel drivers. He will go to almost any lengths to win over a past or potential enemy, and the combination of Johnsonian characteristics makes him peculiarly difficult to resist.

Take, as examples, a couple of past enemies—Rauh of A.D.A. and Reuther of U.A.W. Rauh is a spokesman for the liberal-intellectuals, Reuther for labor's left wing. In 1960, both were bitterly opposed, first to Johnson's presidential candidacy, and second to President Kennedy's choice of Johnson as his running mate. Now, when Johnson's name is mentioned, both Rauh and Reuther tend to coo like a couple of contented turtledoves—and with good reason.

In recent weeks Rauh has been constantly in and out of the White House, to confer with the President on civil-rights strategy, and he attests, with rather surprised admiration, that the President has a "deep emotional commitment" on the civil-rights issue. As for Reuther, the President's recent speech to the U.A.W. convention "might have been written by Walter himself," as one U.A.W. man subsequently remarked.

It is—or always has been—a cardinal rule of politics that you can please one group, like Rauh's pro-civil-rights liberals, or Reuther's left laborites, only at the cost of wholly alienating another group, like the southern leadership or the businessmen. Instead, there is more pro-Johnson feeling among businessmen than there has been for any incumbent Democratic President for 30 years. And despite that "deep emotional commitment," there is none of the bitter feeling against Johnson among the southern leaders that there was against Kennedy.

Partly this is a reward for effort. Literally hundreds of leading businessmen have picked up the telephone in recent weeks to hear: "The President is calling." A businessman who has recently enjoyed a cozy, status-enhancing chat with the President is unlikely to grow puce with rage when he hears his name, which was the standard businessman's reaction to the names of the last three Democratic Presidents.

As for the southerners, many of them are close friends of the President—Senator Russell started Johnson on the road to the Presidency by backing him for Majority Leader. The President has been at pains to preserve the relationship, civil rights or no civil rights.

But aside from his own efforts, there is another reason why Johnson can retain the admiration of both Joe Rauh and the southerners, Walter Reuther and the businessmen. Unlike any Democratic President in modern history, Johnson is identified in southern minds as a southerner, and in business minds as a businessman.

At a recent business gathering in Detroit, a leading businessman tried to explain to this reporter the startling difference between the attitude of business to Kennedy and to Johnson. "Johnson just sort of *looks* like a businessman," he said. "Kennedy didn't. Anyway, we just have a gut feeling that he understands business problems." There is a similar gut feeling among the southerners. "We know Lyndon has to have a civil-rights bill," says one. "But we also know that he won't really put the knife to the South."

Lyndon Johnson has, in fact, a peculiar genius for giving people with sharply conflicting interests a "gut feeling" that he is *really* on their side. This complicates the Republican problem, which begins to look like an insoluble problem anyway, and not only because of Lyndon Johnson's winning ways. For it begins to seem possible that President Kennedy's murder, just because it was the most morally disgusting event of the postwar years, may have ushered in another "Era of Good Feeling."

The first Era of Good Feeling was presided over by another southern President, James Monroe. It prevailed for a few years after the War of 1812, when in a reaction to trouble and turmoil, sectional and partisan passions were forgotten.

There was more trouble on the horizon then, of course, including the trouble that led in time to civil war. There is plenty of trouble on Lyndon Johnson's horizon today, as the articles in this issue about Bobby Baker and Gov. George Wallace of Alabama suggest. This year's campaign could turn out to be a pretty nasty one. The racial crisis could also take a nasty turn, and so could the war in Vietnam.

But anyone who can remember the depression years, or the McCarthy era, or even the political atmosphere a year ago, will probably agree that this country is more rational in its political mood than it has been for a long time. President Kennedy's murder was like a slap in the nation's face, but the slap may have been therapeutic, as a slap in the face can sometimes be. If the result is a second Era of Good Feeling, Lyndon Johnson, like James Monroe a born conciliator, is peculiarly suited to preside over it.

Stewart Alsop

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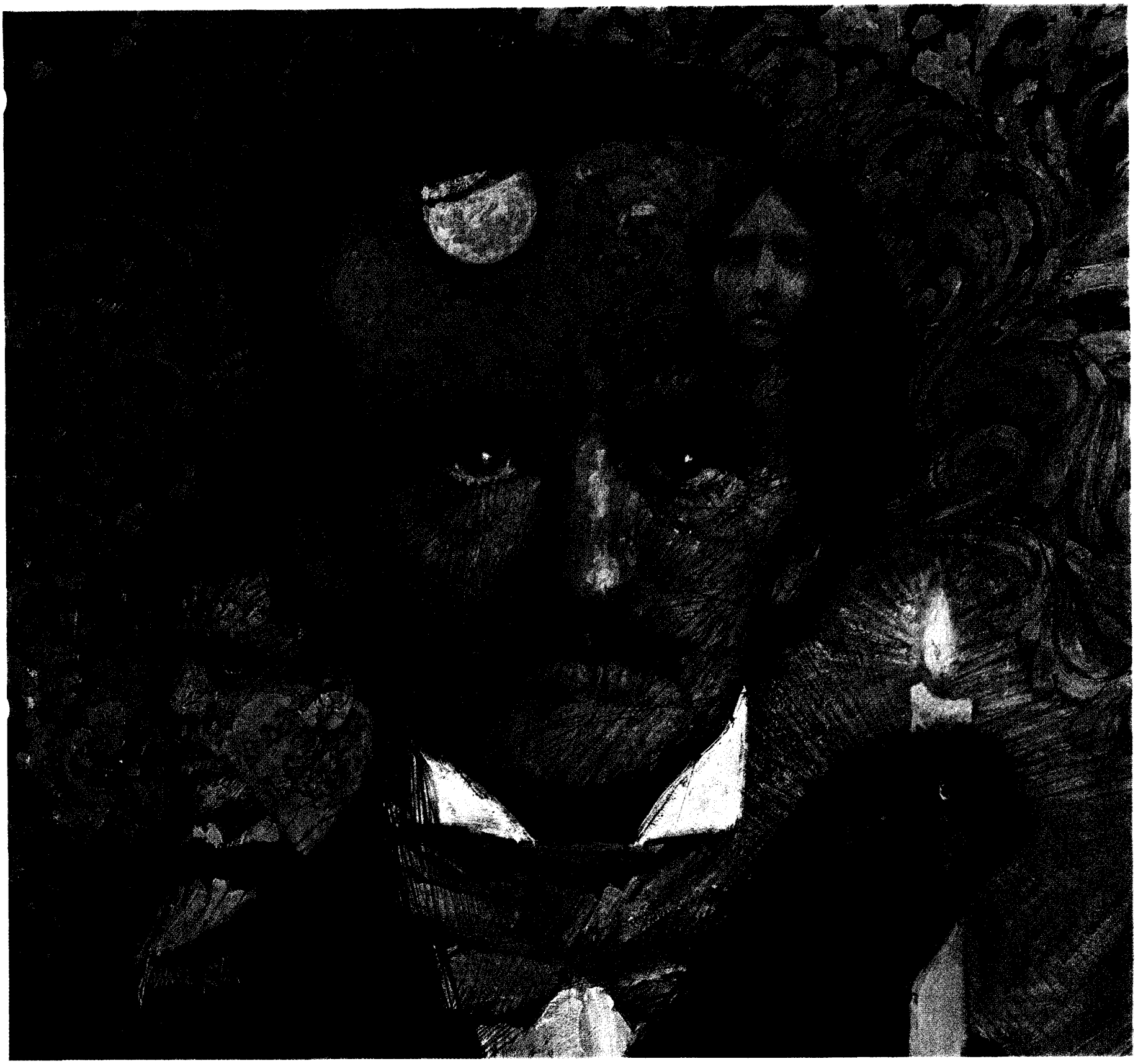

His genius haunts us still...

When we were still a very young nation, no one did more than Edgar Allan Poe to convince Old World scoffers that we were not just a bunch of savages. Recognized as one of the most gifted lyrical poets in the world, Poe actually influenced European writers.

Poe's wild tales explored the farthest reaches of the fantastic. His mystical mind illuminated horrifying depths of the unthinkable. His words screamed, sighed, and sobbed. When he wrote of a tell-tale heart that went thump-thump-thump, our own hearts went thump reading it.

Poe was a restless, unhappy man. And when he died, nobody much cried. The tears were to come later—a century later—from his country's school children reciting "Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'"

The music of Poe's words and the power of his imagination haunt the soul of America still.

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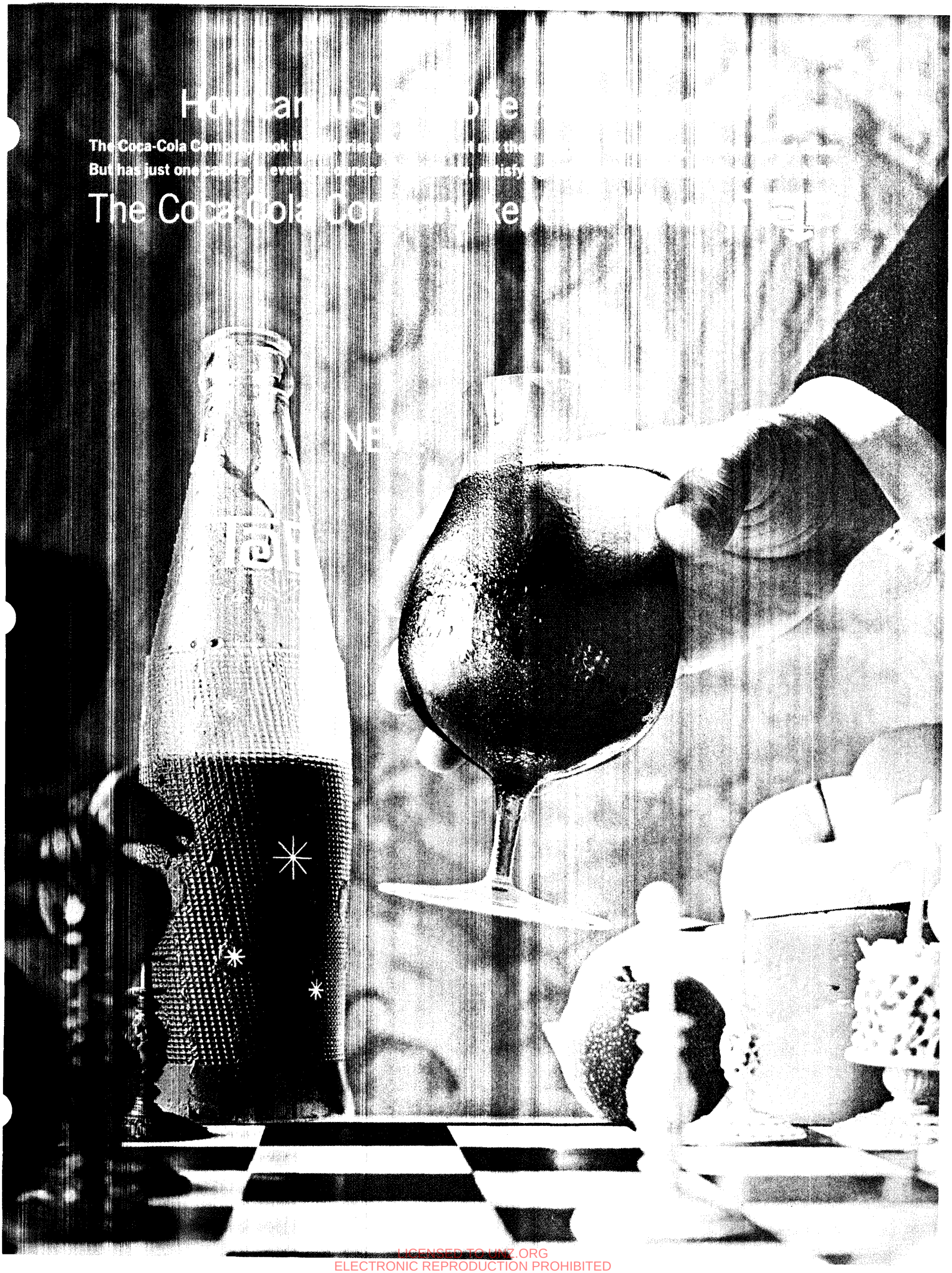

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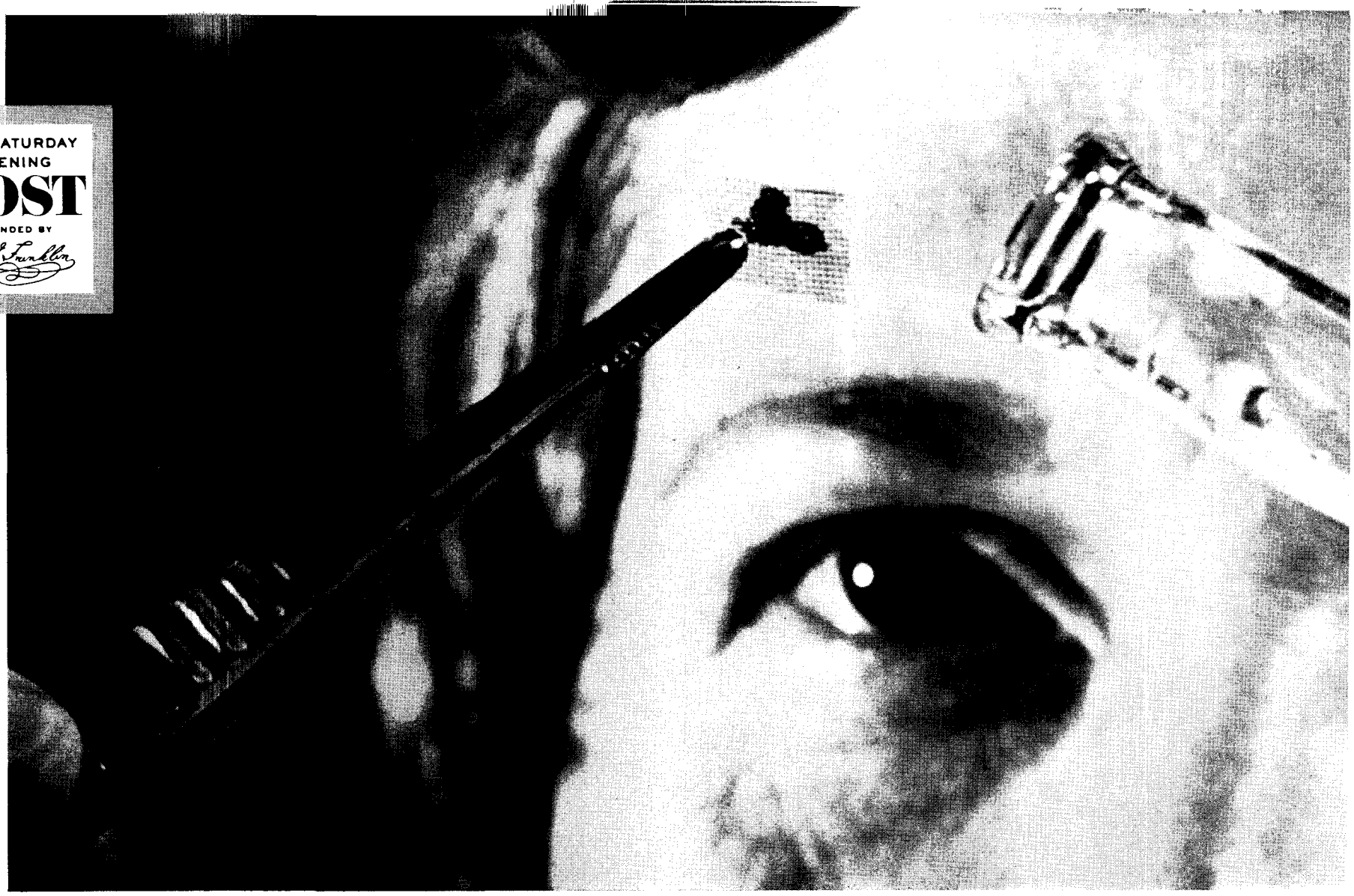
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin



From live cancer cells grown in test tubes, seen here at National Cancer Institute, comes evidence that viruses may cause cancer.

CANCER 1. The virus theory.

Cancer is yielding up its secrets

New research brings evidence that the disease that will strike one American in four might be checked by serums and vaccines.

By Pat McGrady and Murray Morgan

The woman on the phone was troubled.

"I've just come from the funeral of a child who died of leukemia," she said, "and it seems to me we've had an unusual number of cancer deaths among children here. Is there a cancer epidemic or something in this area?"

The call was from the small but fast-growing Chicago suburb of Niles, Ill., and it came in to the Chicago chapter of the American Cancer Society. The executive secretary, Mrs. Frank Kolerus, explained that she was unaware of an epidemic, and that cancer was certainly not catching.

"But there have been so many leukemia deaths in the past few months," the caller said.

"How many?"

"I don't know exactly, but there must have been half a dozen in the last year." She paused, and then said, "Nearly all of them went to the same school as my own daughter."

Mrs. Kolerus was startled by these figures. Approximately one American in 14,000 dies of leukemia each year. For a half dozen cases to be concentrated in a single school seemed beyond statistical probability. She suggested the caller check with the school to make sure of her facts.

The worried mother telephoned the St. John Brebeuf School in Niles. The principal, Sister Mary Viva, of the Franciscan Sisters of the Holy Family, said there had indeed been a surprising number of deaths from leukemia among the children of the parish. She promised to assemble the data. A few days later, on February 23, 1961, she reported her findings to Dr. John A. Rogers, executive secretary of the Illinois Division of the American Cancer Society.

Sister Mary Viva's report listed the names, ages and addresses of eight parish children, and the dates of their illness and deaths, plus information concerning five others still living, who she thought had been diagnosed as having leukemia.

"We hope and pray," wrote the sister, "that your efforts to cure such disease will meet with success. May God bless you and your work."

With this flurry of concern by a mother and a parochial-school principal there began the investigation of what is now known in cancer research as the "Niles Cluster." Why there were so many cases of childhood leukemia in Niles is still unknown. Equally baffling are several "clusters" since reported from communities as widely scattered as Philadelphia; Bergen County, N.J.; Cheyenne; Orange, Tex.; and Mercer Island in suburban Seattle. The largest cluster yet found consists of 24 cases, currently under investigation, in the vicinity of Lewiston and Clarkston, on the Idaho-Washington border.

The study of these curious concentrations of malignancy has opened a promising new avenue in exploring the dark mystery of cancer. It has provided clues to the origin of the disease and strengthened the theory that leukemia and certain other human cancers are caused by viruses. This does not mean that cancer is contagious in the way that measles and polio are contagious. It definitely is not transmissible from person to person. But if cancers are caused by viruses, there is a possibility that vaccines may be developed against at least some, and perhaps all of them. This is the brightest ray of hope, at the moment, for victory over the disease that last year claimed the lives of two million persons in the world—284,000 of them in the United States.

Of all diagnoses, none is more fateful than the pronouncement of leukemia, a cancer of the bone marrow and other tissues that manufacture blood.

This is the first of two articles adapted from Mr. McGrady's book on cancer, "THE SAVAGE CELL," to be published next fall by Basic Books, Inc.

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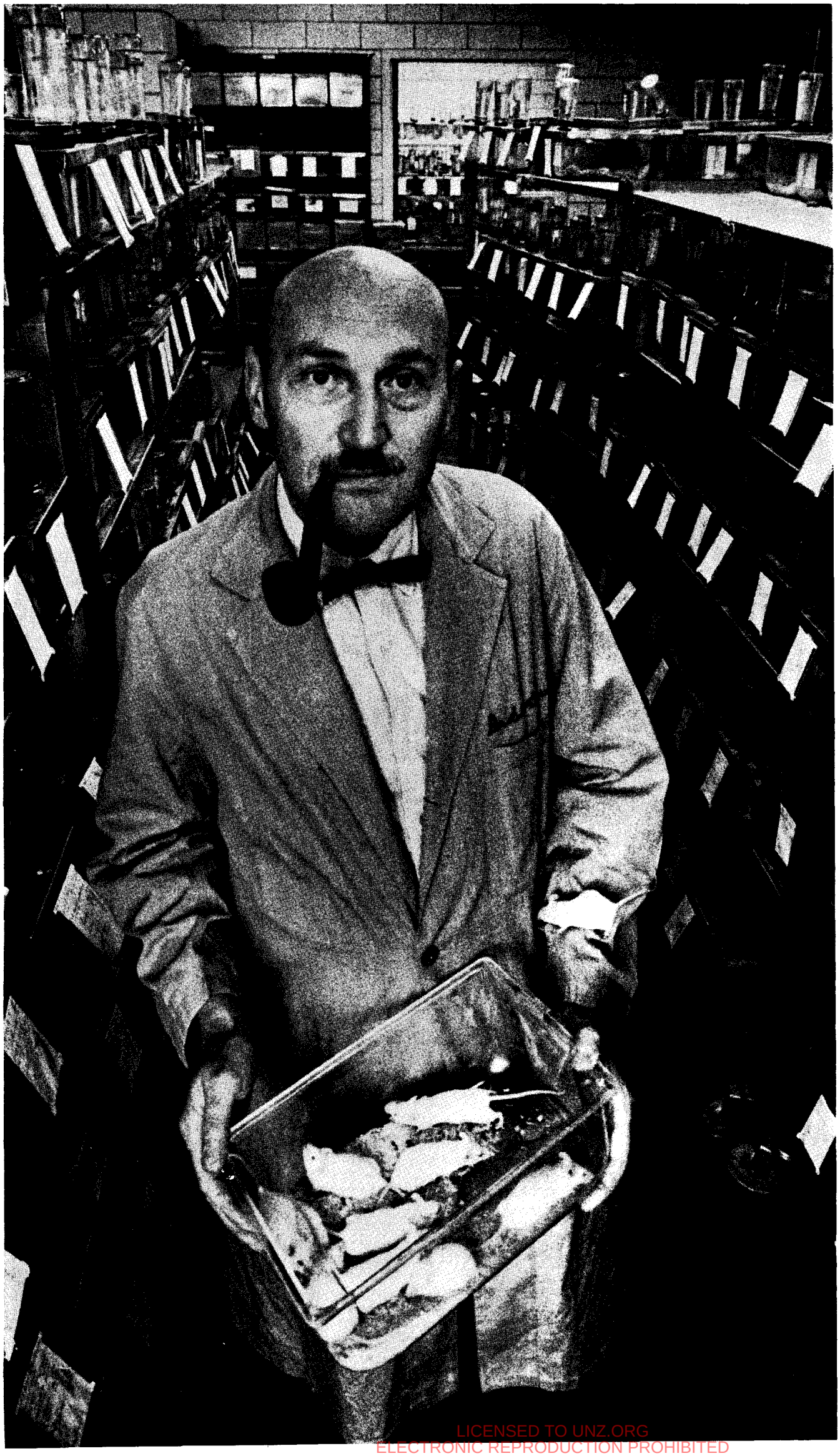
"Leukemia looks to me like an infectious disease—a virus,'



◀ *Dr. Steven Schwartz, Chicago researcher, investigated curious leukemia "clusters."*

Cancer: The Virus Theory

There are occasional spontaneous remissions—laymen could call them cures—but no method of cure known to medicine, only ways of delaying the inevitable for a few months or a year or two.

Except for lung cancer, leukemia is the most rapidly increasing lethal disease of our day—up 700 percent since 1900. It affects both adults and children, but the young seem peculiarly vulnerable. Cancer is second only to accidents as a cause of death among school-age children, and about half of these cancer deaths are from leukemia. The cause of the disease—and of its increase—remains a mystery. But Sister Mary Viva's report of 13 cases in a limited area raised the possibility of a cause that was common to all 13. If this could be discovered, so might a cure. The Communicable Disease Center of the U. S. Public Health Service assigned one of its ablest medical detectives, Dr. Clark Heath, to the case.

Niles was a community caught up in the great postwar boom. It was a town of young parents and new families, a town of comfortable houses and apartments, a town deeply concerned with schools and children. Of its 21,000 inhabitants, almost 20,000 had arrived since 1940.

All of the leukemia victims listed by Sister Mary Viva lived within two miles of the school. Checking each of the 13 cases with the doctors involved, Doctor Heath learned that only eight had definitely been leukemia. But even eight were an unprecedented concentration.

The first death had occurred in 1957, the others during a seven-month period from July, 1960, through January, 1961. The victims ranged in age from seven months to 13 years. Three had been below school age but had brothers, sisters or playmates attending St. John Brebeuf. No two of the victims had been in the same family or the same classroom.

Doctor Heath learned that the families of the eight victims had all moved to Niles since the war. Most had come from Chicago. The families were of varying national origins, all Caucasian. They did not know each other. Nothing in their diets or habits set them apart from other suburban Chicago families. Readings of the background radiation in their homes showed the same level of radioactivity as did the homes of neighbors. The medical records of the young victims revealed the usual story of mumps, measles and similar childhood diseases. All had been given shots for smallpox, polio and other infectious diseases—as had their brothers, sisters and playmates. No two went to the same doctor. Each, when ill, was sent to a different hospital.

At the end of weeks of research, the mystery of the Niles cluster remained. In his report Doctor Heath said the outbreak was probably due to "an unidentified infectious agent." But what agent?

At this point Dr. Steven O. Schwartz, a balding, plain-spoken blood specialist, enters the picture. He is director of hematology in the Hektoen Institute for Medical Research at Cook County Hospital, one of the world's largest. "You can't see patients for twenty years without being convinced that certain things are

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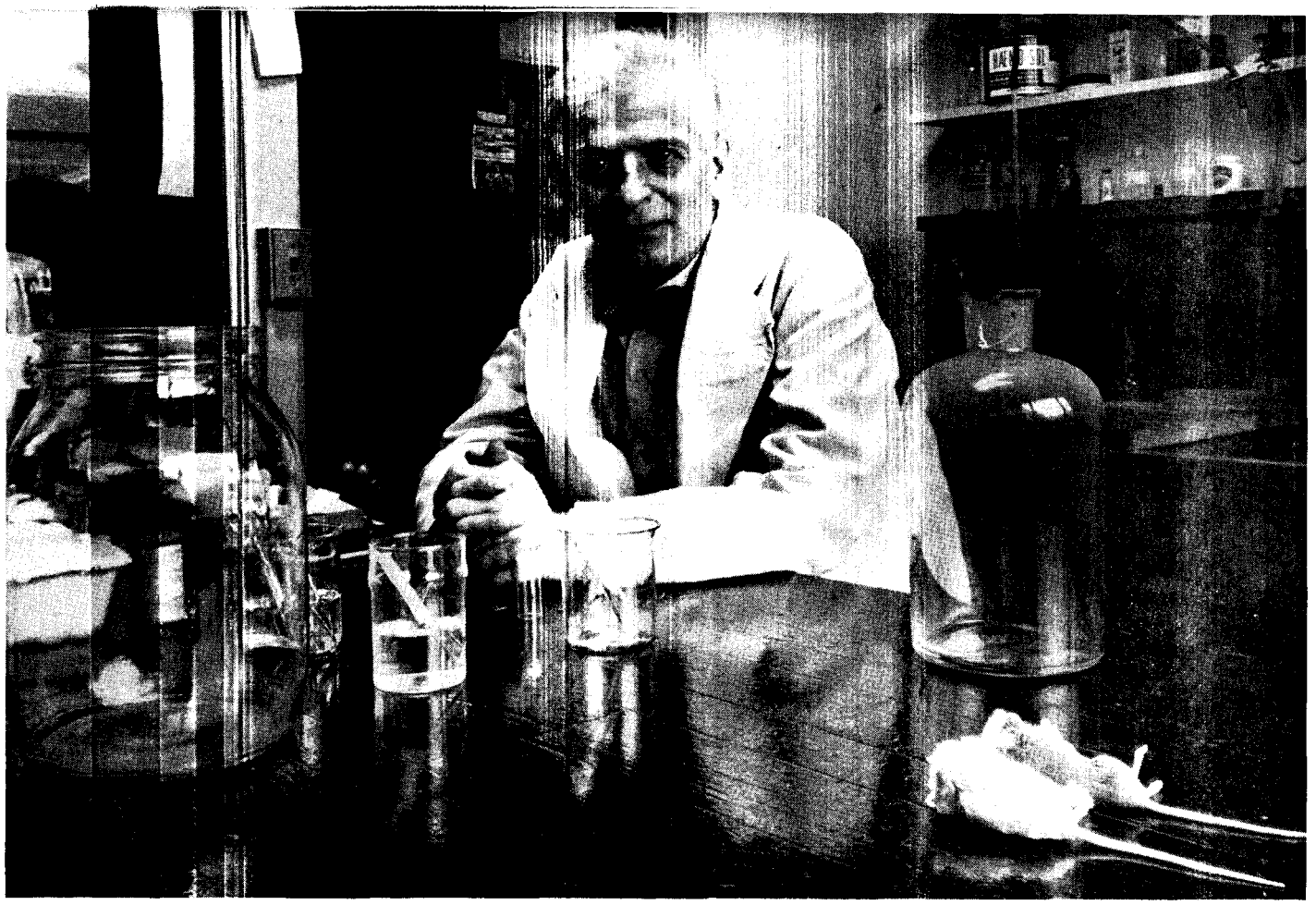
says a noted blood specialist.



Pioneer in virus theory of cancer, Dr. Francisco Duran-Reynals died in 1958 from cancer possibly contracted in his research.

so," he once said. "Leukemia looks to me like an infectious disease—a virus."

During the early 1950's Steve Schwartz had begun to suspect that a virus might cause the infection. This suspicion was intensified when in a relatively short period two of his assistants, a male lab technician and a secretary, developed the apathy, aching joints and bleeding gums that are the classic symptoms of leukemia. Both died. Doctor Schwartz set out to find the killer.

Viruses are the smallest known infectious agents, so small that they can pass through filters that screen out bacteria and germs. Many viruses appear only as indistinct shadows under the most powerful electron microscopes. The presence of invisible viruses sometimes can be deduced only from the specific antibodies the blood develops to fight them.

Researchers had looked in vain for evidence of unknown viruses in the blood and marrow of leukemia victims. Playing the sort of hunch that often has led to significant scientific discoveries, Doctor Schwartz centered his search for the infectious agent not in the blood or marrow but in the brain. Because of a membrane known as the "blood-brain barrier," it is difficult for antibodies to reach the brain and neutralize viruses which may exist there. Doctor Schwartz reasoned, therefore, that he might be able to isolate active leukemia viruses from the brains of mice dying of leukemia.

He took some of this mouse brain, minced it and strained the material with a filter so fine that only particles as small as viruses could pass through. He then injected this filtrate into the brains of six-week-old mice. These were healthy mice, but they were of a strain which spontaneously develops leukemia at the age of six months. Nearly all of the injected mice came down with leukemia at the age of 10 weeks—far earlier than normal. Doctor Schwartz obtained similar acceleration of mouse leukemia when he injected young mice with filtrate from the brain of a human who had died of leukemia. Something in the filtrate had speeded the leukemia process in the mice.

Doctor Schwartz now performed a more crucial experiment. He injected filtrate from the brain of a human leukemia victim into the brain of a mouse belonging to a leukemia-resistant strain. The injected mouse did not get leukemia, but some months later Doctor Schwartz killed it, made a filtrate from its brain, injected this into the brain of another leukemia-resistant mouse and continued this process through a series of five mice. By the time he made a filtrate from the brain of the fifth mouse, the original injection would have been diluted a hundred trillion times—unless the filtrate had contained something alive, something that could reproduce and multiply—like a virus. As the climax of the experiment Doctor Schwartz injected this fifth-passage filtrate into 20 mice of the leukemia-susceptible strain. Nineteen of the 20 came down with leukemia before the normal time.

But mice are not men, as medical researchers are always being reminded. To carry his experiments another step, Doctor Schwartz needed some brave human volunteers. He found them in Chicago's Cook County jail. A group of 14 prisoners agreed to receive injections of material from the brains of human leukemia victims. They reacted with welts at the site of inoculation, but their bodies fought back, their blood produced antibodies, and none developed leukemia.

When their systems were challenged by a second inoculation, they reacted more quickly than before. Now their blood swarmed with protective antibodies. Doctor Schwartz injected some of this blood into mice susceptible to leukemia. The antibodies seemed to protect some of the mice against the disease.

Protection in the blood

This was the stage Steve Schwartz had reached in his study of the virus cause of cancer when he was invited to join in the study of the Niles cluster. He found the families of the stricken children "fiercely cooperative." They willingly gave blood for the study. Doctor Schwartz sought to determine whether it contained antibodies similar to those developed by the prisoners. He found that blood from living children with leukemia had no such antibodies, while some members of their families had the antibodies in profusion. Apparently both the patients and those around them had been exposed to the challenge of the same infectious agents. He reasoned that those who, for some unknown reason, could not produce protective antibodies came down with leukemia. Why the capacity for building these blood-born defenses varied so much within the same family was just one more mystery in the great mystery that is cancer.

The virus theory of cancer did not originate with Doctor Schwartz. Viruses were first suggested as possible cancer agents by an imaginative French bacteriologist, Amedée Borrell, more than half a century ago. Within a few years after Borrell enunciated his theory, several scientists—most notably Dr. Peyton Rous of the Rockefeller Institute—demonstrated that a filterable substance, presumably a virus, could cause leukemia and some solid cancers in chickens. At the time, leukemia was not officially considered a cancer; the implications of Rous's 1910 discovery were overlooked for many years.

In 1932 another Rockefeller Institute scientist, Dr. Richard E. Shope, showed that injections of a virus caused rabbits to develop tumors. This was the first proof that viruses could incite a cancer in a mammal. But most members of the scientific and medical community remained hostile to the idea that viruses might be involved in human cancer. Even if viruses could start the growth of tumors in some plants and animals, there was a species barrier, these conservatives argued, that viruses could not cross. So powerful was the conservative opinion that researchers who proposed projects on the possible viral cause of human cancer had difficulty obtaining grants. The few virologists who stayed with the chase found it expedient to pursue their investigations quietly, almost apologetically.

The voice raised most often through the 1940's and early 1950's in defense of the virus theory was the soft and cultivated voice of an *emigré* Spanish nobleman, Dr. Francisco Duran-Reynals, who had laboratory facilities (but not academic tenure) at Yale. One Yale colleague summed up the general reaction when he told students, "If you are interested in viruses as a cause of cancer, go upstairs and listen to Hans Christian Andersen tell you a fairy story."

The little man upstairs reacted with politeness. "In a field where all of us know so little," he would say mildly, "how can we afford to ignore any possibility, even the virus?" In private he admitted he was hurt by the contempt in which his ideas were held.

Year after year Duran-Reynals continued to confront his apathetic or hostile peers with new evidence of cancer viruses in animals. In his big, old-fashioned laboratory at Yale he ran off a series of elegant experiments which proved that the Rous sarcoma—the cell-destroying virus of chicken cancer—was not confined to chickens but could leap the so-called species barrier and incite cancers in ducks and turkeys. Indeed, the virus sometimes gained virulence as it passed from one species to another.

He showed how a virus could lie dormant for years before inciting cancer. He made many other basic contributions to the understanding of cancer viruses. Not until 1955 did the theories of Francisco Duran-Reynals come out of the shadow of disfavor. At the Third National Cancer Conference in Detroit that year one of the main speeches was delivered by Dr. Wendell Meredith Stanley, who had been awarded the Nobel Prize in 1946 for crystallizing the tobacco mosaic virus. Doctor Stanley bluntly told an audience composed of the world's most active cancer investigators that they should mend their ways, abandon the notion of an impenetrable species barrier, and seriously consider the possibility that viruses are involved in human cancer.

"Basic biologic phenomena generally do not differ strikingly as one goes from one species to another," Doctor Stanley reminded the cancer specialists. "I regard the fact, now proved beyond contention, that viruses can cause cancer in animals to be directly pertinent to the human cancer problem."

A few months later Duran-Reynals, the gentle man of soft voice and iron determination, fell prey to a strange cancer that first paralyzed him, then killed him. Many of his colleagues, including his widow, suspect the cancer was incited by one of the viruses he had experimented with in his laboratory.

Maria-Luisa Duran-Reynals has continued with her late husband's experiments. Now at Albert Einstein Medical School, she has produced an awesome array of mouse cancers and has shown that these cancers can be prevented by immunizing the animals against the virus in advance.

"It is now clear," Mrs. Duran-Reynals said recently, "that Francisco was a prophet—not a dreamer or a visionary, as his critics called him. Cancer control will be achieved by immunological methods. Cynics may delay the day—but sooner or later we shall prevent human cancers with vaccines and cure them with vaccines, antiserums or other measures which strengthen natural resistance."

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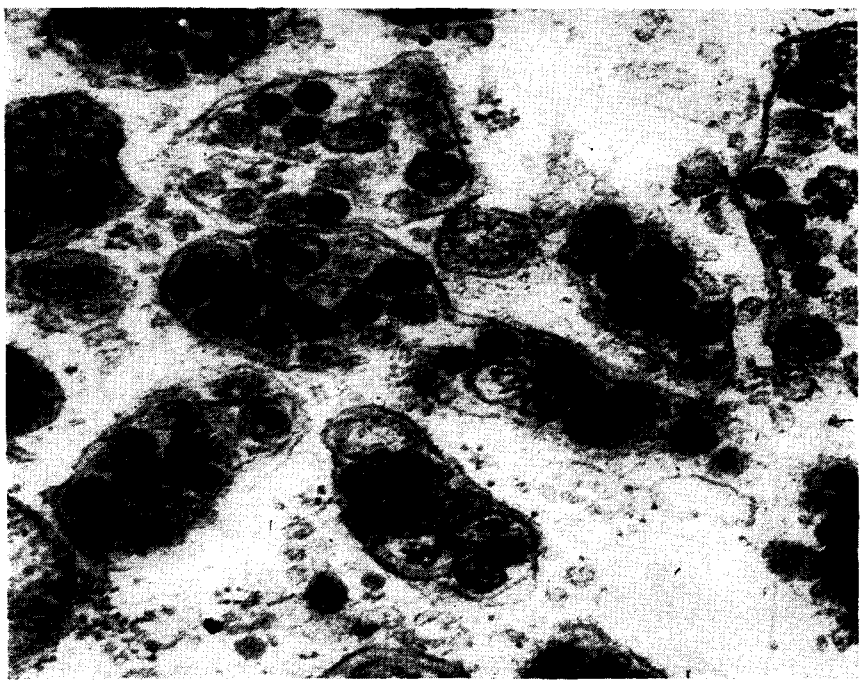
"If we only knew why most persons can resist the virus."



Electron-microscope photo reveals virus particles in lymph gland from leukemic mouse.

Cancer: The Virus Theory

Duran-Reynals's death was not the first time that a researcher had come down with a cancer similar to one he was working with in animals. Nor was it the last time. Last March, Dr. Olive Stull Davis, an associate professor of veterinary anatomy at Purdue University, told a group of science writers at an American Cancer Society symposium that she thought her lymphosarcoma, a form of cancer, had come from the chicken lymphocytosis virus she'd been handling for many years.

A middle-aged woman with a sweet smile and sober eyes, Doctor Davis described in a matter-of-fact manner how she had worked in Nigeria and later at Purdue with a highly malignant virus that causes liver cancer in chickens. Poultrymen know it as "big-liver disease," and often lose half their flocks from it. Doctor Davis was testing a strain of virus that had been made more virulent in the laboratory.

"It was ten years ago, after I had been working with these tumors in chickens and chick embryos for about ten years, that I myself developed malignant lymphoid tumors in seven areas of my body," Doctor Davis said. "These were closely comparable microscopically with the lymphoid chicken tumors with which I had been working.

"Since few scientists at that time believed in the possibility of transmission of virus-caused avian tumors to any mammal, including man, I had taken no precaution to protect myself. My bare hands were in almost daily contact with the blood and tumors of the infected chickens and chick embryos. And since there were usually cuts and scratches on my hands, this could have amounted to repeated inoculation with tumor virus."

Doctor Davis has kept her cancer under control for the past 10 years with supervoltage radiation treatments, given by a cobalt "bomb" at London, Ontario. The malignancy flares up occasionally—almost invariably after a nervous upset, she says—but so far the radiation has produced prompt remission.

If cancer is a virus, it poses an elusive threat, one that may long remain hidden and then appear in unexpected places. Such, for example, is the story of the SV-40 virus. SV stands for "simian virus," and it is harbored by the monkeys whose kidneys are used in the manufacture of polio vaccines. It is harmless to the monkeys, and there is no direct evidence that it can cause cancer in humans. But within recent years disquieting facts about SV-40 have turned up in the research laboratories. It has been declared a potential danger. And before scientists developed methods to inactivate this virus, more than half the population of the United States, including 90 percent of the children, had received polio vaccine, most of it containing the SV-40 virus.

The SV-40 warning flag first appeared in the Merck Institute for Therapeutic Research, in June, 1960. Here Drs. Maurice Hilleman and B. H. Sweet found that a hitherto unidentified "particle," subsequently named SV-40, had damaged tissue cultures of kidney cells from an African green monkey, which was a new import for the lab experiments. The same "particle" had evidently been present in cultures from the Asian rhesus monkey, long used for growing polio vaccine virus, but it had not affected the rhesus cells and had therefore not been regarded as dangerous.

Other researchers, alerted by the Merck report, at once began intensive studies to find out whether this virus was virulent or benign. Yale scientists soon found that the virus damaged cultured cells of kidneys from another African monkey, the patas. Both Doctor Hilleman and Dr. Bernice Eddy, of the National Institutes of Health, in Bethesda, Md., showed that SV-40 would induce tumors in newborn hamsters. Doctor Eddy and Dr. Sarah Stewart had already found a polyoma virus that could cause more than 20 kinds of tumors in a variety of animals.

With this evidence that the SV-40 virus could cause animal cancers, the scientists alerted the Surgeon General of the U.S. Public Health Service. In May, 1961, an order was issued forbidding the use of vaccines contaminated with SV-40.

Use of hazardous vaccines was stopped, but the conclusion of the SV-40 story is still uncertain. Some disturbing facts about SV-40 have come from Nobel Laureate John F. Enders and his colleague, Dr. Harvey M. Shine, at Boston Children's Hospital medical center. They injected SV-40 into tissues from premature babies who were stillborn. The virus not only multiplied but damaged the fast-growing cells of every organ tested—kidney, intestine, brain, skin, muscle, lung, liver, heart, adrenal gland, spleen and testis. The effect was similar to that caused by the polyoma virus.

On the other hand, a National Cancer Institute study of death rates among polio-vaccinated children, who would respond more quickly than adults to exposure to carcinogens, tends so far to vindicate SV-40. It is even possible that the SV-40 virus may have immunized the polio-vaccine recipients against some forms of cancer.

But because it usually takes a long time for cancer to appear in humans following contact with a cancer-stimulating agent, it could be 20 or 30 years before the real impact of SV-40 on human health is known. Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond, chief of the American Cancer Society's statistical studies, has incorporated questions about exposure to the SV-40 particles in a continuing study of the health of more than a million adult Americans. Year by year, as more and more of the persons under study die of various causes, computers will scan the facts of their medical histories to determine whether there is any correlation between the number of cancer deaths and the history of their immunization shots.

If cancer is indeed caused by a virus, a basic objective of cancer research is to find a cancer antigen, a substance that stimulates production of antibodies to combat that particular virus. If all cancer cells should prove to contain a common antigen, it would indicate the way to prevent and cure cancer—all cancer.

Vaccine test in Sweden

One of the most provocative reports on cancer vaccines came from Sweden. There, in December, 1961, Dr. Bertil Bjorklund injected himself, an associate and 100 healthy volunteers between the ages of 60 and 70 with vaccine containing material from human cancer cells which had been killed with ultraviolet rays. The elderly volunteers were at the peak of the cancer age. Within a few years in the normal course of events—vaccine or no vaccine—a substantial number of them could be expected to develop cancer. Would the vaccine immunize them—or increase the danger?

Although Doctor Bjorklund, 42, is a scientist with superb technique and established background—he is associate professor of immunology at the Royal Caroline Institute and head of the Immunology Research Institute at Stockholm—the reaction to his announcement of the testing program was one of alarm. Doctor Bjorklund was accused by Dr. Albert Sabin, the developer of oral polio vaccine, and other virologists of being premature, conducting potentially harmful experiments on humans, and employing an ineffective preparation based on questionable premises.

At the peak of the controversy concerning Bjorklund's experiment his principal financial support, the U.S. Public Health Service, found technical reasons for withdrawing its subsidy. But it was obvious that the Public Health Service was disturbed by the criticism of Bjorklund.

The verdict is not yet in. But late in 1963 Doctor Bjorklund was able to report that although statistically some of the 100 volunteers should have developed cancer, none had cancer in any form.

The detective instrument that may finally solve the connection between viruses and cancer is the electron microscope, which uses high-speed short-wave electrons to illuminate the quarry. Dr. Leon Dmochowski, at the M.D. Anderson Hospital in Houston, Tex., has electron-microscope pictures that reveal a startling similarity between viruses from leukemic rats, mice and chickens and particles found in white blood cells of children who died of leukemia. He has also found the same kind of particles in cancer-prone animals before their cancers actually appeared. But to take the electron-microscope pictures, Doctor Dmochowski had to kill the particles. He cannot, therefore, inject the same ones into other animals to prove they produce leukemia or other forms of cancer.

"The particles are found at the scene of the crime," he has remarked. "But under the legal principle of reasonable doubt, it is possible that they are nothing more than innocent bystanders."

Last February other Houston scientists announced that these particles were being put to a more rigorous test by a new electron-microscope technique that can photograph cells without killing them. At Baylor University College of Medicine Dr. Joseph L. Melnick and his wife, Dr. Matilda Benyesh-Melnick, working with two other doctors, located and counted suspicious particles in the blood and bone marrow of 19 out of 24 leukemic children. Blood studies of 40 normal children revealed the same particles in only four. Are these particles leukemia viruses? Doctor Melnick and his associates aren't sure. But they have sent cells containing the live particles to the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda, where they have been injected into baby monkeys and baboons.

"If these animals get leukemia, or develop other cancers," he says, "then we're on the right track."

Even clear proof that a virus causes cancer will not completely explain the disease. If there is a human cancer virus, it can attack only when, in some way not yet fully understood, the ground has been prepared. It is suspected that heredity, exposure to radiation or some other carcinogen, the presence of some other virus, reaction to previous attacks by viruses, or even the aging process itself—one or all of these factors—may be involved.

But as Dr. Steven Schwartz observed in his study of the Niles cluster, "If it's a virus, at least we'll know what we're dealing with. We'll be able to concentrate on what it is that enables most persons to resist the challenge of the virus, while a few cannot.

"If leukemia is caused by a virus, it opens the possibility of vaccines for prevention and perhaps for treatment," he added. "There is also the growing evidence that drugs can be effective against some viruses. The day could come when we would have vaccines to protect most of the population, and drugs that could knock out the viruses that break through the first line of defense."

If other human cancers should also prove to be caused by viruses—or bacteria—then a new era of cancer control may be at hand. THE END

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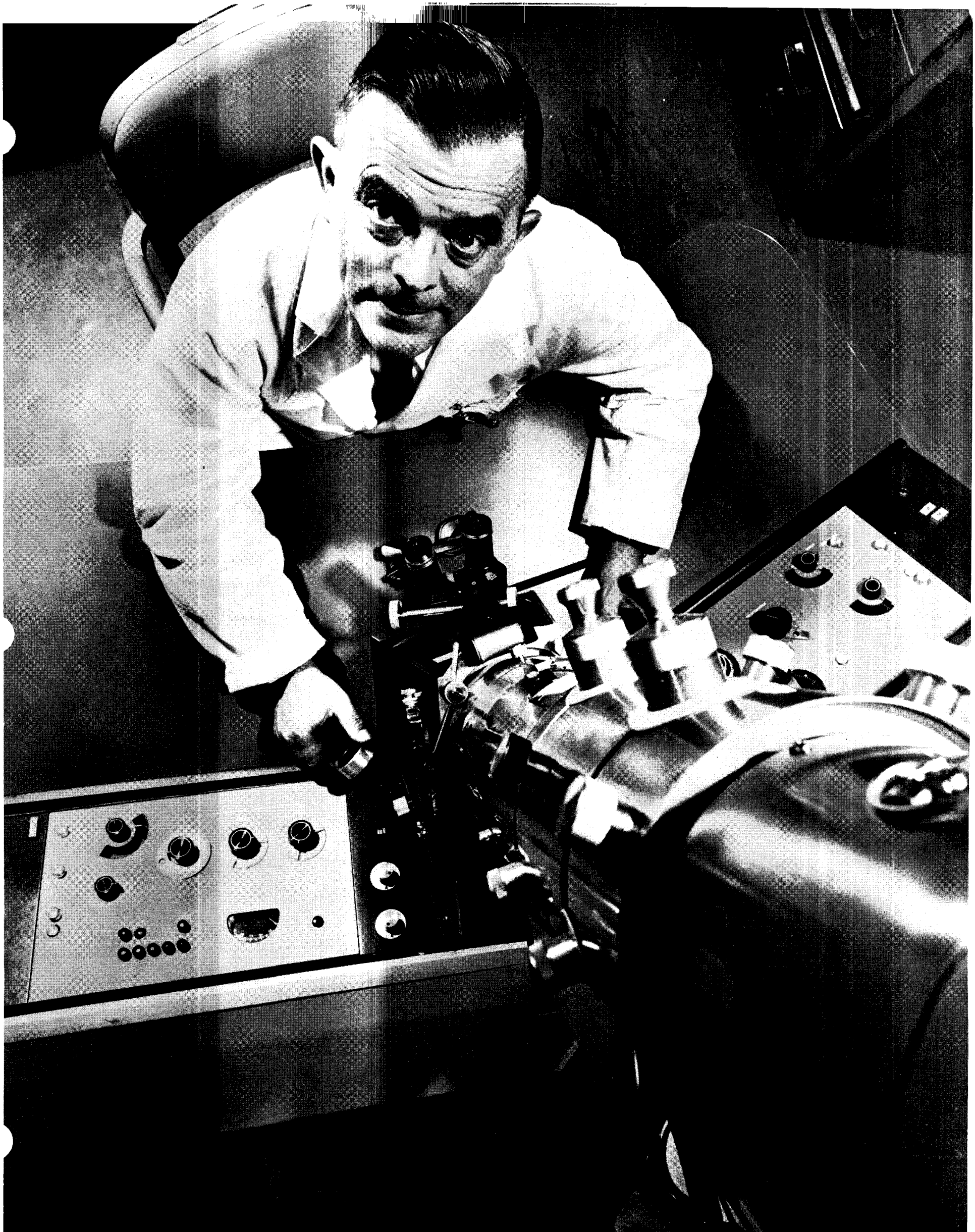

Dr. Leon Dmochowski, with electron microscope at M. D. Anderson Hospital, Houston, says instrument shows "virus particles at scene of the crime."

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In the days following the great earthquake, residents of Turnagain-by-the-Sea, where the finest homes in Anchorage stood, saved what they could from their smashed houses.

HOW A STRICKEN STATE MET CHAOS

Amid the fear and horror of the Good Friday earthquake, Alaskans showed a courage which will never be forgotten.

By BARD LINDEMAN

With the coming of spring to Alaska, the long darkness was ending. Light was returning to the land. Over all the huge state snow still blanketed the frozen peaks and valleys, and the icy earth was still iron-hard with frost. But each day the sun rose a little earlier, stayed a little longer, and its warmth was working a subtle alchemy not only in the earth but in the spirits of men. Courage and new hope, a lifting up and a strengthening, came with the approach of Easter and its unfailing promise that soon the ice would break up, the snows would melt, and the white land would be green again.

The time for the big work was drawing near and the rugged, ever-optimistic Alaskans were getting ready for it. Contractors pored over blueprints and sought the ear of friendly bankers. Construction crews tuned their heavy equipment, getting ready to move with the thaw, to start building new homes, stores, banks, office buildings, docks, wharves and roads. Chuffing under the shadow of snow peaks and lurching across high trestles spanning ice-locked streams, the Alaska Railroad hauled ton after ton of new supplies and machinery to oil drillers, loggers and mining camps over 470 miles of track.

Everywhere the lengthening days, the growing warmth, worked their magic spell. Beside its mountain-locked bay, tiny Valdez, an old gold-rush town now calling itself "The Switzerland of America," made ready for its annual catch of fish and tourists. Cordova looked ahead to its carnival, the Festival of the Iceworm, and proudly flaunted its title as Razor Clam Capital of the World. Seward, once a dying town, torn by political strife, had made a surging comeback under a new city manager, William Harrison, who had somehow managed to bring the warring factions together. Now the little town was preparing to celebrate its selection as an All-American city. In the town of Kodiak and in all the little Aleut villages along the shores of Kodiak Island, men were busy readying gill nets, patching seines, painting and fitting out the 400 sturdy, blunt-nosed boats that make up the island's fishing fleet. Soon, the red salmon would be running in the Copper River and in all the bays and inlets along Prince William Sound, fighting their way up icy streams to their spawning grounds. From Cordova to Kodiak canneries would start working around the clock and there would be jobs for all.

In Anchorage, where Alaska's brains, money and know-how are concentrated in a city that looks upon itself as a future "Chicago of the North," there was an air of confidence. Bankers anticipated a rise in business, for Alaska's progress is based on easy credit. Stores stocked up in readiness for a rush of customers—regardless of price, Alaskans demand all the goods and services that the citizens of the "lower 48" enjoy. Even the city's unemployed were blithe in spirit. In the shabby bars along Anchorage's Fourth Avenue hundreds of jobless truck drivers, masons, mechanics, carpenters, electricians, painters and day laborers confidently ordered more beer, sure in the knowledge that the long hibernation was nearly over and that they would soon be at work on regular payrolls.

This, then, was the mood of Alaska—buoyant, confident, full-steam-ahead—on Good Friday, March 27, 1964, in the hours before the second-greatest earthquake ever recorded came rumbling up to lift the state's central mountains, smash and drown a dozen coastal towns, wreck great portions of its rail and highway net, shatter the tallest buildings of its biggest city, and send hundreds of crumpled houses tumbling toward the sea in landslides and tidal waves. It was the greatest catastrophe ever to befall an American state, and in the fog-hung dawn of Saturday morning there was only one comfort. The damage was mainly to property and to men's hopes. The toll of 117 dead and missing was incredibly light.

In Anchorage, Good Friday dawned under leaden skies, with a rising thermometer bringing fitful flurries of light snow. It was still snowing late in the afternoon as the streets filled with the automobiles of home-going shoppers and office workers. In a few minutes it would be the "happy hour," that quiet time of the day when kids come in from sledding to shed their ski suits and snow boots and lie before the television sets, the time when wives and husbands chat and sip a ritual Martini together while dinner simmers on the stove and the sun gilds the great snow peaks beyond the picture windows. Downtown in the fancy lounges where the contractors drink, and in the rough saloons where the construction stiffs hang out, the happy hour was already in full swing. In some saloons, from five to six o'clock is "two-fer time"—two drinks for the price of one—and in these places men stood three deep at the bar, for

Aerial photograph shows devastation of the Turnagain section of Anchorage.

Photographs by Lawrence Schiller and Bill Bridges

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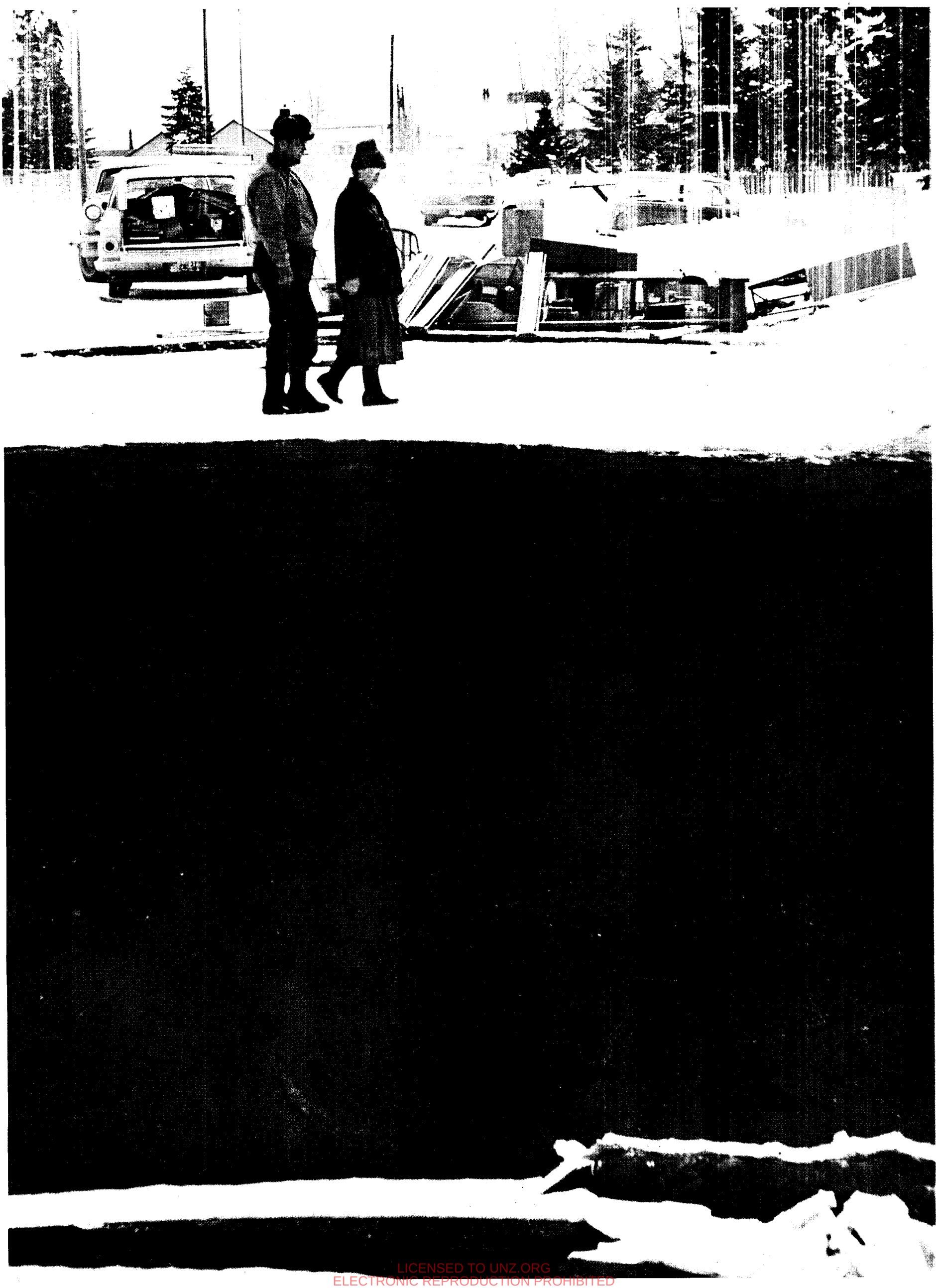

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"ALL YOU COULD HEAR WAS GLASS BREAKING AND THE GROANING OF TIMBERS."

State in Chaos

Anchorage drinks as it works, with a two-fisted, headlong drive.

As the town's clocks inched past 5:36, the first sharp shock was felt. Nobody panicked. Each man looked at those nearest him, gave a short nervous laugh—and waited. Earthquakes in the past have been no great terror to Alaskans. Anchorage citizens have long known that their town stands on trembling earth. Faint tremors are frequent, and more than 100 times in the past 30 years, quakes of varying intensity have shaken the city. They were accepted as a fact of life in the North—mildly exciting and mildly frightening—but far less damaging to the nerves than the long months of darkness and the bitter cold.

In the living room of his home in College Heights, Bob Oldland, Anchorage city manager, home after a hard day at City Hall, reached for the Martini his wife held out to him. Suddenly the Martini was not there and Mrs. Oldland was swaying away from him.

"It's only a little earthquake," he said, half annoyed by the look of quick anxiety on her face. Then all at once he was on the floor, trying to shield with his body the baby who had been flung from the sofa. The house was rocking and plunging like a small boat in a heavy sea, and the stove was dancing across the kitchen floor. As the shudder stopped, he ran for his car, and began to call on his car radio for all city department heads.

In the book of Matthew it is written that at the moment Christ died on the cross "the veil of the temple was rent in twain . . . and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent." In the little Catholic Church of Saint Anthony, the Rev. Joseph E. Shirey was reading from a missal held by acolyte Dan Brennan the special words of the Good Friday service. Then the floor began to shake beneath his feet, and the acolyte was struggling to hold the missal still. "I knew that I could no longer read with decorum," Father Shirey said afterward. He faced the congregation. "Let us pray," he said calmly. With Brennan beside him he turned and knelt before the altar. Above them the heavy baldachin, the canopy over the altar, swung wildly, clanging against the wall, above the heads of four kneeling choir boys. At the right of the altar the statue of the Sacred Heart fell with a crash. Behind him as the church shuddered with a terrific vibration, Father Shirey could hear the murmuring voices of his congregation, quietly praying. Finally the earth grew still. Brennan took up the missal, found the place in Exodus XII and Father Shirey once more began to read the service.

In George Rosetta's Blue Mirror Lounge on the ground floor of the 14-story McKinley Apartments, tallest building in Anchorage, business was brisk.

"We had a full house," Rosetta remembers. "Thirty-five or maybe forty, and they were giving us a rush. Most of them were federal people, living in the apartments upstairs, and they were loosening up a little more than usual, because they had a long holiday ahead." Saturday was coming up, then Sunday, and Monday was Seward Day, when Alaska celebrates its purchase, in 1867. Government employees don't work on Seward Day.

"When the first shake came," Rosetta says, "they all shut up talking and looked at each other with that 'earthquake stare.' You know, that look that means you are scared, and don't want to show it and are wondering when it will stop—or *if* it will ever stop. Well, it didn't stop. It got worse, and people started falling off the barstools, and the bottles behind the bar began to fall and smash. I used to live in San Francisco and I know about earthquakes, so I yelled to them to get under the big beam that runs through the middle of the room, or in the door. Those are the safest places when you're inside in a quake. The men behaved fine, but some of the women wouldn't move. They just hung on to the bar screaming and crying, and I had to pull them loose. Then the corner of the room fell in, and a steam pipe in back broke and steam started hissing and clouding up the place, and then everybody hit for the door and about this time the shaking quit."

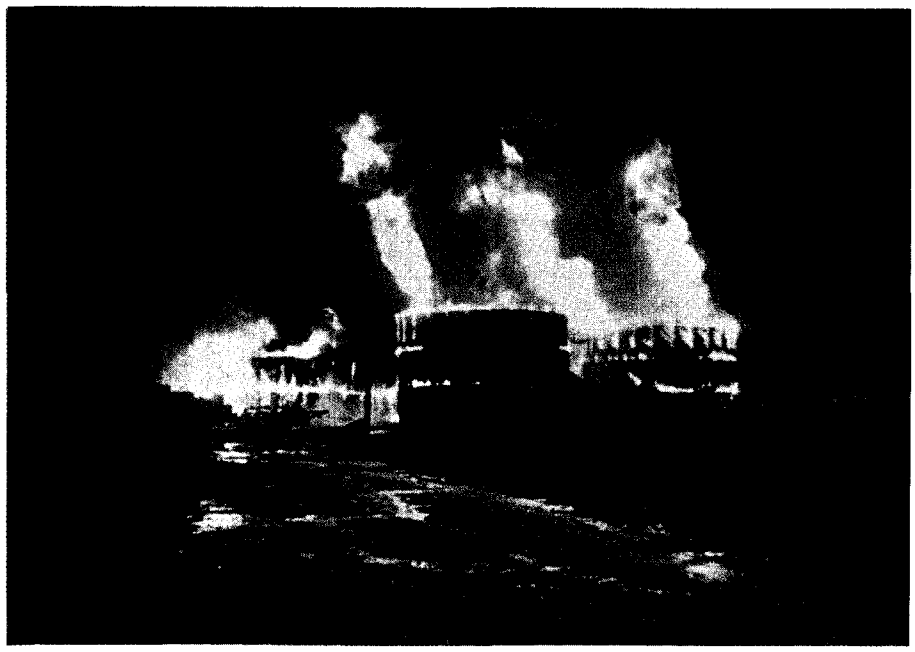
Down on Fourth Avenue at the Union Oil station, Walter Keck was pumping gas into the tank of a taxicab when the taxi began to jump and plunge and the hose jerked out. He knew that this meant a bad one, and he ran into the middle of the street to be safe from falling walls. There, staggering drunkenly as the street rolled beneath him, he watched as a block-long row of saloons, pawnshops, pool halls, little restaurants and the Denali Theatre began to sink slowly below the level of the street.

"Nobody hollered," Keck said. "All you could hear was the glass breaking and the groaning of the timbers as the buildings went down. I remember thinking, 'There ain't no dust. There ought to be a lot of dust from those old buildings.' But there wasn't any dust.

"As the bars began to go," Keck continued, "the 'Oley Joes' that had been drinking in them came piling through the doors into the street. (An Oley Joe is an Indian or an Eskimo who speaks no English. He tells the bartender, "Oley, Joe," meaning he wants an Olympia beer.) They were flopping and falling down, grabbing onto automobiles trying to steady themselves, but the cars were rocking and rolling all over the place and they couldn't hold on. It's funny now to think about. But it wasn't funny then."

To many an Anchorage citizen it was not funny then or now, nor will it ever be other than a dreadful memory. In Turnagain-by-the-Sea, where the city's wealthiest bankers, lawyers, doctors and contractors lived, magnificent houses sat on a high bluff rising above the ice-clogged waters of Knik Arm, their picture windows facing the great snow peaks to the North. Here were the city's finest homes—and the most unsafe.

In her $70,000 house, filled with treasures brought from the ends of the earth



Oil fire rages in Valdez after power lines fell into fuel from ruptured tanks.

Tidal waves swept Valdez waterfront clean, carried fishing boats miles inland.

◀ *One stretch of this residential street in Anchorage sank 20 feet below the rest.*

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"WE WERE TRAPPED. I ASKED THE TWO CHILDREN TO PRAY."

Unconquerably feminine, a little girl stops to primp in front of a miraculously preserved mirror in wrecked area of Anchorage.

State in Chaos

by her husband, Mrs. Lowell Thomas Jr. had kicked off her shoes and lain down on a bed to rest for a moment after a long day of work on the Easter Seal drive. On the bed nearby, her eight-year-old daughter Anne, tired from a day of outdoor play, chatted happily. In an adjoining room David, six, lay barefoot on the rug, watching television. Somewhere over the mountains to the North, Lowell, her husband, was flying his plane to Fairbanks to make a speech to a group of Young Republicans—the opening gun in his race for Congress.

"Somehow I knew from the first that the shock was going to be very bad," "Tay" Thomas said later. "The moment I felt it I called to David. I grabbed him and Anne by the hand, and we ran down the stairs and out the front door."

Moving fast is all that saved them. As they left the door, the house, the yard and all the earth around them began to slide slowly toward the sea. Tall spruces and hemlocks, aspens and birch trees were going down in a tangle. Beneath them the earth was heaving, breaking, rising in great toadstool-shaped columns and sinking back again. Between Tay Thomas and Anne a crevasse opened. Clutching desperately, Tay pulled her daughter across the widening crack.

"We were lying sprawled in the snow, barefoot, thinly-clothed, on a block of slanting earth that was moving toward the water," Tay Thomas recalls. "I remember thinking, 'We will go into the water, and in that cold water at this time of the year nobody can live more than a minute.'" David kept crying, "Mama, Mama, I'm going to get frostbite."

"The earth was sliding beneath us, and we were sliding on the slanting surface of the snow, desperately trying to cling on. Then slowly the sliding stopped. Far above us and many yards away stood the steep, high cliff from which our house had torn away. There, I knew, was solid ground, and somehow we had to make our way there and climb up."

Scrambling through the jumbled upheaval of black, frozen earth and snow, Mrs. Thomas and the children made their way to the cliff face.

"There was no way up," she said. "One tall spruce leaned against the cliff, its roots in the ground that had broken away. We tried but we could not climb it. We were trapped there with the cliff above us and the sea behind us and there was no way out. I asked the children to pray, and each one did, a simple prayer asking God to help us. Then all at once we knew that we would be all right. Somehow we would get out."

Not long after, as Mrs. Thomas and her children scrambled along the cliff face, hunting a safe path to the top, a young man whom she did not know, and whose name she never learned, came down and helped them to solid ground.

Near them, as they made their way toward the cliff, they had seen the wrecked house of their friend and neighbor, Dr. Perry Mead Jr., half buried in the frozen earth. Two of the Meads' five small children, Penny, eight, and Paul, four, clung to the roof of the shattered house. Both were crying with fright, and she called to them not to be afraid, that help would come to them.

A heroic 12-year-old

She did not know until long after that, in the lower rooms of the house, two other Mead children had been trapped. When the quake occurred, 12-year-old Perry Mead III had been baby-sitting with his younger brothers and sisters. As the house started down he had got Penny and Paul out and had hoisted them to the rooftop. He had then gone back to the basement playroom to carry out his baby brother, Merrell, age two. A week later their bodies were found in the shattered basement.

Human courage takes many forms. At Providence Hospital Sister Philias, supervisor of nurses, was herself a patient, recovering from a delicate back operation performed a few days earlier by Doctor Mead. In her hospital bed she rode out the quake. Then, as the lights of a stream of cars bringing the injured from the darkened city gleamed on her windows, she tried to get up. But her own nurses had been too well-trained to let her risk injury that might cripple her for life.

The next morning her door opened quietly. It was Doctor Mead. With deft, steady hands he changed her bandages. When he finished she saw that he was crying. In the night she had learned that two of the young doctor's own children were missing and presumed dead.

"I'm sorry," he told her. "I just can't hold it in. I may not be any good here today, but I had to do what I could."

All through the long night, in the snow and the 20-degree cold, nearly every man in Anchorage had been doing what he could. At the airport a half hour before the quake, Mayor George Sharrock, slim, quiet, precise and spectacled, had gone with a committee of citizens to say goodbye to Mrs. Carol Elizabeth Brady, flying to Florida to represent Alaska in a Mrs. America contest. Afterward he had stopped to talk to Bob Baker, president of the Matanuska Valley Bank. Baker was worried. The 33-foot tides that raced through Knik Arm—the highest in the world next to those of the Bay of Fundy—were carrying away the Turnagain bluffs at an alarming rate, he said. Ever since last spring's thaw, great chunks had been falling away from the backyards of these handsome homes. Couldn't the city put some sheet piling along the bluffs? He'd see, the mayor said.

"We've got to do something," Baker said. "Bob Atwood's whole house is likely to go at any minute."

A few minutes later Atwood's house did go. And Atwood himself, clutching in one hand the trumpet on which he had been practicing, was fighting to free his half-buried body while his front yard heaved and pitched and slid away beneath him.

Mayor Sharrock was in his car three blocks from his own home in Turnagain when the trees along the street began to sway and fall as if pushed by a high wind, and the road began to undulate like slow waves on the sea. Sharrock slammed on the brakes and stopped, clinging desperately to the wheel as the car plunged like a bucking horse. When the earth stilled he drove on over the broken road to find his family safe, his home intact. He turned at once and headed for town and the public-safety building, which housed police and fire headquarters.

A thousand thoughts flowed through his mind—how to get search-and-rescue parties quickly into the ruins to bring out the dead and injured; how to protect the living from further injury and property from looting or further damage; how to get the water, lights, telephones and sewers functioning again. There was a certain bitter irony in the situation. Here was a massive task for Civil Defense—and Anchorage's formal Civil Defense consisted of exactly one woman secretary. A few weeks earlier the director had resigned. A hostile city council had been questioning the CD appropriation of $26,000, half of which would be reimbursed by the Federal Government—which made the city's cash outlay less than it spent on the office of dogcatcher.

"Also," the Mayor said later, "the

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things we had learned about civil defense had little to do with the present realities. The federal regulations required us to prepare for an atomic holocaust, to have some plan for taking care of radiation injuries, for keeping a population alive in fallout shelters. This was different, this was civil defense at the grass roots—city government doing its job under a condition of great emergency."

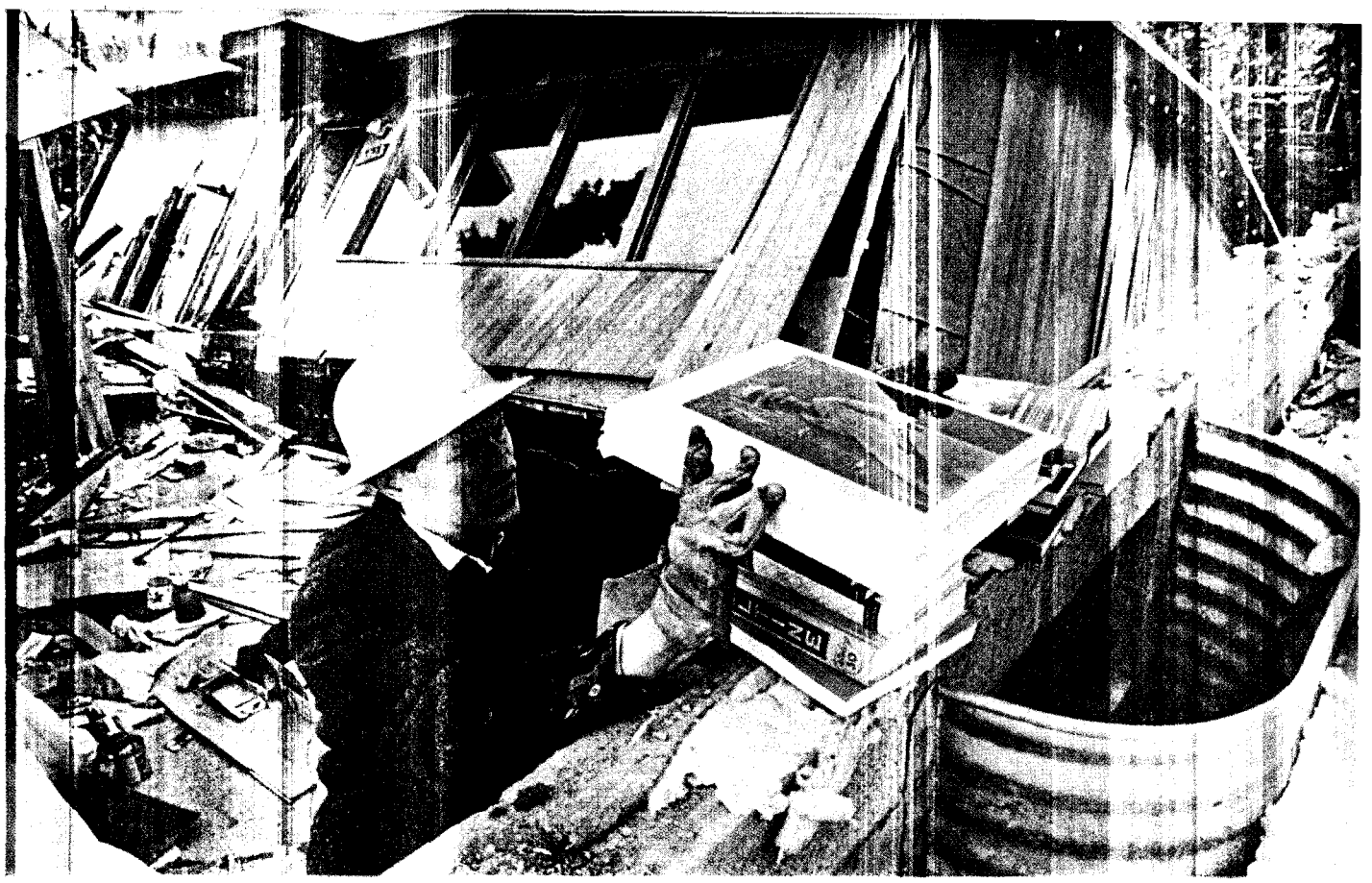
How the Anchorage city government—aided by the Salvation Army, the military from Elmendorf Air Force Base and Fort Richardson, the Red Cross, and its own citizen volunteers—did its job in the next 72 hours was a miracle of planning and performance under pressure. Two hours after the quake, mountain climbers, ski-club members, and dog-sled racers from the city's population had joined with Fort Richardson mountain troops in a night search of the ruins, and Alaska National Guard scouts stood guard over shattered areas. Long before dawn on Saturday, light and power crews had the city's two power turbines working again, public-works crews were digging in the frozen earth to repair broken water mains, telephones were coming back into service. And on the air the city's four radio stations were calming the populace, passing the word to the homeless where shelter might be found, advising how water could be purified, urging all citizens to get their typhoid shots, and broadcasting thousands of personal messages to unite separated families. As frantic queries poured in from around the world asking news of loved ones, the Salvation Army took over the task of checking the list of missing, organized a ham-radio network and passed on thousands of messages of assurance or consolation.

The tremendous energies stored up in the long, dull winter months burst into one prodigious effort to repair, rebuild, get the state and city going again. By Sunday evening, squads of architects and construction engineers had surveyed the town, marking buildings that must be demolished, those that were safe and those that must be repaired before they could be inhabited again. By Monday, merchants were allowed to go into the shattered business section to salvage their goods and fixtures, and by Tuesday, the work of demolition had begun.

On Wednesday Mayor Sharrock, still quiet, precise and unperturbed, was able to give an accurate résumé of what Anchorage had suffered—seven killed or missing and believed dead, 108 injured and $198,963,000 in damages, with $100 million wiped off the tax rolls of a city already burdened with $34 million of bonded debt.

"We have not lost faith and courage," said City Manager Bob Oldland, "but we do need an extraordinary amount of help. So do our friends and neighbors in other stricken Alaska cities and towns."

In the little cities far to the south the damage had been even greater, in proportion to population, than the destruction in Anchorage. Valdez, with its 1,200 population, counted 32 dead or missing in the great tidal waves that followed the earthquake and wiped its waterfront clean. The village of Chenega, where the



Truck loaded with salvaged furnishings rumbles slowly through Anchorage street. ▶

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"WE HAVE NOT LOST OUR FAITH AND COURAGE, BUT WE DO NEED A LOT OF HELP."

Mrs. Robert McCreedy hauls belongings to empty house near her own ruined home.

State in Chaos

Indian fishermen bear Russian names, was gone, its houses and boats smashed by a 40-foot tidal wave, its dead and missing totaling 23.

In Seward, with a population of 1,800, 17 were known dead or missing after two great waves roared through Resurrection Bay to pile box cars, engines, cranes, and shattered oil tanks in a jumble of steel along its waterfront. In Kodiak, with 23 dead and missing, not a hull was left intact of the fishing fleet that once supported a multimillion-dollar industry.

From his trailer headquarters at Anchorage, nervous, chainsmoking Gov. William A. Egan struggled to aid the little outlying towns. With damage to highways alone set at $100 million his estimate of total loss and damage to the state stood at $500 (later $750) million. Of this the state was prepared to issue $50 million in bonds. The rest must come in varied forms of federal aid. President Johnson promptly made available five million dollars in emergency relief funds, and shortly thereafter Congress authorized another $50 million to help rebuild public facilities. But much more is needed.

As state and city governments totaled their losses and looked hopefully to Washington for aid, the citizens themselves went about the task of burying their dead, rescuing their possessions from damaged stores and houses, and taking up the threads of life again. In the week after the earthquake, teams of young men, organized by the Rotary Club and supervised by the homeowners themselves, climbed through the ravines and hillocks of the great Turnagain slide, bringing out everything they could, from family portraits to plumbing fixtures.

At St. Mary's Episcopal Church the first funeral service was held on Tuesday morning. Lee Styer, 18, had been walking in front of the new five-story J. C. Penney building when a concrete slab from the crumbling structure struck and crushed him. To those who thronged the church for the simple funeral service, the words of the Prayer Book had a special meaning: "God is our hope and strength. . . . Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved, and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea."

In Alaska the earth had moved, and the hills had been carried into the midst of the sea, and no Alaskan could be found who no longer feared an earthquake. Many, in their fear, were leaving. All were jittery as, in the days that followed the great upheaval, minute aftershocks were felt. On the Friday following the massive shock, a strong quake was felt in Anchorage, Seward and Valdez. This time men, women and children alike lunged in panic into the open.

"I don't mind admitting it," said Bob Greenlagh, big, tough contractor whose $40,000 house was left hanging on the brink of the Turnagain slide. "I spook easy now."

Though quick to spook when the earth rumbles, most Alaskans—through faith, or foolhardiness, or a profound conviction that another big one cannot happen in a thousand years—are determined to stay in the far, cold land they have learned to love. They know the facts now. The nation's top geologists and seismologists have made clear, in layman's language, the hazard that exists. Great areas of Alaska lie above or near an earthquake belt that curves along the Pacific shoreline as far south as Chile. Tomorrow, or in a thousand years, a great convulsion deep in the earth may occur again, changing shorelines, tumbling mountains, burying men and all their works.

Anchorage, built on 30-foot bluffs, is particularly vulnerable. The city is located between two arms of Cook Inlet—Knik Arm and Turnagain, which Captain James Cook mistook for the Northwest Passage. The land beneath Anchorage was once an ancient seabed. There, millions of years ago, the ocean laid down a blue mud over which Ice Age rivers washed a surface stratum of firm-packed sand and gravel. The mud, geologists say, is stable enough when at rest. But heavy shaking by earthquake action turns it into jelly that slumps and slides and flows like water. The greatest damage in the Anchorage area, the geologists point out, was caused by the twisting slide of the blue-clay cliffs into the deep trough of Knik Arm.

Anchorage residents are comforted by this analysis. If it is true, they point out, their city withstood the earthquake shock well. All they now must do is move back a few blocks from the unstable bluffs, and they will be safe. Maybe, the geologists answer. But how far back? Their damage maps show that the frozen earth was broken into gigantic blocks far back from the bluffs. The spring thaw has already started. Thaw water, soaking down to the saturated clay, forms a lubricant and movements sufficient to destroy a heavy building could take place at any time.

Men like Walter Hickel, who built the Turnagain subdivision, listen to such warnings with impatience. "We know all that now," says Hickel. "We know it and accept it, and we aren't going to abandon this city. We are going to build back right where we are. All it will take is some soil analysis, and some intelligent engineering.

"We have built a great city here and we are going to keep on building. Many of the streets you ride on today were moose trails five years ago. And the moose trails you see today will be the streets of tomorrow. We are right where San Francisco was in 1906. We've been hit with a great disaster, and some people will get scared and leave. But for every man who leaves, two men with guts will come in here to help us build. What could a man accomplish if he worried about something that may not happen again for a thousand years? This is our home, and we are going to stay." THE END

Anchorage merchants on hard-hit Fourth Avenue nail plastic sheets over their store fronts

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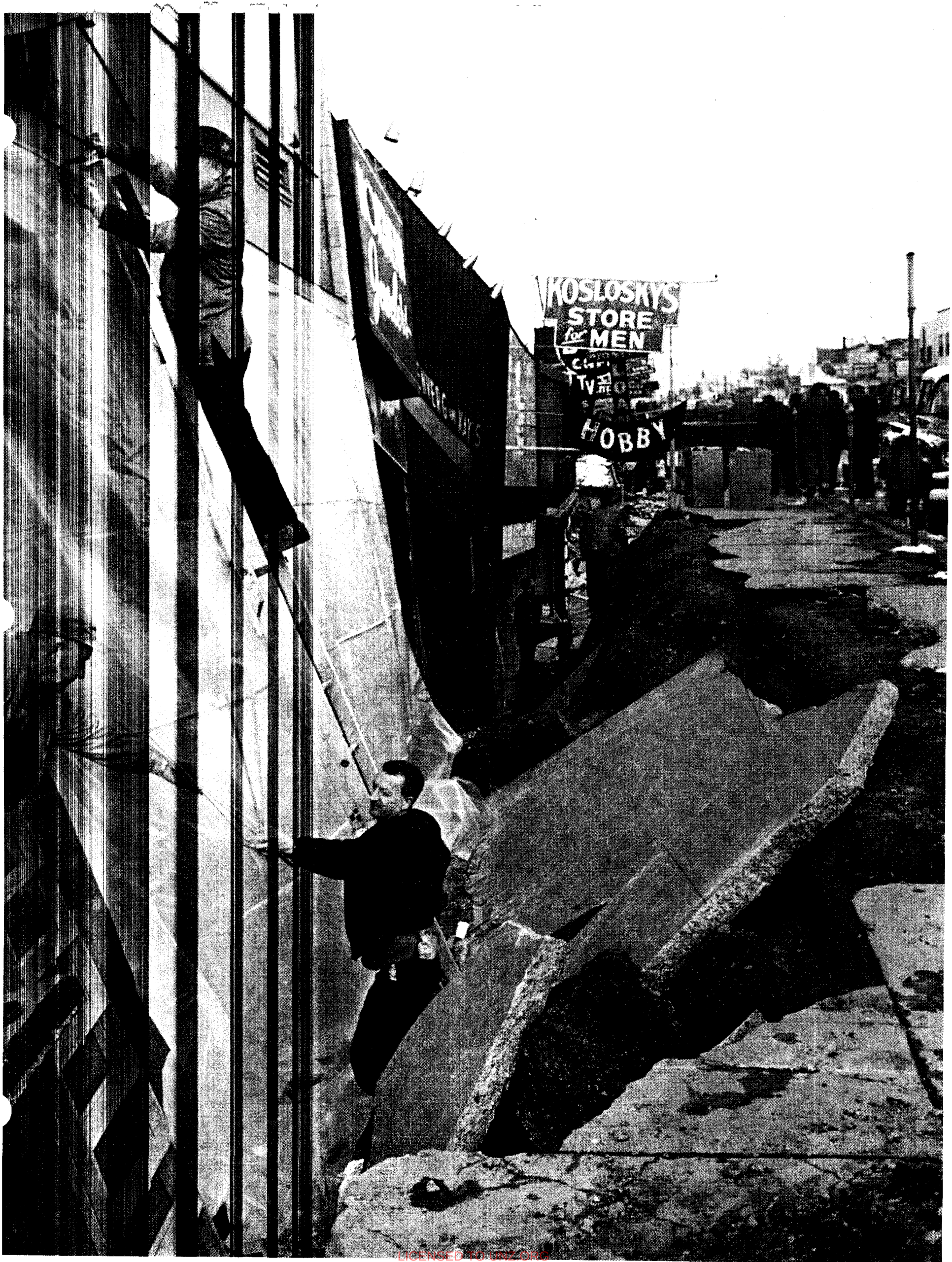

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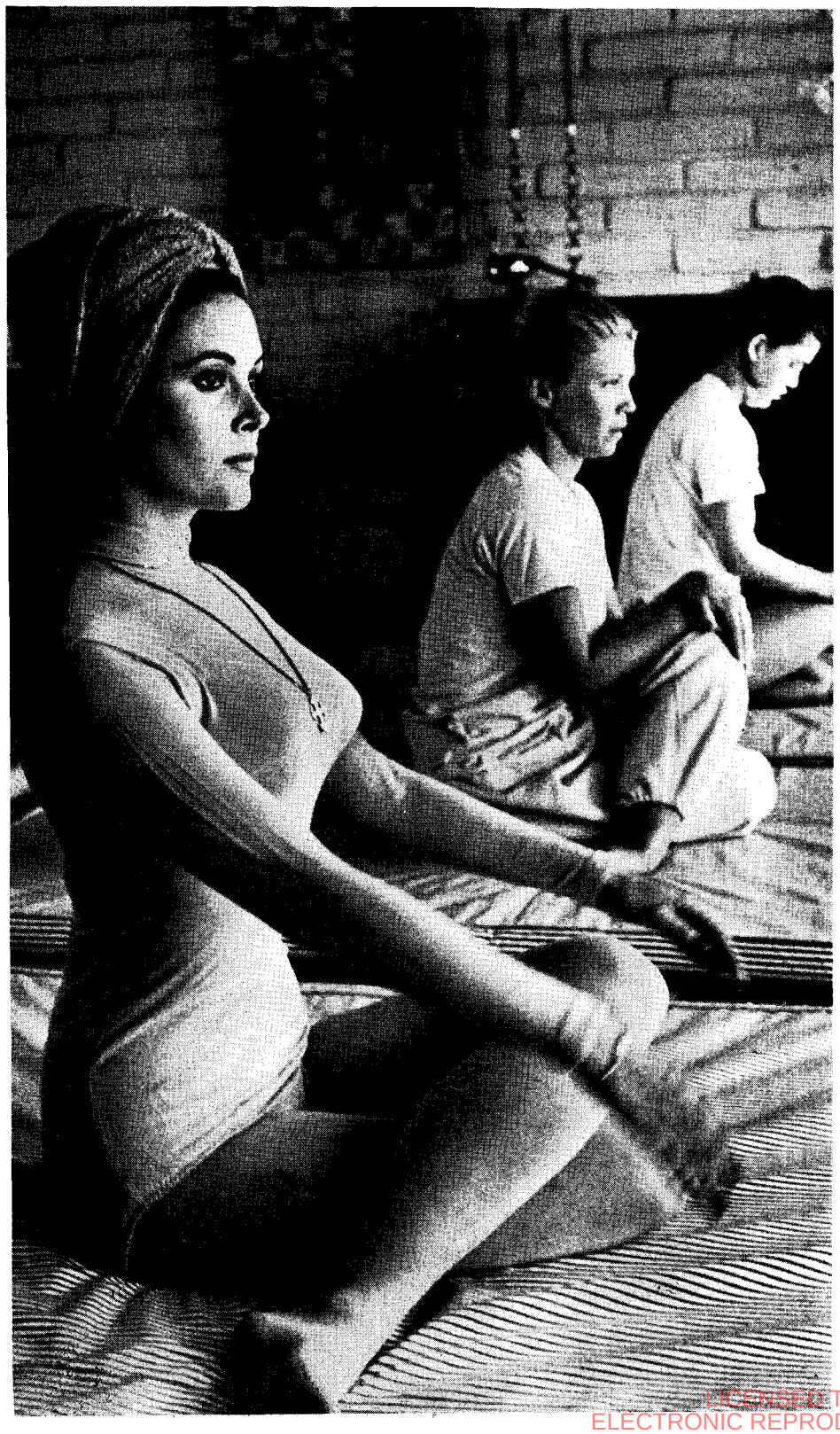
She's been married twice and earns $100,000 a year playing sexy roles, but Jill St. John still plays with Teddy bears and toy trains.

HOLLYWOOD'S CAREFREE CHILD

By RICHARD WARREN LEWIS



Jill works on curves at the Golden Door, fancy health resort in Escondido, Calif.

The door to the four-room Beverly Hills apartment was double-locked and bolted. Beneath the doorbell a handwritten card said, "Go Away." Inside the apartment the bedroom was filled with smoke. It belched from the stack of a toy railroad engine that snaked its way around a maze of H-O gauge tracks.

On the same network of tracks two other engines hurtled toward each other. One pulled a string of tankers, cattle cars, lumber carriers, boxcars and a caboose across a miniature landscape of tunnels, bridges and waterfalls. The other was a replica of a Civil War iron horse with Confederate flag flying, and with troop carriers, hospital car and ammunition car rolling behind. In due course the two trains collided violently at a crossing, jackknifed and teetered off the tracks. The remaining train, continuing to puff fumes, tooted its whistle mournfully.

Alone at a panel of transformers, gleefully surveying the wreckage, sat Jill St. John, a red-haired actress better known for the curves of her figure than for the bend of her tracks. Last year Hollywood's foremost 23-year-old railroader earned an estimated $100,000 by wriggling through four movies: *Come Blow Your Horn*, *Who's Been Sleeping In My Bed?*, *Who's Minding the Store?* and the forthcoming *Honeymoon Hotel*. Although she is untrained as an actress, her natural gifts—a charming kookiness and a superbly shaped 118-pound frame—have turned her into one of the rising comediennes of motion pictures. "Not many actresses can do comedy and carry it off with femininity," says her agent, Herman Citron. "She could become one of the really big stars."

To help fulfill this prophecy, Jill has attempted a painstaking study of the screen technique of the late Kay Kendall, who was one of the movie world's most dazzling compounds of sex and humor. Hour after hour, in darkened screening rooms, Jill runs old Kendall films that she rents for $50 apiece. To further her drive toward movie stardom, Jill also has acquired such trappings as a Mercedes 300 SL, and the sort of wardrobe that passes for haute couture in Hollywood—five dozen pairs of skin-tight slacks, 50 sweaters, 35 pairs of shoes, bikinis of every conceivable color, and a generous assortment of finery from Dior, Chanel and Galanos.

As a child, Jill St. John acted in mov

Yet there is an odd gap between Jill St. John's sexy celluloid image and the sometimes child-like pleasures she pursues. After 18 years in show business, Jill seems bent on recapturing a past she never had.

She is a practical joker, addicted to such juvenile amusements as telephoning friends, asking a question ("Do you want to hear something funny?") and then hanging up. One of her more curious pastimes is shooting a water pistol at friends. She also has been known to drop paper bags full of water from hotel windows, a sport which once caused her ejection from the Ritz in Paris.

Her feeling for animals is uncontained. She plays with stuffed Teddy bears, snakes and pandas and maintains a long-term subscription to *Animals* magazine. She will wear only mink, an animal that she maintains is painlessly gassed to death. Chinchillas, squirrels and guinea

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han 1,000 radio shows and also modeled as a sideline. "I was alone, which I guess is why I'm so much of a loner now," she says. "I never had any childhood."

pigs have enjoyed the run of her home. She has fed beluga caviar to her dogs. But her greatest devotion is reserved for elephants. "They have the cutest personality of any animal and also the highest I.Q.," says Jill, who reports that her own I.Q. is 162. She rides elephants at charity circuses and sprawls on their backs in amusement parks. Littered around her apartment are elephant paintings, drawings, photographs, curios, carvings, trinkets, jewelry and a hassock in the shape of an elephant. She laughs loudest at elephant jokes, recording new ones in a jumbo notebook. A recent sample:

Question: "How do you get six elephants in a Volkswagen?"

Answer: "Three in the front and three in the back."

Fish once ran a close second. Three years ago Jill acquired a six-gallon fish tank and stocked it with clown fish, three-stripe, damsel and file fish. "I remember staying up all night watching them," she says. When one fish died, she carried its corpse to a pathology laboratory in an effort to determine what had caused its death. Then she added a separate tank to nurse the remaining sick fish back to health. It worked, and Jill went fish-happy. She ordered specimens from hatcheries in the Fiji Islands, Honolulu and the Caribbean, isolating them in a new quarantine tank upon arrival. She purchased gallons of specially treated salt water. At one point Jill was feeding 75 fish a day, most of them installed in a gigantic 150-gallon tank, one of five receptacles that dominated an entire end of her living room. The fish since have died of old age, but Jill occasionally goes swimming with porpoises in a local amusement park, proving her love not only for marine life but publicity.

Jill rarely had time for such distractions as a child. When she was five, her mother, the wife of a Beverly Hills restaurateur (he now works in real estate), enrolled Jill in a local little-theater production of something called *Pigtails*. Jill's debut was so promising that she was quickly hustled through dancing lessons, singing lessons and auditions. At the age of six, standing on a box to reach the microphone, Jill played Little Beaver's girl friend on the *Red Rider* radio show. A year later she won the juvenile role of Sharon Barber on the daily radio soap opera, *One Man's Family*. The part lasted six years and was supplemented by jobs on such programs as *Hallmark Theatre*, *The Lone Ranger*, and *Doctor Christian*. She logged more than 1,000 radio shows and also modeled children's fashions as a sideline.

"My mother always had me in show business," says Jill. "She was a bit of a stage mother. The only way to become a little movie-star type is if your mother pushes you into it."

She did her homework in the halls outside broadcasting studios and remembers the period as a lonely one. "We never lived where there were other children to play with," she says. "I was always alone, which I guess is why I'm so much of a loner now. I never had any childhood."

She was 11 when her mother, Mrs. Betty Lou Oppenheim, decided to change Jill's name. "I had always thought about a name on a marquee," her mother says, "and St. John was not only an interesting name, it was short. I wanted something with a J and St. John is musical—it sort of rings a bell."

By the time she was 16, Jill had blossomed into a physical beauty. Her nose had been altered by plastic surgery, and her figure had developed handsomely. This fact was not lost on Neil Dubin, a laundry heir who eloped with Jill to Las Vegas despite her parents' objections. She told the justice of the peace she was 18. "I wanted to get away," Jill says. "I wanted independence and freedom and all those silly things that you want when you're that age. Immediately I realized I had made a bad mistake." She lived with Dubin for only a month. They were divorced 13 months later.

Her second marriage was a bit more durable. In March, 1960, she married millionaire playboy Lance Reventlow, known to credit managers everywhere as the sole issue of the seven marriages of Woolworth heiress Barbara Hutton. Lance kept busy skiing, racing sailboats, playing polo, skin-diving and racing his Scarab, a Grand Prix automobile he had spent two million dollars developing. Jill set up housekeeping in Reventlow's $350,000 Beverly Hills home, a 21st-birthday present from his mother, with the aid of a full-time butler and a day maid. The English Regency estate, located on three smog-free acres high above Sunset Boulevard, contained marble fireplaces in virtually every room and a free-form swimming pool that ran from the patio into the cavernous living room.

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"I SOMETIMES FELT MY HORSES HAD MORE INTEGRITY THAN PEOPLE."

Jill St. John

It did not take long for the marriage to turn into a bizarre comedy. At the start Jill told her husband that the symbol of a successful marriage was the first loaf of bread baked in the house. Gamely, Lance resolved to produce it himself. "It was so hard," recalls Jill, giggling, "we couldn't even break it up and give it to our animals." She did the next best thing, burying it near the kitchen in a grave of packed clay. "I wanted to mark it with a headstone reading BAKED BY LANCE REVENTLOW," she says, "but he wouldn't let me do it."

Outside the sprawling house she played Heidi, scattering pellets for rabbits, compressed alfalfa and clover for wild deer and bread crusts for quail. She commissioned a zoological mural for the guest bathroom. It depicted an African game preserve—elephants at a watering hole, wallowing hippopotamuses and giraffes lurking in the brush. For exercise there were two Arabian horses and one Irish hunter at a nearby stable. "I sometimes felt that my horses had a lot more honor and integrity than some of the people I know," she says.

As Mrs. Reventlow, she accumulated carefully coordinated wardrobes for vacations in New York and skiing trips to Aspen, casually charging items to her unlimited account. "Sometimes I buy things and forget about them. Then they're like little presents," says Jill. "I love to spend money. It's fun."

Lance never flinched until he examined their checking account and noticed a $500 entry for a "blarb." He asked Jill what a blarb was, and she said it was a secret. Within a year she had made four more $500 entries, all for blarbs.

The $2,500 worth of blarbs—actually nothing more mysterious than miscellaneous household expenses—was more than Reventlow could tolerate. He demanded an auditing. "My favorite animals are elephants, so I told him blarbs were a down payment on an elephant," she says. "He believed me. That was fun. I drove him crazy for a year."

The Reventlows collided on other matters as well. Lance spent much of his time racing automobiles. For a few months Jill accompanied him to the track, but ultimately she lost interest. "I'm too aesthetic to get a kick out of speed," she said. "I'm not impressed with a jet going a zillion miles an hour." To a gossip columnist she complained, "Lance is more interested in racing than in me."

Following her release from a Twentieth Century-Fox contract and a prolonged period of idleness, Jill reasoned that marriage was impeding her career. "No one took me seriously because I was married to a boy who was well known and very social," she explains. "Everyone thought, Well, if she has all those things, she doesn't really want to act. They didn't know I might be any deeper than what they saw on the surface."

Nineteen months after her wedding Jill carted her seven closets of clothes and J.L.R. bath towels into a furnished apartment. Last October she won a default divorce from Lance in an uncontested, three-minute hearing. She was awarded a $100,000 settlement and placed her diamond-studded wedding band in a safe-deposit box. "It's probably my favorite piece of jewelry," she sighs nostalgically, "but I can't wear it now."

By last year Jill's career had begun moving at a rapid pace. The impetus came from *Come Blow Your Horn*, a film in which she played Frank Sinatra's featherheaded neighbor. Months before the film's release Sinatra proudly screened a rough print of the film for gatherings of his cronies. As a result, Jill theorizes, a word-of-mouth campaign was generated about her abilities as a comedienne. "Fortunately," she says, "all of Frank's friends happen to be very influential."

Within six months three new films, costarring Jill in roles virtually identical to the character she played in *Horn*, were negotiated, while newspaper columns began carrying Sinatra-St. John items.

To nobody's surprise Jill was named hostess for the first Frank Sinatra Invitational Golf Tournament last November in Palm Springs. During the days, she appeared long enough to be photographed in tight slacks and a tight sweater, clutching a leather golf bag. During the evenings, she and Frank kept company. "Basically," she says of her friendship with Sinatra, "I'm not a person who likes to flit around from one involvement or one person to another. I love the idea of settling and staying with one man. I like being responsible to someone."

But Frank, who does an uncanny imitation of Jill's sing-song voice, thus far has avoided such a permanent alliance. Perhaps her habit of chomping ice cubes distracts him. Or he might be annoyed by the manner in which she can steal the limelight during one of his lengthy monologues by simply playing with matches. In any event, their relationship now runs hot and cold.

Her recent social companions also have included Baby Pignatari, Oleg Cassini and Glenn Ford. But with her rocketing career in mind, she has issued a warning to all of them. "I don't want anything tying me down," she says, echoing the words of hundreds of aspiring stars before her. "My career is more important to me than any thing or any person. That sounds ruthless, but this is what you have to be if you want to be an actress. You have only one chance at success, and I've got a hell of a chance now." THE END

Feeding a friendly porpoise at an amusement park in Santa Monica, Calif., the buoyant Jill St. John demonstrates her love for both animals and publicity.

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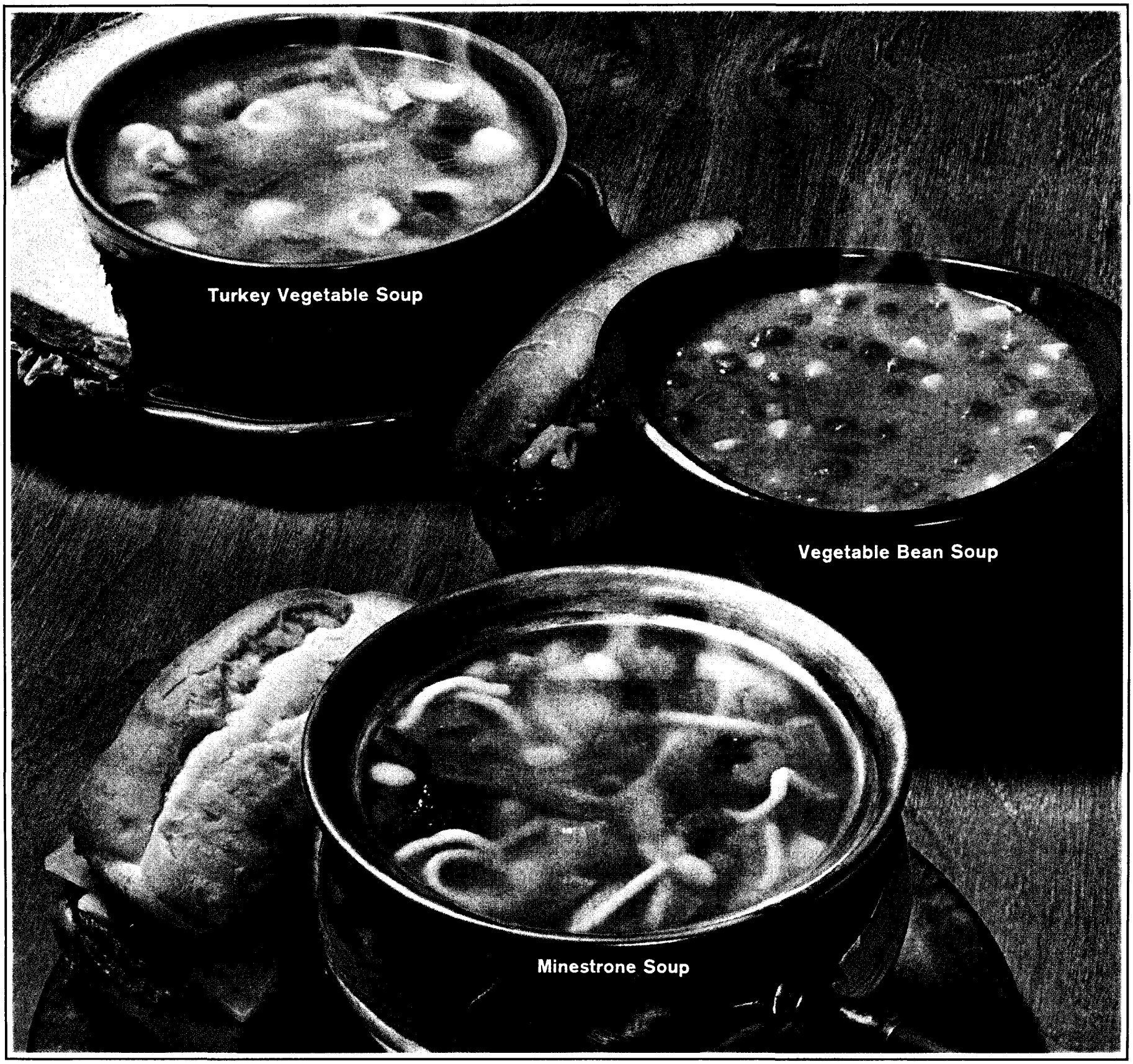

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CRIME IN MOSCOW

What happens to a Russian citizen who gets arrested for drunkenness—or murder? An American expert on Soviet law tells about cases he has observed in Russian courts.

By George Feifer

The first heavy snow had fallen, the tourists had gone home, and elderly women strangers had started scolding me on the streets—"Young man, you had better put on a scarf and a hat immediately." From my window I could see the early-morning skaters, flat-faced, lusty college youths reveling in a section of sporting grounds which had been flooded a month before. Sweet-sad peasant songs sounded softly over the loudspeakers and diffused quickly in the brittle-cold air.

I was living in Moscow by arrangement of the Soviet-American Cultural Exchange Agreement, gathering material for a doctoral dissertation on Soviet criminal theory. This meant a year at Moscow State University as an *aspirant*, roughly the equivalent of an American graduate student. Research in the libraries, courses and seminars, meeting with professors, reading cases and decrees—that is what I had been doing in the six weeks since I had arrived, much the way I had done it in the six months before I left New York. But that morning I was going to court. I wanted to see for myself the ways of Russian law and the workings of Soviet justice.

Six years before, as an undergraduate at Harvard, I first made remote contact with the Soviet legal system. It seemed then in many ways an interesting system. I learned Russian and went on to study Soviet law at Columbia University, and what I found out about it fired my interest. My reading led me to expect that I would track down justice, unqualified by "Soviet," in Moscow's courts.

I do not mean that I expected to find the Rule of Law, the Four Freedoms, Constitutionalism, Liberty or Democracy, the Great Shining Things, the bold steps forward to new decencies or the courageous defenses of old ones—all of which Western courts produce in their best moments. The central fact about Soviet political life, I knew, is that the limits of everything are set by the Communist Party. When policy and precedent are made, the courts fall into line. They have no independent source of authority; they are not an impartial arbiter between government and citizens; they do not transcend the interests of the party.

But the rule of law is not always the same as justice, and it was the latter that I was looking for. I was interested not in cases involving the definition of political rights but in all those ordinary cases in the middle: the daily cases that deal with common crimes and disputes, the great mass of cases that have nothing at all to do with state security or ideological purity. These are the cases Americans never hear about but which most directly affect the average Russian. I wanted to know what happens to *him* when he falls afoul of the law, his wife, or his boss.

In preparing for the trip to Moscow, I was struck by the thoroughness with which Soviet law had been reviewed since Stalin's death. Conviction by "analogy" had been repudiated, "social danger" had been narrowed to mean only crimes specifically described in the criminal code, and the class origins of the parties before the court no longer were matters for consideration by judges. Civilians no longer were tried in military courts, except in cases of espionage. Unpublished criminal statutes were no longer decreed. The M.V.D. boards, which formerly convened secretly and issued secret, nonappealable decisions, had now been abolished; all crimes were now tried in the regular court system. The prosecutor's obligations to the accused had been clarified and increased. In court, the burden of proof was on the prosecution, and the standards of proof had been raised; confession alone could no longer convict the accused.

Some features of Soviet law, even after the reforms, remained objectionable to American lawyers, but these were not a function of Communism, or even of totalitarianism, but of the tradition, common on the Continent, of Roman, or civil, law. Many European countries combine judge and jury. Since civil-law procedure does not place two opposing attorneys strictly in the roles of adversaries, and since the trial is less a contest of the parties than a search for truth by all, many countries prescribe a limited role for defense lawyers.

When first I began reading Soviet law, it seemed that Soviet courts sometimes convicted defendants on the basis of extralegal considerations. But later I read cases in which these same considerations—the personality of the defendant, his previous record and experiences, his reputation in the community, the emotional circumstances surrounding the cases—served to help some defendants, even some accused of counterrevolutionary crimes. This was because Soviet courts tend to judge the "whole man," not just carefully selected evidence pertaining to an isolated episode in his life.

Then there's the matter of Marxist ideology. The early Bolsheviks made strong statements and took strong action with respect to the law when they seized power. The law was politics; it was power; it was a weapon "we" must use against "them"; it was the mailed fist of the proletariat. "The highest law is the good of the Revolution." Czarist codes were scrapped, the old courts were abolished, and illiterate judges were directed to exercise their "revolutionary consciousness" to suppress the enemies of the proletariat—that is, of the party. The laws were flexible and were flexibly applied, and it all smacked of terror. "The court is an organ of power," lectured Lenin. "This is sometimes forgotten by liberals. But a Marxist

From the forthcoming book, "Justice in Moscow," to be published by Simon and Schuster, Inc. © 1964 by George Feifer.

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"So you insist that you didn't mean to kill your wife? You just lost control of yourself."

commits a sin if he forgets it. . . . Our court is an organ of the rule of the proletariat and the poorest peasantry."

Not equal justice for all but the repression of class enemies and recalcitrants was the function of the new courts. In 1938 an official definition of law was adopted, preserving the class flavor. "Law is a combination of the rules . . . whose application is assured by the coercive power of the state for the purpose of protecting, strengthening and developing relationships and procedures suitable and beneficial to the ruling class."

However, in 1961 an entirely new concept of "All-People's Law" was promulgated, disavowing class distinctions entirely: "The Soviet state represents and defends the interests of all Soviet citizens identically and equally."

The courthouse I visited that first morning is a sagging two-story wooden structure. Once—well before the Revolution—it was the showy home of a merchant. Somehow it has survived from the days of wooden Moscow.

The room is Number 7, small and square and shabby. The walls are faded, and three bare bulbs harden the stale gloom. Only the portrait masters the drabness—above the dais a smiling-frowning likeness of Lenin. Grayed chips of plaster reach out from where the nail has been banged into the wall.

"Defendant, the court is waiting to hear how you explain your unsatisfactory performance as a worker."

He is standing in the dock, his heavy, rough hands behind his back, shaking his head slowly, looking up plaintively at the deadpan judge, and again at his feet. He does not answer.

"I repeat, how do you explain your record? You misbehaved; you systematically violated work discipline. What prompted you to act that way?"

No answer. He looks away; he does not want to begin.

The judge clears her throat, flips the pages of the record. She is prim and plump, a schoolteacherish woman over 40, with rimless glasses, and hair tightly combed back into a bun.

"Have you been reprimanded for truancy at the factory?"

"Yes."

"And rebuked for appearing drunk in the factory?"

"I think . . . well, yes."

"How many times?"

"I don't know, I don't remember."

"Four?"

"Perhaps. I didn't count."

"Four reprimands! That's an unheard-of attitude toward work and life in our society. Disgraceful! It started with disinterest in your work; then led to drinking and hooliganism—and from that to stealing. Why were you repeatedly late? Why did you continue to violate work discipline in spite of your warnings? You drank on the job. And then you stole. Logical."

"I never drank on the job."

"You came to work drunk; it's the same thing."

He shakes his head again and looks away, sunk in resignation. But then he glances at a woman who is nervously clasping a swaddled infant in her arms at

Illustrations by Des Asmussen

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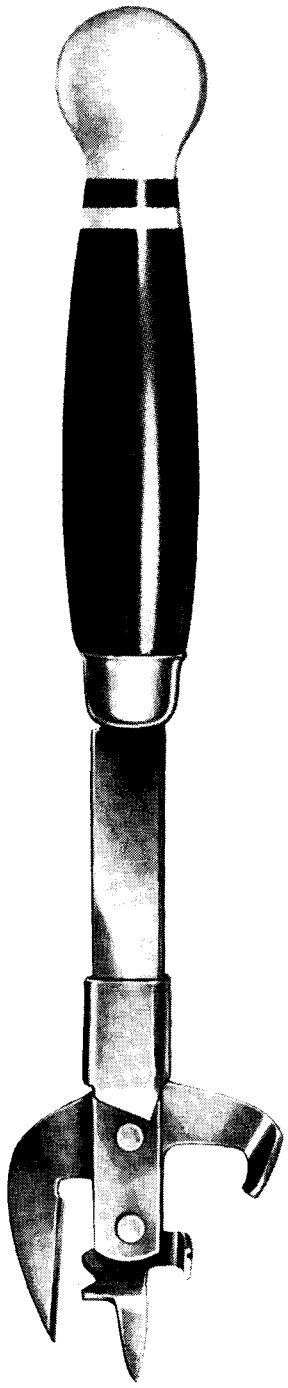

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the rear of the room, and a smile makes quick, deep wrinkles in his cheeks.

"I don't consider myself a bad worker. Not worse than average; I've a decent record. You're just collecting all my sins."

In the early stages of the trial the court seeks in this dialogue what it wants to know. Judge and defendant have a talk. The judge works almost singlehandedly; other voices rarely intrude. The other members of the court, two workers known as "lay assessors," elected by their trade unions to sit on the bench, shift uncomfortably in their chairs. In this case they are an abstracted, mousy young woman and a frayed man of middle age. The relatives and spectators, bundled up in overcoats and babushkas in spite of the stale heat of the room, look on with noises of protest, resignation or despair. No prosecutor or defense counsel has appeared; the case is too unimportant.

This case was typical of a hundred I would see. There had been a feeling of informality from the start. The little blue card at the door indicated one P.M.; at 1:25 three of the witnesses had not arrived. Those that were present chatted distractedly and waited with resignation, as Russians are used to waiting.

At last a man in worker's garb was marched down the corridor and into the dock by two booted policemen. He is a tall, gaunt, wordless man; his features look too large against a shaved head.

Some time later the court appears, unannounced: three ordinary citizens in ordinary office-drab dress. Before everyone understands that one is to get to one's feet, they are in their places on the dais and the case has started. No costuming or ceremony, no magic words or mystery; the judge slips on her glasses and opens the dossier. "The People's Court of Kropotkinskii District is in session. The case of Kondakov will be heard."

The first few items of routine are quickly completed.

"Defendant, stand. Your name?"

"Kondakov."

"Christian name and patronymic?"

"Vyacheslav Sergeyevich."

"Married?"

"Yes."

"Children?"

"A daughter, five months."

"Occupation and place of work?"

"I'm a stitcher in a factory, the Red Hero."

"Ever convicted before?"

"No."

"But you were sentenced for petty hooliganism."

"Yes."

"May 25, 1961? Drunk and disorderly in the subway?"

"I think so."

Soviet trials begin with a short biography of the accused—his "introduction" to the court. A Russian judge would think it silly to deal with Ivan Ivanov, a stranger off the street. Who is this fellow? What is his record at work? In the courts? What about his personal and family background? And so, information about the character and history of the defendant—information which is usually not brought out in American courts until guilt or innocence has been decided—is sought and aired at the outset. The first concern is the criminal, later the crime.

"Kondakov, you are the accused in this case. As the accused, you have the right to make explanations concerning the accusation against you, to present evidence, submit petitions, participate in the hearing, challenge the composition of the court, and appeal its actions and decisions. Are these rights clear to you?"

"Clear."

"Have you any requests at this time?"

"I do. I ask the court to call Shisko and Vorabiova. They know me from the factory; they can tell how I worked on the shift."

The judge pauses. "The court will postpone decision until the other witnesses are heard."

The judge proceeds to a reading of the indictment, and, although she reads rapidly, it takes her a full five minutes. For the indictment in Soviet procedure is so detailed and so seemingly accurate and complete—so *long*—that there seems little left to be heard afterward. It is not merely an accusation, but a detailed, repetitious account of the crime as reconstructed by the investigation, a summary of the testimony of each witness called, a résumé of the defendant's "explanation," a description of his personality and the relationship of the crime to his past behavior, and a juridical qualification of the acts charged.

Reduced to essentials, the charge is simple. On the night of October 11-12 Kondakov reported for work drunk, behaved suspiciously, excused himself to go to the toilet and was caught by the guard at the gate with a pair of galoshes stuffed awkwardly under his jacket. Kondakov had no excuse.

"Defendant, stand. Do you understand the charges against you?"

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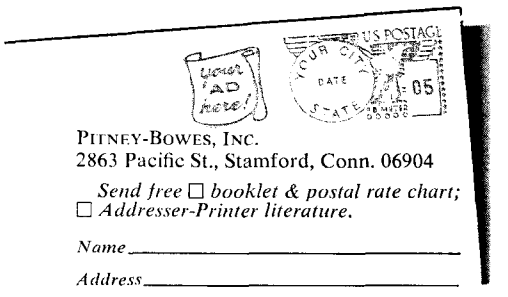

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"I understand."

"Do you admit your guilt?"

"I . . . suppose so. Yes, I admit my guilt."

"Tell the court exactly what happened that night—everything you know."

"Comrade Judges, what can I say? I don't remember much about it. I guess I took the galoshes. I don't know why. I had too much to drink, I guess; it was my wife's birthday."

"What were you drinking?"

"Vodka. Wine."

"Were you very drunk?"

"I didn't think so. Well, I was at my place, stitching. Then I had to relieve myself and—well, you know the rest. I don't remember anything about it. Honestly, Comrade Judges, this is very shameful to me; I've never stolen a thing in my life. I ask the court to forgive me; I had no intention at all to steal."

"What did you intend doing with the galoshes afterward?"

Kondakov does not answer. The judge peers steadily at him through her glasses. The assessors look faintly ashamed.

"*Why did you steal?*"

"I was drunk, that's all."

"Were things difficult for you? Did you live badly?"

"I lived OK—like everyone else."

"You earned eighty rubles; not bad. And your wife? Where does she work? What does she earn?"

"About the same—ninety rubles. She's a bookkeeper."

"So you were not suffering. Life was not bad for you. Was it necessary for you to steal? *What did you lack?* What was your *reason?*"

In this vein, the inquisition continues. Not about the stolen galoshes; that is known from the beginning. But about other things—the drinking (one of the neighbors had revealed during the investigation that Kondakov was sometimes tipsy in the apartment), the affair in the subway 18 months before—about the "whole man."

But one part of the whole is given special attention.

"How long have you worked at the Red Hero?"

"Just over a year."

"And before that?"

"I had a number of jobs."

"A number of jobs? You had four in three years, is that correct?"

"Yes."

"Why such an unsatisfactory record?"

"No reason. I just couldn't find a job to suit me."

"That's not right. What about the job at Mosstroi? You were fired from that job, is that correct?"

No answer.

"That was in May, 1961. And your next job was at the Red Hero?"

"I think so."

"For four months you were without a job? You did nothing?"

"Well, no, not nothing. I had odd jobs. And we had a place in the country—I worked on the vegetable garden."

"Four months without a job. Doing nothing, living off others. A parasite. And that's the way you treat your obligations as a Soviet citizen; no interest at all in your work."

After Kondakov, the witnesses are called. In Anglo-Saxon law, the case would have ended with Kondakov's admission of guilt. But the great majority of Soviet trials *begin* with "I admit my guilt"; for here it is not a plea but merely an answer, and it does not relieve the prosecution of the obligation to present further proof.

The witnesses' testimony seems superfluous; everyone knows what they will say. The witnesses confirm the record; they do not report. There is no defense in the legal sense of the word. No one to pick at the flaws in the indictment, to discover the escapes, to suggest that Kondakov had intended to return the galoshes, to ridicule the idea that a man would intentionally take an almost worthless pair of boots, to break down the guard's story, to argue that the crime was improperly qualified. Even had a lawyer been present, these tactics probably would not have been used, for when facts seem obvious in a Moscow court, they are usually taken as such.

The accused, too, has a turn at questioning each witness, and Kondakov makes greater use of his right than most defendants.

"Do *you* think I intended to steal? . . . Would *you* call me a bad worker?"

And when the last witness is testifying, there is help from another, unexpected source. A voice in tears breaks into the questioning. "You are twisting everything to the worst. He is a good man, not a thief."

It is Kondakov's wife, round and red-faced, rocking her infant while she sobs. The judge demands silence—"This is a court!"—but when she does not get it, she listens without interrupting.

"I tell you it's not fair. It's all my fault, not his. It was my birthday. I arranged the evening. I poured him his vodka. He didn't mean to get drunk. He is an honest man. He gives me all his wages. And the child—what are we to do now? He is a good man, and you are making of him a thief."

The judge waits until the woman, sobbing, ends her plea.

"Defendant, you have heard the testimony. Have you anything to add to it before your last word?" The judge's voice softens again, but remains detached. She has handled hundreds of cases like this before.

"I would like to say that I did not intend to steal; I don't understand why I did it. I have tried, at least, to be an honest man."

"An honest man does not put galoshes under his coat. Well, enough. What will you say as your last word?"

There is a short pause, but she keeps her gaze now to the record book.

"Why did you continue to violate work discipline in spite of repeated warnings? You were drunk on the job. And then you stole."

"Comrade Judges, what can I say? I committed a serious crime, of course; I fully understand that now. But I ask the court to remember my family—my daughter. Let me redeem myself! Let me show that I can work honestly and be a useful member of society. This will never happen again. I ask the court not to deprive me of my freedom."

The court steps out to deliberate, as unceremoniously as it entered.

Kondakov is found guilty. "In determining measures of punishment, the court took into consideration a history of unsatisfactory attitudes toward work and responsibilities as a citizen, and also the absence of previous criminal convictions."

The sentence is one year in a labor colony. A year for a pair of galoshes worth four rubles and 60 kopecks—about five dollars. Kondakov's wife rushes to him, and he kisses her before the policemen lead him away.

One evening a friend who knew of my interest in courts suggested that I come along the next morning to observe his divorce proceedings. Sasha, an undergraduate in Russian literature at the university and an occasional contributor to Moscow Radio, was a sensitive, widely read young man of 27, the most likable among those I knew in the dormitory in which I lived.

His wife, Lena, was a chemist, quiet, well-groomed, self-possessed, the New Soviet Young Woman—which means she looked almost West European. She had finished her course at the university in December. Soon afterward, when it became clear that the marriage was not to be continued—I never knew exactly why; it was apparently an intimate matter—she left their room in the dormitory to move in with a friend in town. Their child, a girl of two, continued to live with her grandmother as before.

Their divorce session was held in an ordinary People's Court. The judge checked their personal data quickly and glanced at the application.

"Frankly, I think your reasons are very flimsy. Have you thought seriously about it?"

After a pause Sasha said, "Yes, I think we've thought enough."

Lena was asked to stand.

"You initiated the action?"

Lena said she had.

"Why?"

"We . . . decided to. It has to be."

"Why? Is he a bad man? Does he drink? Insult you?"

Lena shook her head.

"Then why?"

"It's just no good."

"That's hardly a reason for an educated girl, is it?"

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Some timely advice to people who want to sail ahead financially

(BUT CAN'T SEEM TO GET LAUNCHED)

If you're like most of us, you've given up the idea of being the richest man in town. But, chances are, you're still interested in how you can get the things you need for yourself and your family. This may be a lot easier than you think.

In your lifetime, you'll probably borrow more money than you'll save. (Most people do.) Counting home loans, appliance loans, automobile loans, college loans, personal loans, and you-name-it loans, your savings and your day-to-day budget just aren't built to carry the full load.

A suggestion to the wise, then, is this: Borrow where you pay a *low* rate of interest. And that's where "Full Service" banks come in.

"Full Service" banks lend money at rates generally lower than anywhere else. They're in business to make any kind of legitimate loan you can request. (On a $2000 loan, for example, you could save as much as $100 in interest charges.) If you get your loans anywhere else—excluding rich relatives—you're probably paying more for them.

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1. Pick a nearby "Full Service" bank and give it *all* your banking business. This includes all your checking and savings accounts.
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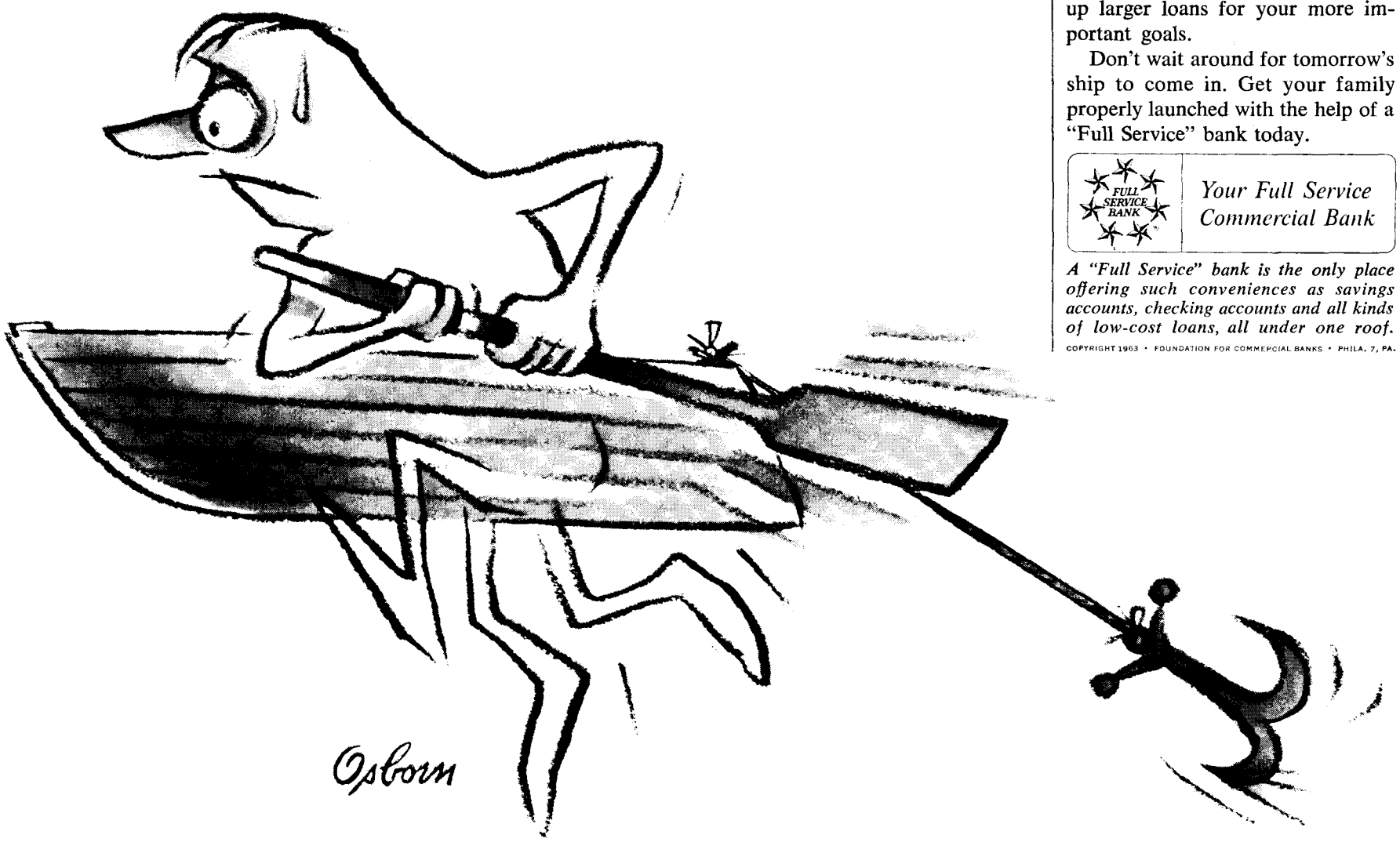

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Lena said nothing.

"And you, Sasha, are not opposed?"

"No, I am not opposed. We no longer have a marriage."

"It all seems pretty weak to me. Are you *sure?*"

Both said they were.

"What a shame. Such a nice couple. *Nu*, all right, then; we will not engage in useless talk. Come back in five days and you can pick up your application."

The purpose of this first hearing in the People's Court was to try to effect reconciliation. Everyone regarded it as sheer formality.

Publication of intention to divorce in *Vechernyaya Moskva*, Moscow's evening newspaper, is the next step in the divorce procedure. It costs about 40 rubles (about $45) and at least a two months' wait, for the list of applicants is long.

The final divorce hearing is held in the next higher court. Old and young, respectable and frowzy, makers of a dozen children and children themselves, the motley procession, timed to half-hour intervals, is continuous from ten A.M. to six P.M.

One day at three P.M. it is a very pretty couple, married two years, Egorov and Egorova. He is 22, a fourth-year student at the physics institute, a big, dark charmer, dressed as a *stilyag* ("zoot-suiter," or "teddy boy"). He manages to make known to the spectators that he is highly successful with girls.

"Then you insist on divorce? Perhaps you are making a mistake. Perhaps at your age you should think it over. You should think of your child."

"We were as good as divorced long ago, in fact. Before our son was born. There's nothing to think over."

"Why? What's the trouble? Why are you so insistent?"

"Because we can't live together."

"Why can't you live together?"

"Because I don't love her."

"And how long did you love her?"

"That's hard to say. Not very long."

"What will happen to her now?"

"Nothing. She'll live by herself. She's a healthy girl. My mother will bring up the kid."

"And who decided this?"

"I did—together with her."

"But perhaps you are making a mistake? Think."

"No. No mistake whatsoever."

The girl is a fragilely beautiful young blonde, entirely without makeup. Earlier she has worked as a cook in a hospital in Sverdlovsk; now she is busy with the two-month-old child.

"Are you agreed to divorce?"

"Yes." Quiet sobs.

"And how could this have happened so soon?"

No answer.

"What do you *think?*"

"I can't think."

Very kindly: "Why? It is your life—to talk now is important for you."

Sobs. She looks away.

"*Nu*, tell us. Why did you come to the conclusion that you must be divorced? Earlier you thought differently."

"Because we just can't live together. We lost our love."

"And you agreed that his mother will raise the child?"

"She will help out. It's *my* baby."

"You should talk with her. As a woman, she must understand. A baby is born, and . . . you should not be alone. Now tell us this: Before marriage, did you love him?"

"Yes."

"Or was the marriage just a whim?"

"For me, no; for him, yes."

"Did you have relations together before marriage?"

"Yes."

"Were you pregnant when you went to register?"

"No."

"And now, you are agreed to separate forever? Take your time and think."

Sobs. "I'm agreed."

"Why do you say the marriage was just a whim for him?"

"He . . . had a girl."

"A girl whom he saw? While you were married?"

"Not at the beginning. After about two months he began. She's prettier than I am." Choking sobs.

"Then what happened? How did your marriage end?"

"He left—to go to her, I suppose. Then he asked for a divorce."

The old woman was hard put to understand the meaning of the trial. She sat in tears, shaking her head in bewilderment.

To the boy, angrily: "Stand up. We want you to tell us more. Exactly why do you want a divorce? From the beginning."

"She told me she was pregnant, that we had to be married. That was the method she used."

The judge asks the girl if this is true; she nods, ashamed.

The boy goes on, without being asked. "I knew immediately it was a mistake. It was no good from the beginning. We quarreled constantly. I came home dead tired from the institute, and all she wanted was to make love. She would never go out or see my friends, or anything. It was a terribly monotonous life with her; she bored me. Then, by the time the baby was coming ——"

"And the other girl—is it true that you had one?"

"She sat home and dreamed that up. I meet lots of girls ——"

"And *that* one? Did you keep company with another girl?"

"All right, let's say I met her. Big deal!"

"You don't think that is insulting to a pregnant wife? That it is *wrong* to be seeing another girl?"

"No."

"No? Explain."

"I just don't think it's wrong. I wasn't meeting with her until the marriage bored me to death. She's much smarter than my wife. My wife bores all my friends."

"How do you evaluate that kind of behavior now?—seeing another girl? What do you think now of the way you acted?"

"I might say I acted normally; *you* might say badly. I think I acted normally."

"Badly? That's hardly the word; I'd say much worse than badly, after the way you behaved. I'd say disgustingly. And now a baby is left."

In due course the divorce is granted; because when both parties have agreed, there is little else the court can do. Egorov is assessed 50 rubles in costs; Egorova, nothing. "We are going to inform the institute about your behavior," the judge announces angrily. "We'll have to teach you how to behave if you don't know."

In 1926 Soviet divorce—and marriage—was performed entirely by the *parties* involved, without so much as registration at the housing office. The divorced party was informed by postcard. Those were the days when some Bolshevik thinkers were still writing that the family had outlived its usefulness. This "leftism" was abandoned in the 1930's, when the divorce law was rewritten, leaning to the side of orthodoxy. Stalin was keen on stabilizing society by stabilizing the family. Divorce laws were made painfully severe.

Now the pendulum swings back. Soviet divorce law is currently being revised; in the future, procedure will be simpler and less expensive.

Probably courts will go on in their *pro forma* way to encourage respect for the Soviet family and Soviet marriage, but the criterion for divorce will continue to be practical: a broken marriage which seemingly cannot be restored.

Civil cases are heard in the same courtrooms as criminal cases, and with almost identical procedure.

Civil litigation is remarkably easy to follow. Court is convened, the parties are identified and examined, witnesses are sworn in and questioned, closing statements are made—by lawyers when present—and the decision is made in the "deciding room." Without policemen and the threat of criminal sanctions, the informality runs almost to nonchalance. Witnesses are likely to interject opinions from their seats, and the judge is likely to listen to them. Sometimes the parties, lawyers or spectators are allowed to have a go at each other without interference from the bench. Once a matronly judge rushed into the corridor to fetch water for a young girl witness who had begun to cry, and it seemed so natural that no one took notice of it. Tempers, oratory, urgency and harshness are rare in these proceedings; a family-council atmosphere prevails. The cases all seem to be petty.

A medical student hung his raincoat in the cloakroom of the hospital where he was training; in the evening it was gone. He is suing for 80 rubles. The hospital's lawyer says that the cloakroom attendant was sick on that day; that the student ought to have given his coat to an attendant in an adjoining cloakroom, instead of hanging it himself in an unwatched section; that the hospital is not responsible for articles not checked in the proper manner. Four jolly fellow students testify to the disappearance, and the court, ignoring the hospital's argument, awards 70 rubles. (But the student is disappointed nevertheless. It was an Italian nylon coat, bought on the black market, and now irreplaceable. He eyes my coat as he walks out.)

A toothless old woman is suing the Moscow-Yaroslavl Division of the Moscow Railroad Trust. She mumbles so unintelligibly that the judge often asks her to repeat.

"Please, Comrade Judges, I don't know laws, I don't understand anything, I just know my son is dead and my life is hard and please help me." Her son was run over at a grade crossing a year ago, and she asks 48 rubles a month, half his salary, in compensation. The case had been in the courts before and was returned to the procuracy for investigation because no one—trainman, brakeman, conductor, gatekeeper, passerby—admits having seen the accident. The woman now lives alone on a pension of 35 rubles a month. Her remaining sons are invalids: One lost a leg in a mine, the second an eye in a factory, the third the use of his lower body during the war. The representative of the railroad does not appear but has sent a statement arguing that since the circumstances of death are not known the railroad is not responsible. The suit is rejected because the guilt of the railroad has not been established, and the old woman turns away without a sound, to while away the rest of the afternoon watching other cases.

A blond worker in his 30's, with a stutter, wants his wife to give back his winter coat, topcoat and a suit, which she was keeping to "punish him" for leaving home and living with another woman. The court orders her to return the clothes. (Afterward he tells me that he spent the first months of 1945 in Portland, Oregon, while his ship was being overhauled in drydock. "I'll never forget it. Coming from Murmansk in those days, it was like going from night to day, from hell to heaven. In America, you couldn't even tell there was a war going on. What a paradise! I hope my kid will live like that.")

A nondescript man in his 40's asks the court to reinstate him at work. In September ulcers kept him in a hospital for three weeks, and when he was released he was told not to work the night shift. He showed the certificate to his superior—a foreman at a suburban post-office depot—but just before the holidays commemorating the October Revolution the depot was heavily overworked, and he was scheduled for both days and nights. He began to feel ill again, stayed home on the night of November 5, and was fired

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for truancy. A prosecutor participates in the trial, and she, the judge and a lawyer all scream shrilly, sometimes simultaneously, at the post-office bureaucracy, represented by the postal depot's personnel manager and the chairman of the trade-union committee. "This is fantastic. You know the law; you know that a sick man must not be made to work where his health is endangered. It's not only illegal, but inhuman, *cruel*. You had no right to fire him even if he *had* been at fault; under the circumstances it was your *duty* to relieve him of night work *immediately*." The trade-union and administration officials try to defend themselves: "But we were worried about operations; we are a brigade of Communist labor. In the interests of production ——"

"In the interests of production," the prosecutor cuts in, "you do not ruin a man's health. You do not permit slogans to mean callousness to toilers. Communism means, first of all, decency in human relations. This is an outrage."

When the women have exhausted themselves, the postal worker is reinstated with full retroactive pay.

I know no parallel in Western law for about half of the civil cases in the People's Courts, those that concern *zhilploshchad* (dwelling area). *Zhilploshchad* is one of the most valuable possessions in overcrowded Moscow, and one of the most litigated.

There are disputes about a door, about a stove, curtains, a bed, square meters, square centimeters . . . Russians, of a wide and generous nature, can be petty, too, and petty bourgeois. "Rights" of *zhilploshchad* are selfishly squabbled over. Everyone, even a child, knows the amount of space he occupies, to the nearest square centimeter.

Karaleva v. Karalev: division of dwelling space. A man and his former wife—they were divorced a year ago but have continued, because of the housing shortage, to live in the same room—reenact the petty conflicts of two people who no longer can endure living together. "He does . . ." "She does . . ." "That swine . . ." "That witch . . ." The judge has just heard two of these cases and makes an effort to display his boredom rather than conceal it. He plays with the words of the woman's lawyer, a startlingly young girl with pink cheeks and a canary-yellow hat; then he divides the room—six square meters for Karaleva and five for Karalev.

Uderevskaya v. Uderevskii: eviction. A woman lives with her son and daughter-in-law in a room of 27 square meters. Two years ago her husband left to go to another woman, and she wants him officially evicted. (The law provides that a person loses his right to *zhilploshchad* if he does not make use of it for six consecutive months.) But she has opposed his plea for divorce. The man's problem is that if he is expelled from the apartment and prevented from marrying the other woman, he will lose his right to reside in Moscow.

At the same time the son, 23, requests permission to divide the 27 square meters into two parts so that his wife can be registered there officially. The court tries to reconcile the senior couple, because that would be the easiest solution to the dwelling-space problem; they refuse. The third woman agrees to register the man at her room. The court grants the eviction and orders the room divided, giving the son and his wife 12 square meters.

The Comradely Court is a uniquely Soviet invention. It is not truly a court of law at all, but a quasi-legal miniature town meeting designed to eliminate "violations of socialist behavior." It is a group of neighbors or fellow workers who attempt to set the offender straight without recourse to the law. They attempt to diminish drinking, family squabbling and truancy from work.

At my first Comradely Court session, four rows of benches were squeezed into the rear of the room, and squeezed upon them were about 75 spectators, almost all shabby grandmothers with nothing better to do that evening.

Sometime after seven o'clock the session began. Court was convened by an elderly woman who sat behind one of the tables. To her left was a wizened

"She told me she was pregnant, that we had to be married. That was the method she used."

grandmother; to her right, an elderly man. Nearby sat an ancient secretary. I was the youngest person there, by perhaps a score of years.

"Will you make it up?" the chairman asked the parties, not yet identified.

"Let's hear the case!" shouted a woman from the rear. "Read the complaint! Get on with it!"

"All right," said the chairman, and she began by reading a tattered letter from one Sobeleva, the complainant.

Sobeleva had written (in her own rules of grammar) roughly this: "Members of our Comradely Court, I ask you to examine the case of Federovna, the woman living with me in our apartment. Last February I was in the hospital. As soon as I returned, Federovna came to me and demanded money for the electricity and gas bill. When I said, 'No, I was in the hospital that month,' she started insulting me in the filthiest language. It was frightful. This is not the first time she behaved like an animal; you can expect only all sorts of unpleasantness from her mouth. Once she was about to beat me with her fists. Her son stopped her just in time. I ask that the Comradely Court stop her from making my life miserable."

"What else can you add to your complaint, Sobeleva?" asked the chairman when she had finished reading the note.

"Just what I wrote," answered a hurt voice. Sobeleva, a heavy-set housewife, stood up.

"On what day did this last incident take place?"

"I can't remember—sometime in March. I know it was my day of *dezhurstvo*." [*Dezhurstvo* means duty day. In shared apartments, as in dormitories and at work, everyone takes a turn cleaning the common bathroom, kitchen and halls.]

At the word *dezhurstvo*, there was an explosion. Federovna, the defendant, began shrieking from the other side of the room. "*Dezhurstvo!* Why don't you say anything about your refusing to clean up, your obscenity? How many times did you skip *dezhurstvo?* How many times did I have to clean up for you? You slanderer!" She shot a look of fury at Sobeleva and advanced a step.

Sobeleva moved back a pace. "I never skipped my *dezhurstvo*. Once, just after I left the hospital. What are you trying to invent, you liar and hussy?"

"*You're* the liar. What about before? What about this winter?"

"I washed the floors for three weeks this winter ——"

"Shut up. You never washed. Never. We had to do it for you whenever it was your turn."

After floors, the screams shifted to cleaning rags and cooking smells, while the chairman followed from side to side as if at a tennis match. At last she broke in: "All right, comrades, please calm down. *Dezhurstvo* is not the point now; we have gathered to discuss the matter of insults. Federovna, what do you say about that?"

Federovna had a great deal to say. About her son, whom Sobeleva did all in her power to prevent from studying; about her wash, which Sobeleva took from the line while still wet; about the kitchen, which Sobeleva forbade to be used after 11 P.M., although the rules said it should be open until midnight. ("You lie, you lie," Sobeleva now was chanting.) About how that old spinster Sobeleva was impossible to live with because she had no respect for working people and constantly ignored or insulted everyone around her.

The chairman begged her to come to the issue of the gas and electricity bill.

"I simply asked her to pay her share. Twenty-eight kopecks—that's the big deal. She makes a scandal for a kopeck; her stinginess is unbelievable. I never said an insulting word to that woman. She insulted *me*. She called me a—excuse the word—prostitute."

"Tell them what you called *me*, you liar."

By this time they were drowned out by the cackling of the spectators, who took sides hotly, defending one, attacking the other. One of the peculiarities of the Comradely Court is open testimony: Anyone present is entitled to stand and speak to the issue or around it. When the chairman opened the floor to the neighbors—"Does anyone want to express himself?"—the friends of one side and the other used this rare chance to show their loyalty and pettiness. "Sobeleva keeps a dirty room." "Federovna pushes her son too hard." "I've lived here since 1933. Sobeleva is the best neighbor of all." "I worked in a hospital. I know people. Federovna is an honest person." "Sobeleva swears." "Federovna spits." While the old women were having their say, the protagonists continued to shake fists at each other.

The chairman was nonplussed. "It's hard to say who is lying here and who is not; I don't know *whom* to believe."

It was 9 P.M. before the court announced the verdict. It concluded that the women were equally at fault and that their arguments could be easily, amicably resolved. It encouraged them to face their problems gracefully, in a socialist, comradely spirit, and warned that further scandals would be punished strictly. There was no punishment and no censure; the 28-kopeck debt was divided in half. A cackle of comments followed the decision—"Correct!" "Very good!" "Sensible!"—and Sobeleva and Federovna looked at each other with shy, tentative smiles.

In the People's Courts, too, trials are open. The doors may be closed only when state security is involved, when juveniles must be protected, or when sexual and other intimate details of the participants' lives are to be considered. Because I was studying law, I was allowed to see one of these closed-door trials from beginning to end. The charge was attempted rape, under threat to kill.

The furniture is dark with use, the portrait of Lenin faded, and a smell comes from the toilet next door. Judge, prosecutor and lawyer look like brothers in the moving business: beefy men in baggy suits, without ties.

In the dock a skinny, gangling Georgian lad twitches spasmodically. He suffers from a mild form of what used to be called Saint Vitus's dance, enough to cause his rejection by the Red Army. Until his arrest two months before, he had worked as a research assistant in the Union of Writers. He had wanted to become a librarian. A few feet away, in

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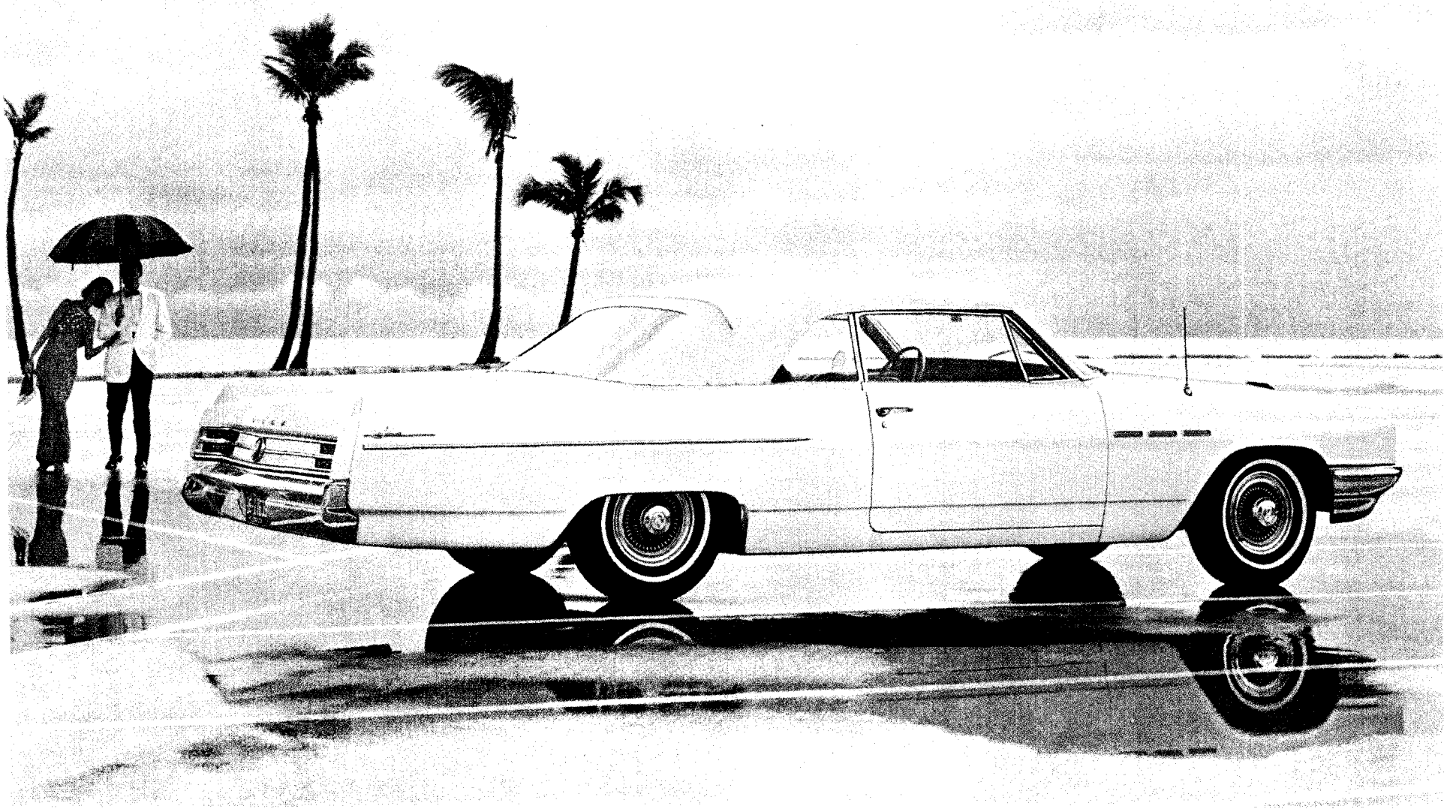

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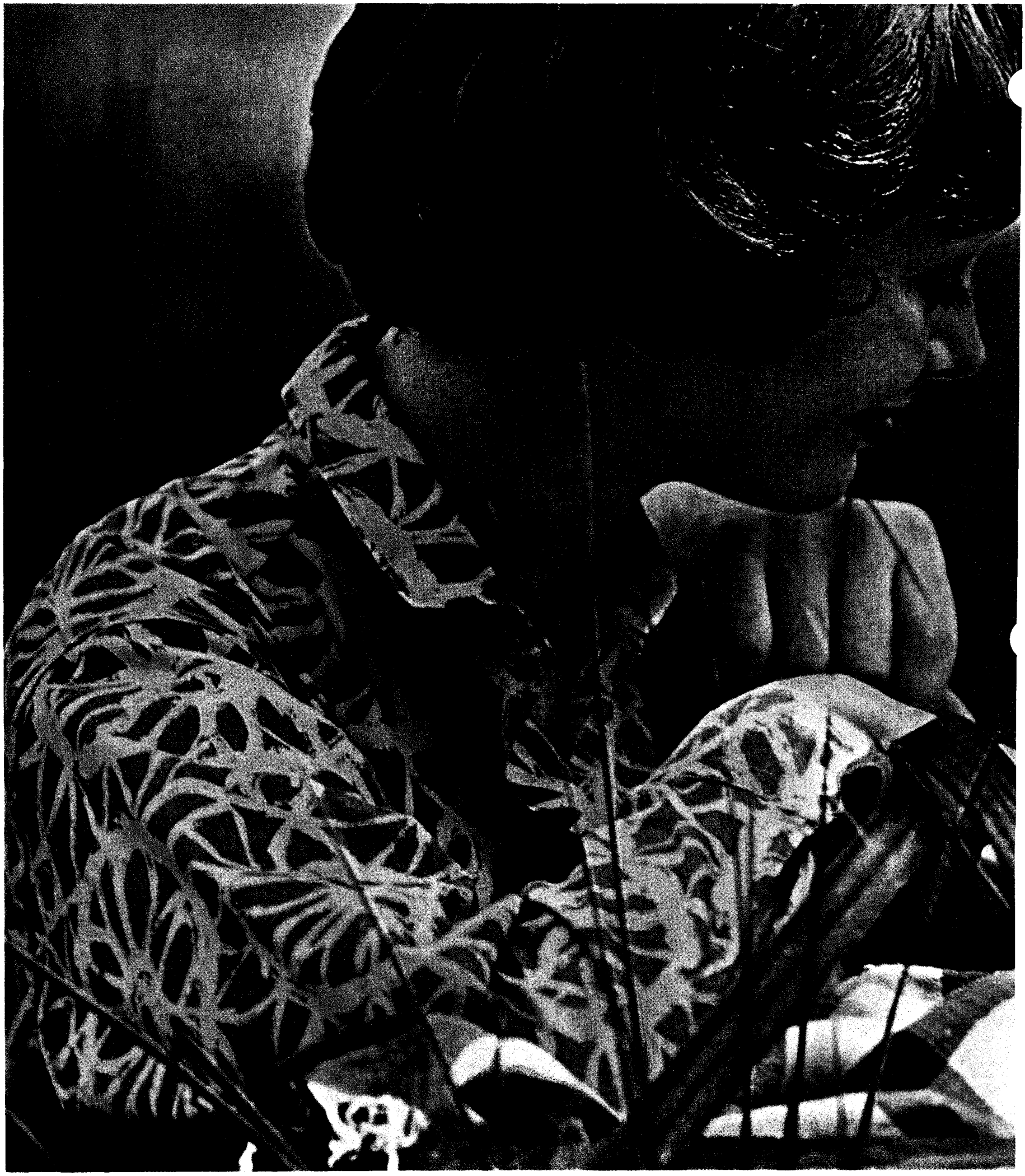

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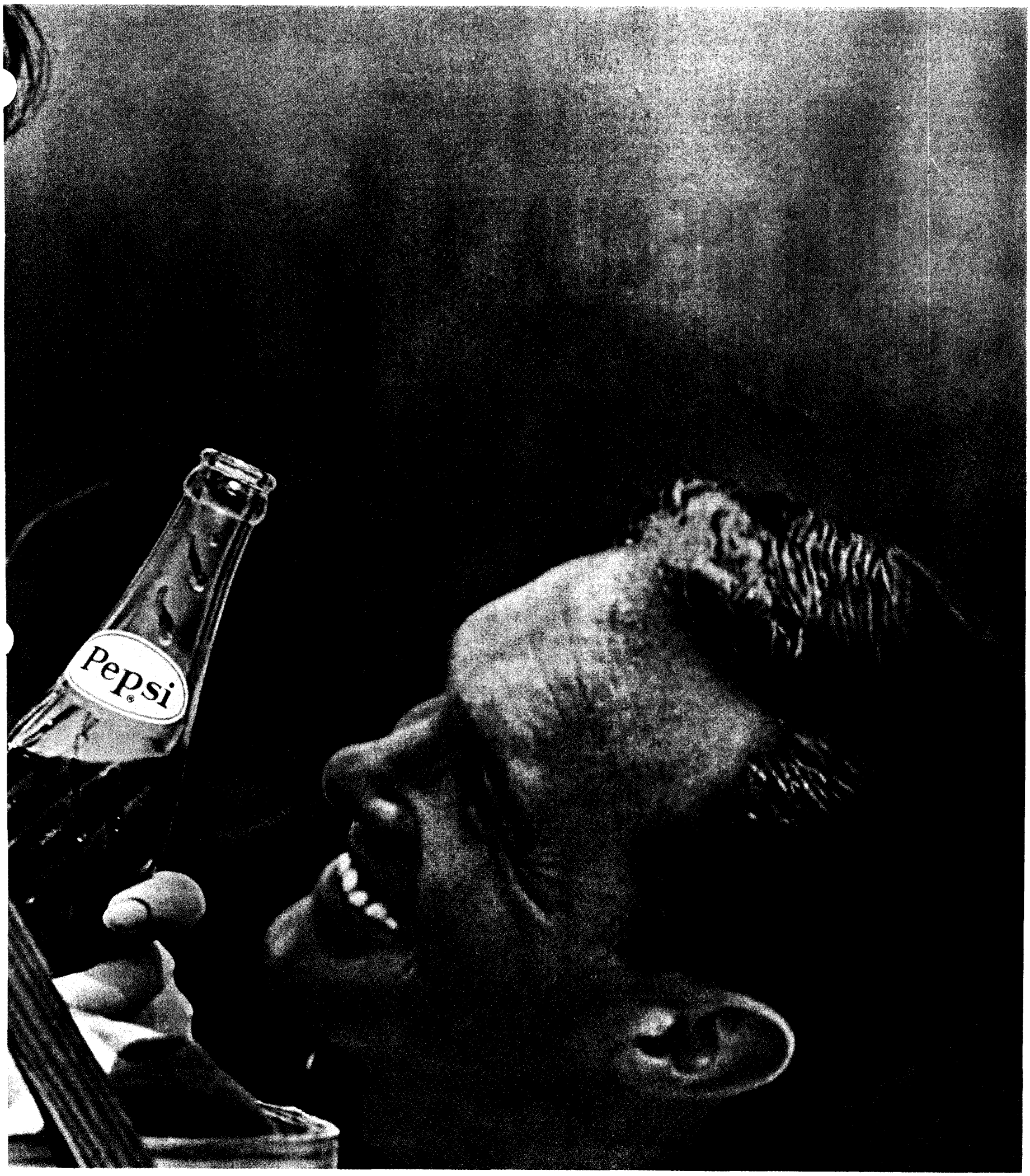

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the second row of public benches, the girl he is accused of attacking sits primly. She is pretty in a Western way, a graceful, long-legged brunette with bangs and a black sweater.

The Georgian's twitching never lets up and is still more pronounced when he must talk. His speech is irritatingly slow: Each word is a separate unit, set off before and after by a breath and a twitch. "I . . . admit . . . my . . . guilt . . . in . . . the . . . sense . . . that . . . I . . . ah . . . behaved . . . very . . . badly."

"How did you meet the girl?"

The Georgian, eyes bulging and Adam's apple vibrating, answers each question painstakingly, but he cannot put together a story of his own. The judge must draw it out with questions.

"Had you ever seen her before?"

In April his mother had departed for a sanatorium in Riga to recover from a long illness. When word got around that there was an "empty" room, an acquaintance from the Institute asked him for permission to use it one Saturday evening for a party.

"He said it was his birthday, but it wasn't."

At first the accused refused—and told the neighbors in the apartment not to admit the company. But they kept returning—the would-be host, another young man, and two girls. At eight P.M. the party began, with three bottles of vodka and two of red wine.

"What happened at the party? Tell us particularly about your relationship to the girl."

They danced and talked and sang and drank. The girl appealed to him very much, and they danced together when he had the courage to ask, but he made no advances because his friend had told him that he had been seeing her regularly for three weeks. They all drank steadily.

"How much did you drink?"

Rather much; the bottles were almost empty. Everyone was high. Then, sometime later, the girl made love to her boyfriend in view of the others. The Georgian was angry, and ashamed of his friend for this behavior, but excited by what he saw. Afterward the lovers fell asleep and the other couple left.

At three A.M. the girl woke up. Her man was too drunk to stand, and she asked the defendant to take her home.

"How did you respond?"

"I was happy to accompany her. I liked her and wanted to know her better."

They set out on foot toward a taxi stand, and on the way he suggested a shortcut through an apartment building under construction. It was a trick. Inside the building he asked her to stop a minute and talk. He said, "I like you very much. You are lovely." Then, in the darkness, a feeling of desire overcame him.

"I wanted to take her in my arms and kiss her. If she kissed me I would have been so proud."

She resisted. Suddenly she became terrified of him. But why? *He* was scared of *her*. He only wanted to kiss her. It was not easy for him to kiss girls. Most girls didn't want him to. He felt so small and stupid when they refused. He thought this girl would let him kiss her. After all, on the divan . . . But she pulled away, and he felt more awkward than ever. In the movements that followed in the dark he accidentally scratched her cheek and pulled her to him by the neck.

"And did you threaten her? Did you say, 'Stop struggling or I will choke you or rape you'?"

"Yes, I did. I said exactly that."

"You used those words? 'I will choke you or rape you.' *Why?*"

"I don't know why. It was a joke, a stupid threat, one of those big-shot things I sometimes say when I feel skinny and ugly. I never dreamed of choking or raping her. I only wanted to get acquainted; it is so hard for me to meet girls. So I used this joke."

"This *joke?* What kind of a joke is that? Grabbing someone by the throat and saying, 'I will choke you or rape you.' Who jokes like that?"

"It was a bad joke . . . a mistake. . . . Forgive me."

"What happened then? After you scratched her and threatened to kill her and seized her by the throat?"

Not by the throat, by the back of the neck. She fell and cried out. "Help! Rape!" Very frightened, he ran home. That man was still drunk on his couch. The Georgian couldn't fall asleep. After about an hour the police came, told him to dress, and took him to the police station. He told them what had happened.

"How do you feel now about it—about the way you behaved?"

"I behaved terribly. I feel terrible."

The prosecutor asks, "If in fact you planned only to kiss her, why did you manhandle her and make such threats?"

"To kiss, to get acquainted."

"What is that, a new method of getting acquainted? Did you try to undress her?"

"No."

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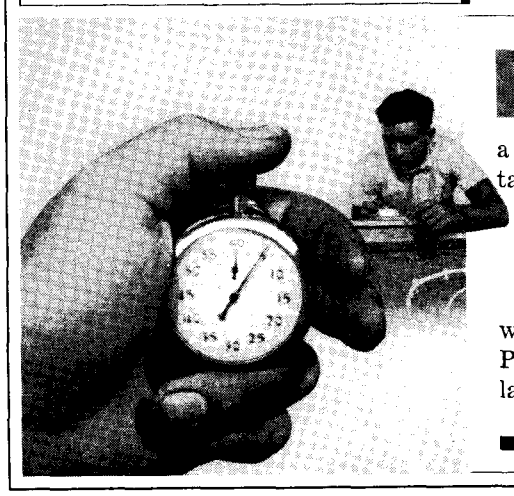

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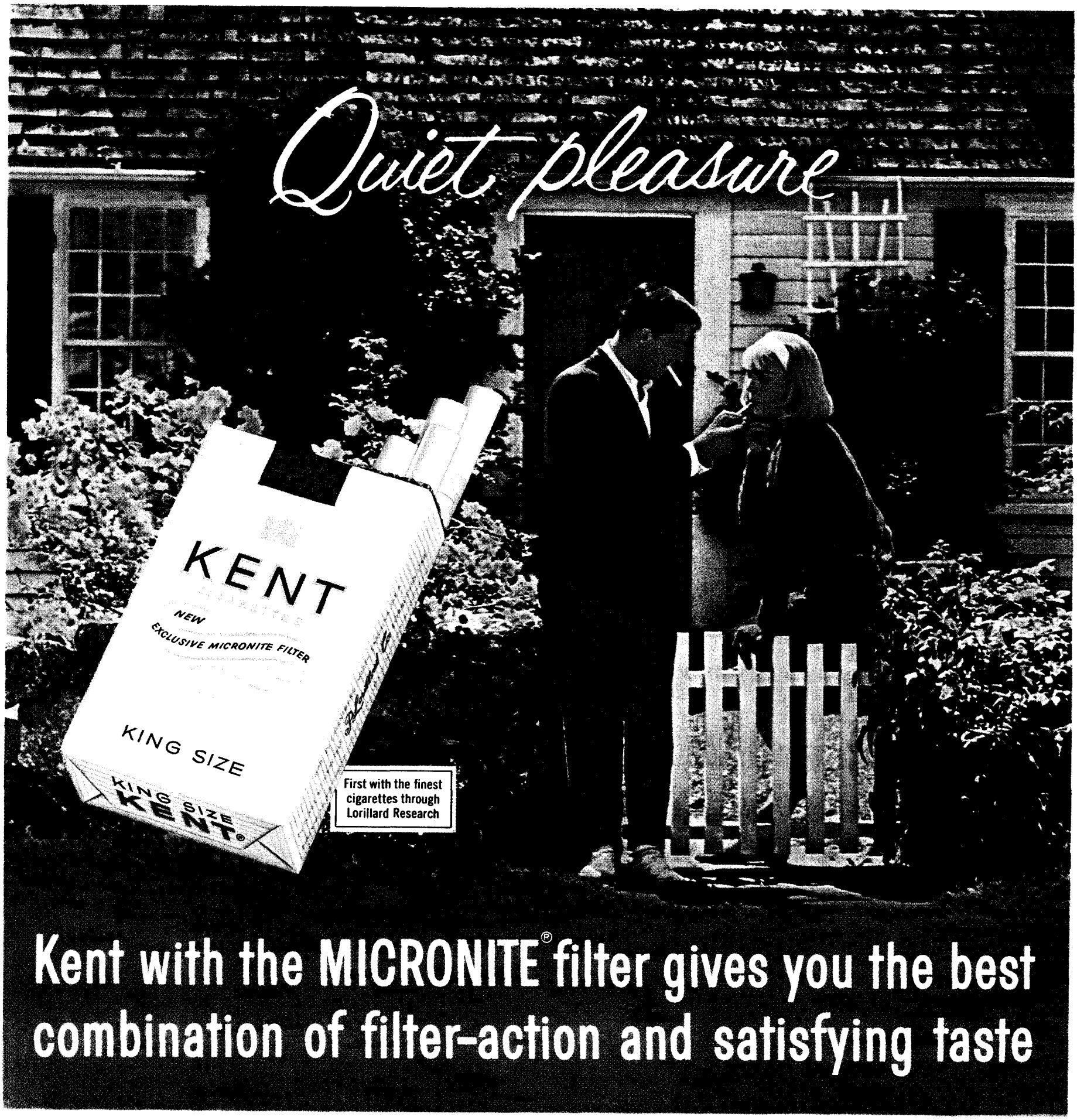

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Crime in Moscow

The defense counsel asks, "In fact, you attempted only to put your arms around her and kiss her?"

The defendant shrugs his prison-shaved head and continues to twitch. Back and forth the questions go between judge, prosecutor and lawyer. The Georgian tries to answer as objectively as he can and at the same time to convey his sense of repentance.

The girl (she is 21, two years younger than the accused) remembers nothing about the party. She remembers waking at three o'clock, and the blackness in the unfinished building. He grabbed her by the throat and said, "Stop struggling; I'll choke you or rape you," and tried to . . . She fell—her coat was smeared with rubbish—and screamed. A passerby stopped a patrol car and arrived with the police.

The defense counsel asks, "Did he try to remove your clothes?"

"No."

"How do you feel toward him now?"

"I don't know what to feel. . . . Pity, I suppose, just pity."

The judge then deals quickly and competently with the rest, with the witnesses—the passerby and the policeman, both of whom had heard the girl say that a man had tried to rape her—with the documents, and the supplementary questions. The Georgian twitches in silence, and the girl, her primness given way to discomposure, looks at her shoes as the story of the evening is told again and again. "Has anyone else something to add? Nothing? Comrade Prosecutor, your conclusions, please."

"Comrade Judges! The facts in this case are not complicated. On April 17 the accused attempted to rape a girl whose acquaintance he had made that evening. His actions represent a serious danger to the community. They threaten the honor and dignity of Soviet women. He must be punished in accordance with the law. . . ."

It is a brief talk, standard and uninspired. The story told again, the testimony distilled to support the accusation. "I ask the court to sentence the defendant to five years' deprivation of freedom."

Defense counsel's speech is longer and more subtle. "No one denies the danger of the acts described in Article 117, but the question is: Did they take place in the present case? The girl says she was taken by the throat. The boy says by the back of the neck—the usual technique for trying to force a kiss. Whom to believe? You, Comrade Judges, must decide, but the girl's accusation ought to be believed only if supported by other evidence, and no facts in the case do this.

"Secondly, the crime has been misqualified. There was no threat on the girl's life, for a threat must be *real;* there must be some reason to believe it is serious, to have juridical significance. Here there was no substance to the words—no possibility that the accused would or could have carried out the threat.

"What did happen in that building? Of course, the accused acted in a manner unbefitting a Soviet citizen. Of course, what he did was wrong and must be punished. But we are jurists; it is our task to give the acts their *proper* juridical qualification. This is not attempted rape, but a classic case of hooliganism. This is Article 206, nothing more. He must be punished for what he did, not for what the prosecutor imagined he did.

The laws are severe, the judges strict, the punishments harsh: a year in a labor colony for an obviously imbecilic old lush who annoyed strangers at a Moscow subway station.

"Comrade Judges! Marxism-Leninism teaches that inevitability of punishment, not severity, is the key to its effectiveness. I beg you to keep this in mind . . ."

The Georgian's last words are a jumble of tears and twitches; he uses his sleeves as a handkerchief.

". . . tried to improve myself . . . to work . . . my sick mother . . . sorry . . . so sorry . . . beg for indulgence . . . return to society . . . useful member . . . studied . . . my mother . . . I promise . . . promise . . . please . . ."

"Is that all?"

"I believe in the . . . humanity of the Soviet . . . court."

For the first time during the trial, the girl looks directly at her attacker, making no attempt to conceal that she, too, is weeping freely.

I am not a competent observer of criminal trials. I find myself siding always with the accused, believing his story, understanding the mitigating circumstances, appreciating the arguments of his lawyer, questioning the narrowness of the law, the insensitivity of the prosecution, the relentlessness of the judge. Punish the man? No, give him another chance.

Of course, I was not hoping the skinny, shaved Georgian would be acquitted; acquittals in the People's Courts are preciously rare. They do occur; lawyers boasted to me of cases they had won, and

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I have read of others in the law journals. But I never saw one myself, and I became accustomed to taking a guilty verdict for granted.

The court found the facts fully proved. The sentence was five years in a labor colony, under strict regime. The defense counsel shrugged and sighed audibly, as if he were trying to throw off a sense of hopelessness.

I would like to say a word about the defense lawyers. Taken together—there are only about 1,000 in Moscow, and after a few weeks one keeps seeing the same more-or-less well-bred faces—they were the most attractive of all the people connected occupationally with the courts. There was a keener look in their eyes, a quicker smile on their lips, an easier gait in their movements than among the judges and prosecutors. They were also better dressed, their clothing neater, more fashionable, more tasteful. The difference among women was most vivid; female judges and prosecutors invariably cultivated a severe, unmade-up, contemptuous-of-appearance look, while lawyers worked at getting themselves up.

And lawyers were more friendly to strangers than the others. It was almost always they who, seeing me scribbling my notes, asked who I was and whether they could help me. And, learning who I was, they were the most curious about the world abroad. What about American court procedure? How would the last case have been handled there? What are the West's methods of legal education? How are lawyers regarded in Western society? How do lawyers make out there, and what is life *really* like for the likes of us? Judges and prosecutors asked these questions with little enthusiasm, if at all. And they almost never asked me to join them at lunch.

Many of the lawyers are Communist Party members too. I have forgotten what impression I had of a "Communist" before I lived in Moscow. Probably I pictured a steely, snarling, remote-controlled authoritarian. Since then I have learned that to appraise a man solely on the basis of whether he is or is not a member of the party is stupid. A violinist I knew in Tbilisi, for example, joined the party to get more concerts. One of my roommates was a party member, and this seemed only to make him especially concerned about my attitude toward his sneaking girls into the dormitory overnight. The party has 10,000,000 members, and they include the best and the worst types.

The best and the worst types are in the legal profession too. Those lawyer Communists that I knew all believed that a guilty man should be punished, but fairly—and for what he had done, not for what the prosecutor, who is almost always a party member, said he had done. As often as not, the best defenses were made by Communists. They were consistently the top performers of the courtroom. They put the case for the accused as well as it could be put. "It is true that this kind of crime is deeply foreign to Soviet society and must not be tolerated," one of them would begin, "but when we look at the facts in *this* case, we find that the accused was a victim of circumstances beyond his control."

In a Soviet trial the concluding statements of lawyers are usually constructed from mitigating circumstances rather than from a denial of guilt or purely legal arguments. But sometimes one does hear legal arguments as well—though never the argument that a law is unconstitutional or that a governmental agency has exceeded its powers—and I remember particularly a bribery case in which one of the lawyers talked brilliantly for an hour about the lack of concrete proof for each of the specific charges against his client. It was a defense that would have done an American Civil Liberties Union lawyer proud. In a word, Communist lawyers, as much as other lawyers, tend to want a fair trial.

After an apprenticeship in the People's Courts, one dark January morning I set out to see how the really serious crimes were handled in a higher court. My directions led me across the somber town, past old women wrapped in heavy shawls—all of them look so wearyingly alike—chipping and shoveling ice. And also past splendid children skating on the ice, and so bundled up in furs that they could hardly waddle. In time I came to a building with the look of a well-used mill, on an ordinary plot along an ordinary street. Here and there a brick had peeled from the façade. A plaque at the entrance read: MOSCOW CITY COURT.

Inside, the lights were on. The public benches were jammed, and the steamy air was redolent of sweat. No flags, no banners with slogans, no red anywhere; nothing to inspire awe of the law.

In the dock a thickset young man with a sickly white face slouched down and fingered his cap. He looked like a typical unskilled worker, and only his intense, deep-set eyes relieved the total ordinariness of his appearance. Over the prisoner, in full green winter uniform, stood a soldier at parade rest; three other soldiers, with rifles at their sides and pistols in their belts, manned strategic posts throughout the room.

"Comrade Judges! A man's life is at stake; we must be very careful. Here we face only one real issue: the mental condition of the accused; and we know that expert opinion is divided on it. Two psychiatrists, who examined him directly after the incident, have concluded that he was disturbed and not responsible for his actions. The court has not called them. I urge it to do so now. Hearing this case without them would only violate the defendant's rights and prevent us from doing justice."

Speaking was a tall, gray-haired lady, making her plea in polished Russian from in front of the dock.

"Your opinion, Comrade Prosecutor?"

From the table opposite, another woman rose, younger and less fine. "I remind the court that the accused was carefully examined at the best criminal psychiatric institute in Moscow. I request that the petition be denied."

There was a flurry of whispers on the dais. (In Soviet law, as in Continental law generally, it is the court, not the prosecution or defense, which calls witnesses.) The court in this case was a matronly judge without a frill anywhere, and two younger women in skirts and sweaters—one quite young, obese and stupid-looking.

"The court has decided to deny the petition. The record shows that the accused was observed for fifty days in the Serbskii Institute. Further psychiatric expertise would be superfluous. We will proceed to a reading of the indictment."

I had come upon the opening movements of a murder trial. (Soviet criminal

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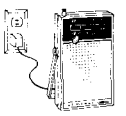

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statistics are kept secret, and try as I did to get the figures from legal experts, I got only platitudes. But it seemed to me that the incidence of murder and mugging in Moscow was lower than in, say, New York.) The charge was intentional murder with aggravating circumstances, and the indictment told a dreadful story.

The sullen man in the dock had killed his wife, Klavda. The two were alone when it happened; there could be no question about who had done it, and the defense raised none. Together they had entertained friends in their room, and minutes after the friends left he savagely beat her to death.

Why? The prosecution charged "hooliganistic" motives and cited a record of minor misbehavior over the years, of unpleasant incidents in the defendant's premarital family life, of excessive drinking, and of truancy, lack of interest and poor performance at work. The personality of the defendant, the indictment stated, showed that he had refused to reform, and that the murder was a direct consequence of his hooliganistic tendencies.

"Chernov, stand. Is the charge clear to you?"

A worker's body in an ancient tweed jacket and a faded shirt lifted itself heavily from behind the railing. "Clear."

"Do you admit your guilt?"

"I—yes. I admit . . . my guilt."

"Tell the court what happened—everything you know about it."

For long minutes Chernov looked at the wall and said nothing. (He need not have said anything at all, according to the law, but I had never seen anyone in the dock refuse to testify.)

Finally he whispered, "Comrade Judges, I cannot look you in the face. I know that I deserve to be shot."

At length, Chernov began to mumble his sad tale. He met a woman last winter at work at Coal Depot No. 4. Klavda. She worked in the office; he drove a truck. She had recently been divorced. They began keeping company; he courted her; they became close. He saw her every day at work and every day after work, and they pleased each other. Movies, walks, parties, just sitting—it was quiet and good. "In March she moved in with me—I had my own room, you understand. We got along together easily, the way it should be. We were married in April."

After their marriage, they had lived tranquilly. Her two children moved in with them. Together they built a home. It was a normal domestic life. There were arguments, of course, but they were trifling ones. Basically, they were good to each other; they liked each other. Klavda bloomed, grew fat, and told him that she had never been so happy.

That day, that horrible Sunday, began normally. They drank together, as they frequently did on days off, and later invited some friends. How often did he drink? Two or three times a week. Always with Klavda? Almost always;they liked to drink at home, together. "Then—I don't remember what happened. What I . . . did, I can't remember. Everything somehow went blank, like I was in another world. Something took hold of me; it made me frightened. Oh, I know now what I did to her, but when the police came, I couldn't tell them—I didn't know, myself."

"Tell us exactly what you *do* remember. Do you remember drinking vodka?"

"Of course I remember that."

"How much?"

"Perhaps a bottle. I didn't keep count."

"There were four empty bottles on the table. You were drunk, weren't you?"

"I suppose I was high. We started in the afternoon ——"

"In spite of the warnings? You have a record of too much drinking, isn't that right? You were warned not to drink. But you kept drinking?" The judge's voice was crisp, but not raised, a professional voice free of indignation and of sympathy.

"I didn't mean to get drunk. It was just a little gathering. It was *Sunday*."

"A man with your record who doesn't mean to get drunk doesn't buy four bottles of vodka. Now, you say you can't remember what happened. Isn't that simply because you had too much vodka in you?"

"No, this was something else. Something strange—a veil, an empty blackness. I can't describe it, Comrade Judges."

"Do you remember the guests leaving?"

"Yes. It started after that. They went out, and Klavda was smiling at me, and . . . something came over me."

"Do you remember hitting her?"

"I can't remember."

Sharply: "What did you hit her with? Your hands? An instrument? What made you hit a defenseless woman?"

"I don't know. I don't know how I could have done it. I loved her."

"Did you beat her before?"

"I might have slapped her once or twice. She used to hit me too. It was

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nothing serious, just a flash of temper sometimes. We'd have a drink afterward."

"There is evidence that you systematically beat her."

"No, that's not true."

"Well, we will hear the evidence. Why did she appear frequently at the depot with signs of beatings?"

"That's just not true. Ask anyone at the depot. If we argued, it was nothing serious."

"We will hear witnesses. Your story doesn't hold together. If you loved her, why did you drink, and beat her?"

No answer.

"Let's get back to what you remember. Do you remember filling a pail with water and mopping the floor?"

"No, I don't remember that."

"When the door to your room was opened, the floor was sopping wet. You were scrubbing the blood from the floor. Now, does a man in a haze carry out such logical actions, or did you really know quite well what you had done?"

"I can't say. I didn't think Klavda was dead. I thought she was sleeping."

"Sleeping? With blood spattered on the bed and floor? Nonsense! All right, then, Chernov, let us go to something else. What kind of person are you?"

"Average, I guess. I'm usually rather calm."

"Do you think you are mentally ill?"

"No."

"Not mentally sick. Very good. Do you think you are a considerate and good-natured person?"

"Not much worse than others, I suppose—I *was*."

"But what was your purpose in life? Isn't it true that you never gave anything serious attention except perhaps drink? You switched jobs, you switched interests, you *drifted*. Where were you headed? What were you doing to improve yourself and Soviet society?"

"What can I say?"

"You were not working when the crime was committed, correct?"

"Yes, I was not working."

"Is all this accidental, Chernov? On what basis did you leave your job at the depot?"

"I wanted to find something more suited to me. I couldn't get anywhere in that job."

"Let us get back to July twenty-sixth. Why did you kill your wife? What were your reasons?"

"I can't remember. Comrade Judges, you must believe me. I know these are my last words. I just don't know what made me do it."

"Did you feel angry? Depressed? Frightened?"

"I felt strange. Like it wasn't me."

"Have you ever been treated for alcoholism?"

"No."

"Why did you drink so heavily? Was life so difficult for you? Was there something you lacked for a normal life without drunkenness?"

"No."

"Now, tell us, did you ever have these spells—the strange feelings and losses of memory—before?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Sometimes after I drank."

"You saw a doctor about your condition?"

"No."

"What about your military service? What was your job in the army?"

"I worked with rockets."

"Were you subjected to any special danger or harm while in the army—or on any other job?"

"No."

"So you insist that you didn't mean to kill your wife? You just lost control of yourself?"

"I don't know what happened."

"What usually happens when you drink a pint of vodka?"

"I go to sleep."

"You are not aggressive?"

"No. The opposite happens—I become soothed."

"But before you were married, did you ever hit women?"

"Yes, I have."

"When drunk?"

"Yes."

"You beat a girl with whom you had been intimate, isn't that right? Why did you do it?"

"I don't know. I didn't mean to."

"What do you feel now about what you have done?"

"I feel like an animal—no; even an animal doesn't kill its mate."

"She was not only your mate. She was an honest Soviet woman, a mother and a worker."

In the afternoon nine witnesses were called. Their testimony was quiet and without incident. There were no surprises, no battle of legal wits, no tricky questions or clever tactics. It was simply, "Tell us what you know about this case," and self-possessed witnesses, starting

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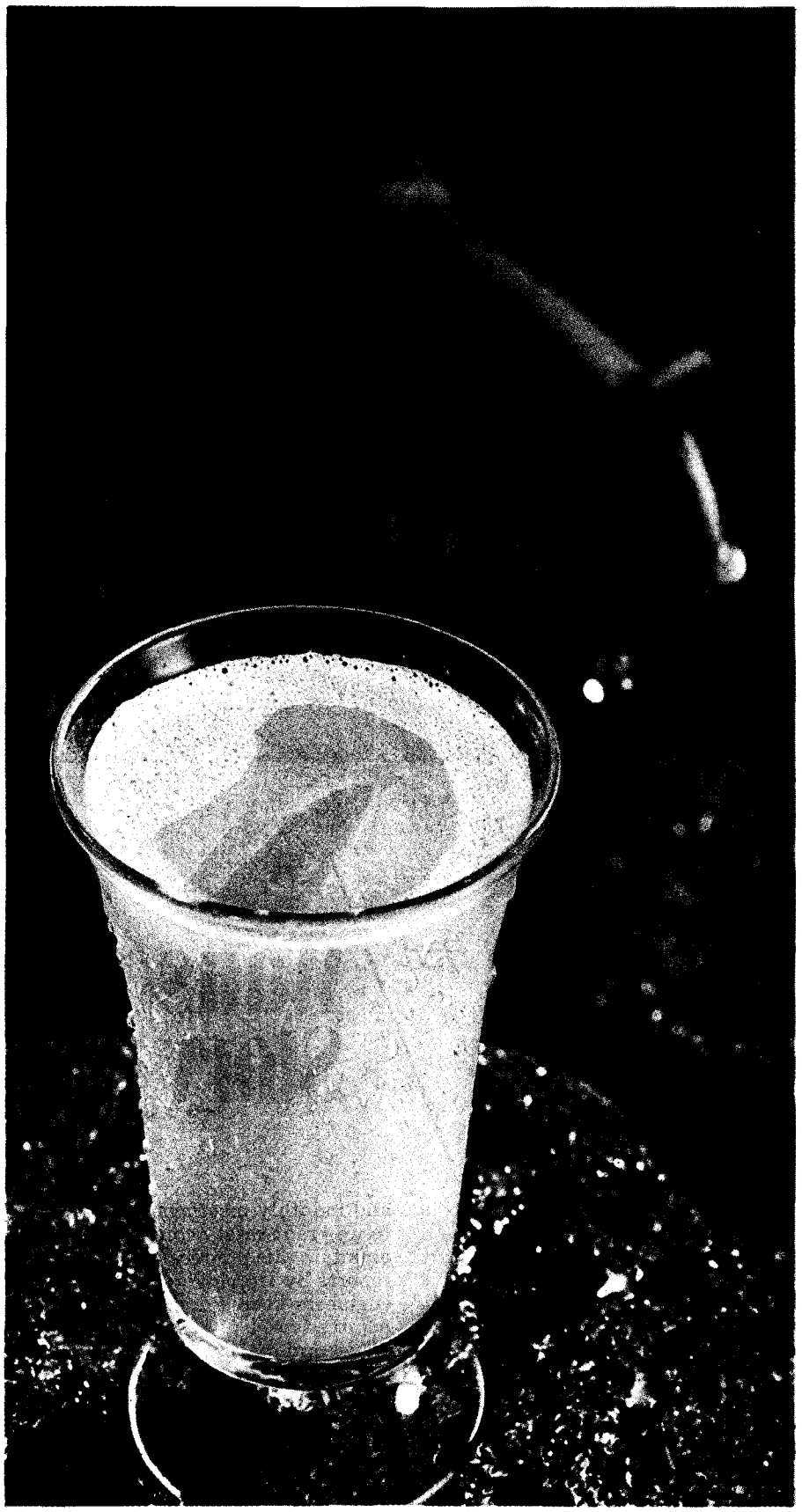

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almost at random and talking in vernacular until they ran out of things to say.

The invited friends, the neighbors, the relatives, the policemen—those who had been with Chernov and Klavda that day, before or after the crime—did not disagree on what had happened.

It was Sunday in a sixth-floor apartment in northeast Moscow. Chernov and Klavda invited friends, another married couple who worked at the depot, to a Sunday "celebration." Late in the afternoon, before the guests arrived, Chernov set out for provisions. He was in so good a mood that he invited the neighbors to join them. The guests gathered after five, and there was gaiety from the start. There was vodka and wine, good feeling and singing. Chernov and Klavda were normally affectionate toward each other. Later both of them got fairly drunk, and when they started to be openly amorous the guests thought the time had come to leave. When they parted, Chernov seemed happily and quietly drunk; they were sure that he and Klavda were about to make love. Minutes later strange sounds were heard through the wall: frantic movement, Klavda's voice groaning sharply—not in pleasure—water sloshing on the floor. The neighbors were terrified. Finally someone was bold enough to knock. Chernov did not answer, but shouted, "Klavda, get up and open the door." Then, after more fearful minutes, Chernov himself opened it upon a horrible scene: the room in shambles, blood spattered on his clothes, and a pail of soapy water which he had been slopping on the floor.

Chernov had a strange look in his eyes; he seemed to be entirely distracted or in a trance, although he understood what was said and responded to conversation. They found Klavda's body on the bed behind a screen, half undressed and beaten to a pulp. The neighbors frantically called the police. When they arrived Chernov said, "What are you doing here? Go away. This is a family affair." He answered their questions strangely, seeming to have no clear idea of what had happened. "Chernov was not so much drunk as . . . abnormal—not all there," one policeman said.

"He answered your questions coherently?"

"Oh, yes. He understood everything, all right."

"Then in what did his 'strangeness' consist?"

"It's hard to say. He seemed far away. Possessed."

"Have you any questions?" the judge asked the lay assessors. "No? Comrade Prosecutor? Comrade Defender?"

Here, as in the People's Courts, the hearing of the testimony is very much the judge's show. Only after she heard the witnesses' stories complete to her own satisfaction were they passed on to prosecution and defense. And even they seemed less like adversaries than helpers of the court. But what stood out most about the testimony was that only a small part of it concerned those violent minutes in Chernov's room. The court seemed interested more in the man than in the murder, the man in his niche in Soviet society. The questions dealt with Chernov's childhood, personality and production record; the witnesses dealt in impressions and conclusions. Who *is* this person who murdered his wife?

A neighbor: A month before the murder Chernov and Klavda were both drunk, and they beat each other. They were that way—hot and cold. Klavda never complained about this, nor about her treatment in general. She seemed pleased with Chernov. But something in the man frightened me. Frightened me, and aroused my sympathy. I could tell he was in some kind of emotional trouble.

Chernov's father: My son has his faults, but he is essentially a good person. I don't know what went wrong here, how this could have happened; if you could have seen how good he sometimes was. Since 1941, when I left for the front, life has not been easy for him, for many reasons. His mother and I were sick. Something changed in him when she died in 1957. Sometimes, after that, he would get those little fits. He is an unusually bright boy, energetic and versatile. But he never fulfilled his potential. I don't know why he had to drink—that was his trouble, vodka.

The trial continued the next morning. Until now several of the dramatis personae of the trial had been largely mute. One, a wrinkled, bent woman, sat in tears among the spectators; it was Klavda's mother. She was the "victim"—in Soviet law, one who has suffered morally, physically or materially from the crime—and as such was privileged to participate actively in the proceedings, questioning witnesses, making petitions and appeals, challenging the court, in addition to merely testifying. The theory is that justice must be done not only from the point of view of the defendant but also from that of others directly affected by the crime. But in this case, the old woman was hard put to understand the meaning of the trial. She shook her head in bewilderment when the judge dutifully asked her whether she had questions or comments.

Two more women had the rights of active participants: the expert witnesses, heavy ladies in sagging dresses, who sat at the prosecutor's table. But they too watched silently until the second day, when they were called upon for their expertise.

The first expert delivered the medical conclusions, a long, detailed, painfully exact report on the savage beating that had caused Klavda's death. Next was the psychiatric report from a representative of the Serbskii Institute. The doctors found that Chernov suffered from symptoms of chronic alcoholism, that he was an unstable personality for whom drink played an essential role, but that he was not mentally ill.

Two questions were then put to the psychiatrist by the defense counsel, and they were answered after a short recess. (1) Was there anything unusual about the defendant's behavior when having intimate relations with women? There was a tendency to beat them, for no apparent reason. There had been a satisfactory sexual relationship with Klavda; he sometimes beat her, but she did not protest. (2) What was his exact mental condition at the moment of the crime? This was not possible to determine.

"Comrade Judges!"—it was the defense counsel again, submitting a supplementary petition—"the procedural code permits the naming of additional experts in cases where expert testimony has been insufficiently clear or comprehensive. This is surely such a case. What really happened at the moment of the crime? What moved Chernov to act as he did? His strange, fantastic behavior has not really been explained. Comrade Expert was contradictory: She said that

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Chernov was inclined to beat women in sex, and yet to be mentally healthy."

Throughout the trial something had been missing. Passion? Legal oratory? Surprise? The participants' intentions? What had happened had long been clear to everyone; the real issue—what should be done—was approached only in the closing arguments.

"Comrade Social Accuser, your comments?"

The social accuser—or defender—is a figure unique to Soviet law. He (or she) represents not the state or the accused but the defendant's collective, in this case the trade union at Chernov's coal depot.

A working woman of about 30 rose from her place alongside the prosecutor to sum up first. She began by assuring the court that she bore no personal grudge against Chernov. She did not know him before he started work at the depot eight months before the murder. But since that time he showed himself to be a very poor worker. In April he was absent for 10 days and fired, but when he returned, claiming that he had been sick, he was taken back as a loader. On July first, he quit and never appeared there again. Is it purely accidental that he was not working when he committed the crime?

Besides, he was curt to Klavda. "'Gimme money,' he would snap at her; he wanted it for vodka. Sometimes she came to work with signs of beatings, and she would say, 'He's a good sort, but bad when he drinks.'

"The depot collective held a general meeting on August fifth, discussed Chernov's case thoroughly and, on the basis of these considerations, instructed me to ask the court to apply to him the highest measure of punishment for his crime. He should be shot."

Next, the prosecutor spoke, reminding, in the manner of a school principal, that "this kind of crime is a remnant of the past against which we must fight with all our resources. Comrade Judges! The trial has shown beyond doubt that Chernov killed intentionally. There are no mitigating circumstances; there is no reason to question the psychiatric experts, there is nothing to explain Chernov's consistent violation of the rules of socialist life except his own intention. I therefore ask the court to prescribe the highest measure of punishment, shooting."

By the time the thin, gray-haired lady rose to speak in defense, the courtroom was hushed and tense, the way a Soviet courtroom seldom is.

"Comrade Judges! I speak in great agitation. We know that the defendant's actions have caused nothing but agony. He killed a good and gentle woman, for no reason whatsoever. I cannot attempt to justify this or seek the defendant's acquittal, but I feel it my duty to offer some thoughts. . . ."

It was a half-hour talk, an impressive, clearly reasoned defense, by far the most skillful performance of the trial. Its intent was to challenge the prosecutor's interpretation of the motive and method of killing, reducing it from capital murder to something less. "Chernov and Klavda lived happily together. Yet he killed her, just a few minutes after kissing her. Why? The prosecution never explained why. We still do not know why, and that is why the defense feels that further psychiatric examination is essential.

"Comrade Judges! The prosecutor's request for the highest measure of punishment is too cruel. In our law the death sentence is an 'exceptional measure of punishment' justified only in exceptional cases. Chernov is a young man; he can be cured, reeducated, and returned to society as a useful member. This is the task that awaits us. I would like to believe that this is what socialist society means."

On its third day, the trial was convened to hear Chernov's last word.

Chernov swallowed, waited, and hung his head. The soldiers did not move. Few spectators could look at him.

"Comrade Judges, I am terribly, terribly sorry. I have done an awful thing. My life with Klavda was good. I miss her. I don't know why I did it. I didn't mean to do it." Chernov choked. A long pause followed.

"Is that all?"

"I deserve to be shot. But I beg the court to spare my life. And nothing more."

This time everyone stood when the court retired.

"In the name of the Russian Soviet Federated Socialist Republic . . ." The accused stood, flanked by soldiers, before the bench. The sentence droned on for pages, but after the first minutes everyone seemed to know what it would bring. The court classified the motive as "sexual-sadistic," but since the killing was judged to have been committed with special cruelty, it was a capital crime anyway.

No mitigating circumstances were allowed. The court sentenced Chernov to be shot. With this word, he was immediately handcuffed, and he remained chained through the rest of the sentence.

When it was over, the court disappeared and the room emptied quickly. The defense counsel remained, talking intently to Chernov, who turned away from her, facing the wall.

"Will you appeal?" I asked.

Chernov did not look up.

"Of course," said the lawyer.

I went upstairs to see the judge. She was surprised to see me—I had just walked in—but she was cordial. "You must not get the wrong impression. This was a terrible thing, very rare in Soviet society." She looked older now than I had thought, 40-odd, flat-faced, very neat and correct, cool and self-assured.

Wasn't this case largely decided before it was heard? I asked.

"Of course we have opinions beforehand—judges are people too, you know. We read the record carefully, and inevitably ideas form in our minds. But it often happens that as a case develops in court, the feel of things is different from what it seemed to be. When this happens, we change our opinions. Of course we change them."

There was something about her that affected me favorably, but something too that disturbed me. Something was missing. It was introspection. Life and death, society and the individual, crime and punishment—she had them all neatly solved. "We have no room for men like Chernov." She was so sure of herself.

One question stood out during all those months in Moscow's courts. What do they think about their law?—the people who sit in those drab rooms, hardly ever because they want to. Do they think it fair? I put the question when I could—whenever possible, away from the passion of courthouses.

Russians do not think their courts are an instrument of totalitarianism, police-state repression, terror or any of the other dreadful things which American political scientists equate with Soviet rule. They do not think that way about their courts primarily because they do not think that way about Soviet rule. "The Soviet regime," "the Kremlin," "Communist control," "Soviet rule"—all these phrases, which to Americans imply oppression, mean something much less sinister to the victims themselves. "The regime" means restrictions, but it also means an apartment, a job and a good education. It means spectacular progress as well as purges. "You must understand," said Sasha (of the first divorce case), "that even during the worst times of the 1930's people were immensely proud as well as terrified. It was a very ambiguous period." And since the death of Stalin, the balance has swung heavily toward approval of "the Kremlin."

On the other hand, I often heard resentment about punishment. "Our punishments are harsh," people would say, for some reason apologetically, "our laws are severe, our judges are strict. The courts are hard on people who make mistakes." And they are. Three years each in a labor colony for four youths who stole three rolls of tar paper from their factory. Two years for a drunk who sneaked a mirror from a grammar school. One year for a sober man who swiped the windshield wipers and mirror from a parked car. A year for an obviously imbecilic old lush who annoyed strangers at a subway station. Two years for a salesgirl who had been pouring each glass of wine a few drops short and taking home a bottle a fortnight for herself. A year for a worker who rolled a drunk for his greasy jacket and scuffed shoes.

But when I heard these sentences read, and heard Russians whispering about them, I remembered the legendary and actual harshness of Russian life as a whole. And the Russian attitude toward the age-old harshness. Like the cruel climate, sparse soil and poor peasantry, courts and the law seemed to be accepted as features of the landscape about which nothing can be done, because higher powers have willed them. It has always been so.

But there is a difference between harshness and injustice, and when I asked specifically whether the courts were "just" or "fair," the answer was usually a shrug and an uncertain "yes." A shrug because the question seemed so strange to them. Ordinary Russians are passive about such things, considering the law neither good nor bad but unavoidable.

This attitude implies that love of law as a positive good is not natural to the Russians, and indeed it was not spoken of that way, even by law students. It is no accident, as Soviet professors like to say, that law students and the law faculty have the reputation for the lowest intellectual standards at the university. Is this the expression of Russia's traditional weakness in individualism, rationalism and legalism, or of legal nihilism due to the law's humble role in Marxist ideology? Whatever the combination, I met no young Russians excited by the law. Law as a precious achievement, a distillation of human intellect, reason and compassion, a protector of rights and dignity, "due process," "equal protection," "the rule of law"—this side of it was missing. The creative virtues and generosity of the Russian spirit flow in different channels.

I regret, in a way, that professional interests led me to Moscow's courts. Looking at a city through its dark sides can produce discolored images. I saw much of Moscow through its trials that I could not have seen in any other way, but I hope I have put this part in perspective. I tried to sample the spirit of ordinary Moscow life outside of the courts as well as the spirit of ordinary cases. I lived with young Russians and spent my free time with them, joining their pleasures, often in their homes. I had known too little about Moscow's pleasures. I knew too little about the parks, the promotion of learning and self-improvement, the principles of full employment, medical care, free education, subsidized vacations—and too little about the Russians' appreciation of these measures, about their patriotism, dignity and optimism.

And I knew almost nothing—essential to an understanding of Russia—about the human pleasures they give one another, their lack of artifice, their natural healthiness, their deep friendships; nothing about delightful young *Moskvichki* flirting maidenly and unself-consciously, and old *babas* in cloakrooms sewing together the hook inside my overcoat when it ripped. About the closeness of families and the indulgent love of children. I have tried here to record some impressions of one part of Moscow life. While I feel that daily law is an important part, it is less important in Moscow than in Western capitals, and, in any event, it cannot substitute for the whole. THE END

A touch of Russian humanity: An old baba *sewed together the hook inside my overcoat.*

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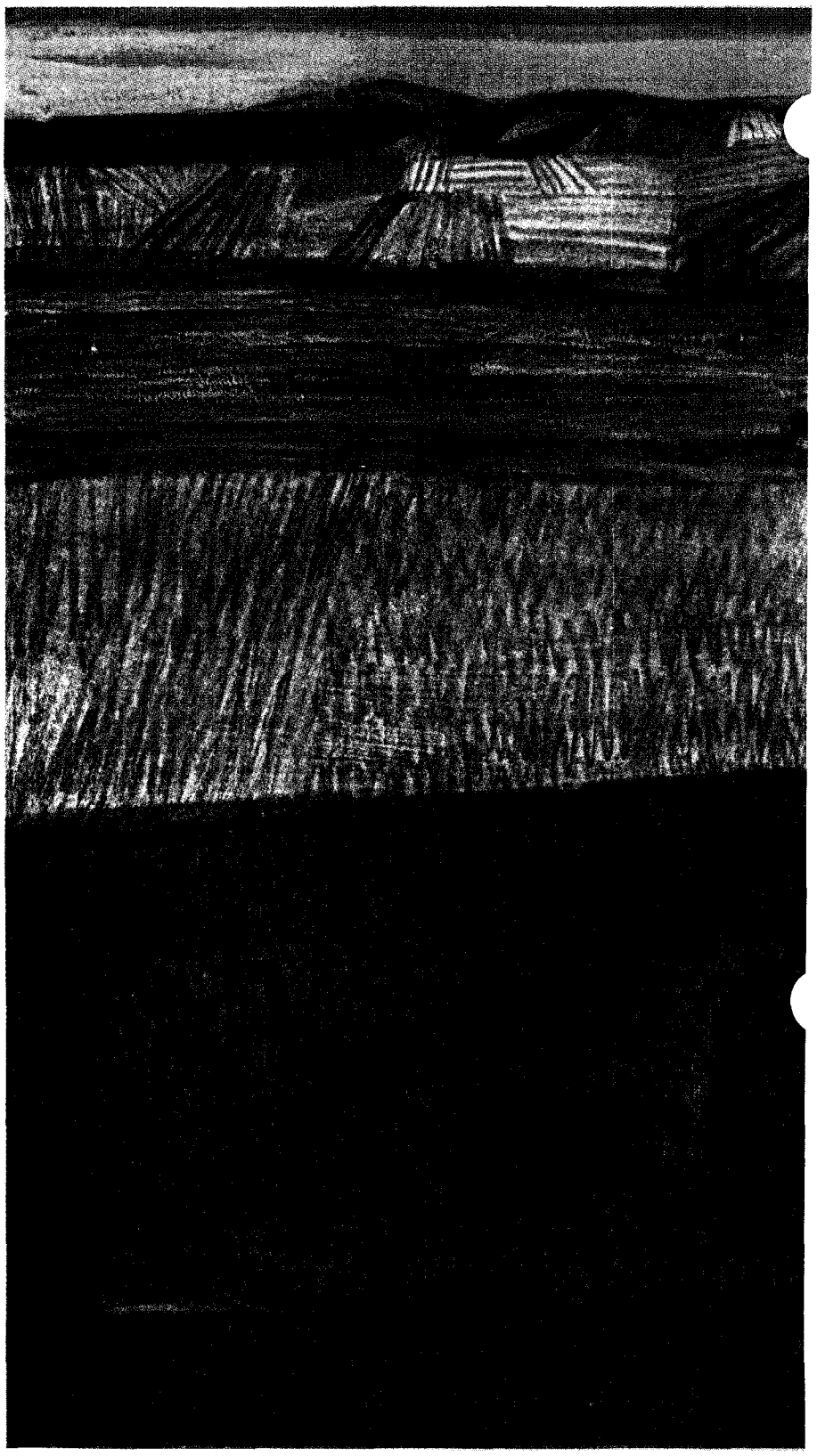
A property of hope

By FRED CHAPPELL

Aspiration, too long nurtured, may yield only discontent—for one man's dream can be his own wife's prison.



She used to scream and curse when she was angry, and dash water on the walls and threaten to sell the damned chickens or the two yearling heifers and move to a town. In a town things happened, or at least there was something to look at. But when Johnny got back from the fields for supper, she was calm and quiet. The long, brittle summer afternoons did that to her, to anyone. From the doorway she could see the fields stretching listlessly under the butter-colored sun, a breeze moving among the corn tassels, lifting the leaves of the tobacco. Woods Creek gave up miserly flashes of the sunlight from pockets of shadow under willows and tall weeds.

Over the meal of cold chicken, cold green beans, cold biscuits—she was not going to fire the wood range on a July afternoon—she would tell him quietly how they could move. He used to work in a furniture warehouse down in Clarendon. Hadn't that been all right? Even if he went back to baseball, wouldn't that be better? She had first met him when he was a third-string catcher for the Cards. It seemed so long past now, that May five years ago. Actually, wasn't anything better than this . . . this—she didn't know what to call it. *Waiting*, she wanted to say.

He ate quickly, but somehow ruminatively too. The big muscles at the corners of his jaws bulged, unknotted, bulged; he chewed slowly but ate quickly. His throat distended with appreciative swallows of buttermilk. "After January is the only time. After the market." His voice was gentle, yet guttural. The tiny silver leaves of dry alfalfa lay in his black, dusty hair. Dust of the hayfield was powdered over his arms.

Another waiting. Tobacco, the one crop which brought in actual cash money, sold in December and January, and now it stood in the field, blackly green, tarry, heavy, the broad ribby leaves furred with a white down. She could see the patch through the doorway; she could not now imagine it cured, ready to grade, with the leaves the color of syrup and spotted here and there with circles like frog eyes. She could not now see the field as she had seen it last January, pale with new ryegrass and splotched with wintering cattle. January was as far as St. Louis. Farther.

"It ain't worth your time, you farmin' on shares like this. You're a pure fool to get caught in it like this. It's always the market time when we'll have money. There wasn't any money last market, after all we counted on it."

He shrugged. He knew better than she that there was no money in it. Maybe he ought to have told her—if it would have done any good. But she always seemed to have this idea that something was going to turn into money for them, and he doubted that anything he said could correct the kind of expectation the certainty of money roused. In his thirty-five years he had seen the attitude often enough to know that it only fed on disappointment, and that continual rebuff to these hopes only represented an eventual guarantee. "Mabel," he said.

She picked at her meal. When she looked up, his hard brown eyes bored against her gaze, but his look was dulled, a bit glazed. Having satisfied one appetite, he had discovered another. She felt a touch of panic, and leaned away from his advanced hand. She took up her cup of cold, pitchy coffee. "I'll heat some water for a tub for you if you want me to," she said.

In the bare yard she could see a pair of metallic-looking chickens futilely fleeing the bantam. The shadow of the spindly oak was long and still; the air was quiet, now settling down to coolness.

He sat back and began to make a cigarette, opening the booklet of OCB papers and blowing into it to separate the leaves. "Last year we had the truck bill to pay off. But this year we ain't owing a penny, so far at least. And I don't plan to get in debt again. I told you before we came up here, if we got in debt share-farming, it'd be hell to pay getting out."

She nodded. She remembered, but then she had never lived on a farm; she had thought it would be pretty and peaceful out in the country. She hadn't thought about dust and flies and being dirt poor. Dropping the plastic-handled fork, she rubbed her cheek with her wrist. It felt dry and feverish.

"Johnny," she said, "let's leave this place. Let's get away." She hadn't planned to say it that way; it sounded as if she were begging. She was satisfied that she didn't have to beg.

He licked along the open edge of the cigarette paper and, with a twist of his thumb, rolled the cigarette tight and drew his forefinger along the seam. He went to the stove for a kitchen match. "You know we can't do that," he said.

His voice was low, almost a mumble, and she understood from the sound of it that if she talked any more about leaving he would only become more withdrawn and taciturn. She searched her mind for another beginning point; she wasn't ready to give up. "How much will we get, come market time?"

He sucked at the cigarette. It was hard to say, not knowing how the tobacco would weigh out, and not knowing how prices would run this year. "I figure about fifteen hundred dollars, but I don't know how close it is. Might be more, might be a lot less."

"Fifteen hundred? That's a lot of money."

"Not much, not enough."

She knew what he meant: He wanted a farm for himself, he wanted to own ground. But that was because he had grown up on a farm, and he didn't care about the mud and grit and the mindlessness of the long day when she was alone in the house. What was this house anyway but a shack, a shanty? When it was too hot to bear under the tin roof she stood on the splintery back porch in her white cotton slip, staring across the heaving fields at Ballantine's comfortable white house. It was easy to imagine how cool it must be under the gray shingled roof and how orderly the rooms would be, the large drapes drawn and the softened light nuzzling the furniture. In that house the buzzing of a fly would sound loud as a tractor;

ILLUSTRATION BY KAREN ROSEN

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POST FICTION / Born in North Carolina in 1936 and now attending graduate school at Duke University, Fred Chappell has been writing since he was twelve. He has contributed stories—many set in the farming country he knows so well—poems and articles to literary quarterlies, to Holiday, *and to the anthology* Under Twenty-five. *Atheneum published his first novel,* It Is Time, Lord.

in here she didn't even hear them, gathered in clusters to a spot on the wood range or stupidly blundering against the window glass. Johnny hadn't asked her about living on a farm.

"It still sounds like a lot of money. Fifteen hundred." She rolled the big round figure in her mouth.

"It'd be a start, and that's about all. And we ain't got it yet." He shrugged. For him, merely prospective money was boring, having neither weight nor taste. He lifted a lid from the stove and dropped a long ash into the black firebox.

"But it's a *good* start, and we *will* get it." She nodded assertively as she spoke, agreeing with herself. Already she had changed her plan: It was no use talking to Johnny now; he had no foresight. After the market, when the money was solidly in hand, she could talk to him. They could plan together then. She imagined the money, dozens of crisp bills, lying here on the oilcloth, he and she gathered hushed around it in the light of the kerosene lamp.

He took a few sulphur matches from the box and put them in his shirt pocket, went into the bedroom and returned in a moment carrying the chipped guitar. He bore it with calculated carelessness, almost shyly, and sidled past the back of her chair without looking at her. Out to the small front porch he went, and she heard the scrape of the chair drawn over the worn boards. She heard him striking casually at the strings, then pausing to give the tuning keys minute turns. It always took a long time before he settled down to play a tune; he loved to fuss with the instrument, to peck at disjointed chords, and then just drift into something that came to his mind. He was happier than usual; he never played unless he was happy. Work must have gone well today—there had been no arguments with old man Ballantine, who owned the farm.

Oh—she had forgotten—tomorrow was Saturday, and Johnny had the half day off.

She rose and began with some haste to gather the dishes. She piled them on the stove; it would be foolish to waste this time washing dishes.

Without really thinking, she hurried into the back room and looked at herself in the dresser mirror. She wasn't so bad: Her dark hair was perhaps too fine for this long glamour-girl style, but her heart-shaped face was clear—her color rather heightened now—and she had the candid blue eyes of a child. She gave her eyebrows a couple of quick strokes with the pencil.

The first few organized bars, and then Johnny began to sing softly, slurring the words, almost humming.

"*He courted me fairly, by night and by day,*
But now he is loaded and going away."

She hurried to join him on the porch—it seemed so much like the long courting hours they had spent on other porches in the twilight. And now was a lucky time to have it all come back; it could be almost as if they had begun together again.

It was not to be. Just as she came to the doorway, Ernie Ballantine streaked down from the road into the yard, his thin figure a pale blur in the twilight. He jumped off the bicycle without braking it and walked toward the porch. The bicycle rolled a few feet and wobbled over on its side. Ernie advanced, showing the palm of his right hand to them, holding it alongside his ear like an Indian in a Western movie. "Howdy," he said.

Johnny grunted and sat forward in his chair. He leaned the guitar against the wall. Mabel went helplessly to sit in the sagging cane-bottomed chair beside Johnny. Ernie plopped himself down in the dirt at the edge of the porch. He always did that, looking for a cheap peek up her skirt.

She held her knees tightly together. Ernie was detestable. He was thirteen years old, a long awkward kid with a thick neck and an uncertain, nerve-racking voice. A lazy kid, Johnny said, but not spoiled. It was hard to think of Emmet Ballantine, bitter-looking and taciturn, being soft enough to spoil anyone.

She knew what was going to happen and, sure enough, in a few minutes Ernie had talked Johnny into going into the house and digging out his old heavy mitt and a baseball. He came back through the door, holding the ball still, the oiled glove dangling by a strap from his ring finger. They went up to the road to play. She watched: It was always the same contest. Ernie wound up, his long body crane-like, and delivered the ball with his whole strength. But Johnny never dropped the ball, though he had to lean and jump in every direction to contend with the kid's vehement wildness. If the pitch was really wild, he waited stolidly while Ernie chased the ball. Occasionally Johnny returned the ball with some force, and Ernie would drop it, cursing. The boy had no consideration for her. Why didn't Johnny shut him up when he talked like that?

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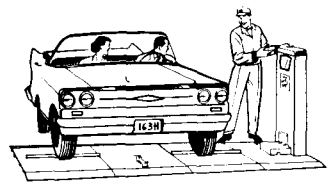

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tired, his pitches got wilder, and he had to keep chasing the ball. It was getting dark, and still he kept throwing: His will never tired of the silly rivalry. At last they gave up and came back to the porch. Johnny dropped the glove and put the ball in it, an egg in a nest, and sat in the chair beside her. Ernie flung himself on the ground again, and Mabel brought her knees together.

"Whoo! I'm all tired out." Ernie's voice wobbled about the edge of a falsetto.

"You ain't done nothin'," Johnny said.

"I worked all day in that hayfield, didn't I?" He rubbed his forearm. "And throwing that ball around is work too."

Johnny began slowly to make another cigarette. "You ain't old enough to get tired. And you don't throw hard enough to hurt a cat."

"When are you going to show me how to throw a curve? You said you would."

"We better wait till you can get one straight across. You ain't got the patience it takes to learn a thing anyway."

"A curve's not so hard to learn, not like a screwball. Anyway, your best pitch is always a good fast ball."

"Where did you learn so much about it?" Johnny seemed still to be amused by this familiar exchange.

It was getting darker, but no stars showed in the profound sky. If any were out yet, they would be to the north, behind the house. The air was quiet and almost cool now, and the mutter of the creek had got louder.

They were talking about baseball, and the discussion soon resolved to a catalogue of unfamiliar names. She tried vainly not to think what might have happened in the twilight if Ernie had not turned up: She knew that wishing like that would make her discontented. She rose and went wordlessly into the kitchen. By doing the dishes now, perhaps she could salvage the rest of the evening. All day she was alone, and when Ernie and Johnny were together she was still starved for company. Clumsily she fired the range and set on it an aluminum pan filled with water. From the bottom of the pan tiny bubbles rose continually, as if the water were carbonated. By the light of the kerosene lamp her eyes yet ached from staring over the sunny fields.

They were still talking outside when she finished drying and stacking the dishes, and now the low words were as unintelligible, as much a mere part of the night sounds as the singing of the crickets. She threw the dish water out the front door, not trying to splash Ernie, but not avoiding him either. Then she refilled the pan and filled two kettles and put them on and added a few lumps of coal to the fire. Because the heat was steamy, it wasn't too bad in the kitchen now. In the storeroom adjoining the kitchen she wrestled with the big galvanized foot tub and finally got it out into the kitchen, banging it heavily against the doorjamb. She sat at the table, drawing idly on the oilcloth with a long red fingernail. Everything was ready for Johnny's bath and he was outside, talking the night away.

At last he came in, carrying the guitar and baseball and mitt.

"You better close the door, so you can have your bath in here," she said.

He nodded and nudged it closed with his foot without looking. The wedge of pine that was the doorstop slid across the mottled linoleum. He went on through to the bedroom, and she heard the guitar hum slightly as he hung it on the wall, and heard the creak and slap of the trunk when he put up the ball and glove. She fixed the old bedspread over the nails at the top of the window so that the room seemed much smaller, with the darkness closed away and the light gathered inward.

He had already taken his shirt off when he came back, and the black dust was gathered under his collarbones and down the front of his chest in a big Y. His chest was ridged with muscle. His whole squat body was as unyielding as stone.

Breathtaking clouds of steam rose as she poured the pan and kettles of hot water into the tub. Then she poured in cold water and turned back immediately to damp the fire down. Johnny, stripped, dropped one foot gingerly into the water, testing the temperature, and got in and squatted, hunched tightly. With the strong-smelling yellow soap he began to lather his neck and arms.

"You'd never know how good this feels," he said. "Loosens your muscles up."

"I bet it does," she said. "I know you've been looking forward to it. I thought Ernie never would leave." With a faded rag from a flour sack she began to scrub his back.

"Yeah," he said. And then in a lower voice: "Ernie . . ."

There was something premonitory in his voice. She straightened and rubbed her forehead with her wrist. "What's wrong with Ernie?"

"Nothin'." He soaped his belly assiduously. "He was just telling me that his old man is thinking of selling a pretty good piece off of the back acres. It's a good piece of ground back there. Needs getting rid of some scrub pine and a couple of years of liming it down."

"I thought you said it was no good back there."

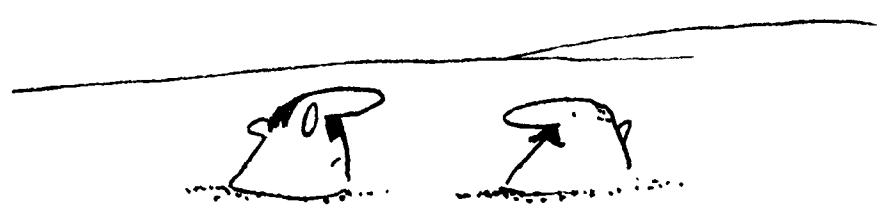
"Needs building up. So he's got to let it go at a pretty reasonable price. I bet you could satisfy him easy with a thousand dollars' cash payment down on it."

She was wholly confused. A thousand dollars was almost all. She couldn't think how to begin. "Johnny . . ."

He spoke evenly and coolly, as if he were settling an argument. "Well, it's something worth thinking about."

She leaned and wrung out the cloth, trying to plan what she was going to have to say.

THE END



"Awfully slow quicksand."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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3/4 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1 hard cooked egg, finely chopped
2 to 3 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
1/2 teaspoon finely chopped chives
1-1/2 teaspoons tarragon vinegar
1/2 teaspoon prepared mustard

Blend ingredients. Chill. Makes 1 cup.

3. CHEESE PLEASER

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When a husband leaves home, something in all other husbands leaves with him.

The effect of Barney Fuller

By ANTHONY BAILEY

George Webb met Barney Fuller in a spot of mutual interest, a gun-and-tackle shop. It was Webb's first month at the university, when he was still feeling very much a stranger and his colleagues were still looking critically at the new scholar-in-residence. Barney Fuller was more or less his own age, 32, a construction engineer who had nothing to do with the university, and at first Webb admittedly cultivated the friendship on that account, of Barney's being quite nonacademic.

Later, as he got to know the man, Webb found that Barney gave him that firm sense of being complementary—of having the qualities Webb didn't have—which makes for sound friendship. Webb was tall, haggard-looking, someone who did a lot of brooding and called it thinking. Barney Fuller was stockier, good-looking in a fairly conventional, straight-haired, blond way, and shrewdly practical. He was a natural, cautious fisherman, whereas Webb was an angler whose study of the subject hadn't cured his impetuousness or lack of concentration. They went lake-fishing together, watched several ice-hockey games—a new thing for Webb—and in the course of events brought their wives together. And their wives, though they would never have admitted it, were very much alike—talented, attractive women, who were at once happy to have home and family, and yet now and then annoyed that they no longer had scope and time to exercise their talents for other things than "homemaking." Laura Webb was glad to meet Dixie Fuller because she not only provided a loophole to the town, the structure of life beyond the campus, but because she was an oppressed fellow spirit. Since they lived close by, the Webbs saw a lot of the Fullers. Their children played together. Laura and Dixie went to a once-a-week sculpture class together. And the four of them had dinner together often, because, when they felt like having company, they all felt sufficiently sure of the situation to pick up the phone at the last minute to say, "Come and eat with us"—the way you couldn't with people you didn't know really well.

This relationship survived the Fullers' move—third baby—to a larger house several miles out of town. Although the dinners were somewhat curtailed, the Webbs still saw more of the Fullers than they did of anyone else. Webb felt—and he thought Laura did too—that the Fullers had substance, real, flowing blood, a salt-of-the-earthness that most of their academic friends most certainly did not. He also had a fruitful sense of not being in competition with Barney, except in regard to fishing. They talked about their lives and their aspirations in a way they couldn't have talked had they had more in common. They gossiped about the town and campus elders. On fishing expeditions they discussed politics, religion, and on one occasion the pursuit of happiness. Barney was concerned about an architect who worked for his firm, a man who was busily exchanging his own wife and children for someone else's wife and children; and as far as anyone could see, getting the worst of it.

"He's an idiot," Barney said, sounding—as he often did—as if he had come on a brand-new truth.

"Sex isn't everything." Webb made an urbane rejoinder that, even if it were everything to the architect, he would probably be better off with a mistress, with someone he wouldn't take with life-shattering seriousness.

Webb didn't see Barney for six weeks after this conversation. It was a long time for them, and he asked Laura what had become of the Fullers.

"I called Dixie last week. She said Barney was in New York."

Several days later George rang up to see if Barney wanted to go fishing. Barney said he would like to, but he couldn't right now—Dixie wasn't feeling very well—maybe in a week or so. He sounded unconvincing. Webb wondered what had gone wrong; had they offended some unsuspected Fuller prejudice? Laura said not to worry about it. She was sure it was an internal, family affair of the Fullers, and George's imagination, which ran rampant on the least provocation, shouldn't scurry off down disastrous vistas in which he had done wrong to Barney Fuller.

"What makes you such an expert?" said Webb, as if they were talking about an ice-hockey game.

"Because sometimes you're silly."

"So are you."

"But less often."

"Maybe." Webb gave her a kiss, as if the conversation had ended in a victory for him.

Barney showed up, however, the following week. Webb came home one night after one of the twice-weekly lectures ("The Effects of Trade on Thought in the Later Middle Ages") that provided the university with an excuse to subsidize him, and Laura greeted him with "Barney's coming to dinner. He called up an hour ago."

"Just Barney?"

"Dixie's visiting her sister for a week. She took the children down too."

"Lucky Barney."

Laura nodded as if she weren't so sure.

And certainly Barney—when he arrived—didn't have his usual bounce. He took several minutes to make up his mind what he wanted to drink. Finally seated with a bourbon and water, he toyed with the glass, sipped doubtfully, and gave the impression, from the way his gaze wandered around the familiar living room, that he was looking for a plant into which he could pour the poisoned potion. Nor did dinner itself make him relax. When Laura asked him what he had been up to in New York, Barney brought forth an uncharacteristically vague description of an engineering project—some sort of factory on Long Island. The only subject he took up with enthusiasm was the gymnasium he was going to make in a derelict barn, behind his house. Laura was unhappy because the soufflé she'd made for dessert refused to rise. At the end of the meal, Webb retired with relief to conduct a reading of Peter Rabbit to the children. Fifteen minutes later, he found Laura alone in the kitchen. She handed him two cups of coffee.

"I think Barney wants to talk to you." She looked at Webb the way she would look at their daughters if they'd been playing with a child who had come down with measles.

"What about?" It was a dense, annoying question, but he thought it his right in return for her annoyed look.

She ignored it. "I have those curtains to finish anyway." Not only was she going to leave them to talk about God knows what, she was going to work.

"I'm sorry the soufflé didn't rise," Webb began, but she wasn't listening to him. He went to the living room and handed one of the coffee cups to Barney, who was standing in front of the fireplace, watching a cloud of smoke drift out in front of the mantelpiece instead of going up the chimney.

"Poor draft," said Barney.

"Always does that with a northeast wind."

"Oh." He looked at the coffee. "Did Laura guess?"

"Guess what?"

Barney didn't reply, but looked at the fire, and there was an expression on his face Webb had never seen—a proud, almost adolescent look. Webb suddenly knew that, whatever the answer to that question was, it wasn't going to be particularly good for either of them. He felt impatient, and a little irritated. Then Barney said with an embarrassed grin, "I'm in love."

"You're what?" It was a hesitation, a demand for time, rather than a question. Webb went through the alternatives, that Barney was joking or was expressing a suddenly renewed affection for Dixie—but in that case, why was he telling Webb?

"I really am," Barney went on. He squeezed his coffee cup between both hands and said, as if he, too, hardly believed it, "*Me.*"

Webb went to the fireplace and kicked a log back a few inches. He watched the smoke change course and wondered if it were possible to continue this kind of conversation without being melodramatic. He said, "Does Dixie know?"

"She guessed and I told her."

"You told her?"

"Yes."

"Why on earth?"

"I guess because I hoped she'd throw me out."

"But Dixie's great."

Post Fiction

Anthony Bailey, a genuinely transatlantic writer, was born on the English Channel coast in 1933. He lived for many years in the U.S., but returned to England to be educated at Oxford. Then he came back to this country and worked for several years as a reporter for The New Yorker. *He has published two novels*—Making Progress *and* The Mother Tongue, *the latter about an Englishman in New York. He now makes his home in the small Connecticut seaport of Stonington, but this spring he and his wife and children are visiting in England once more.*

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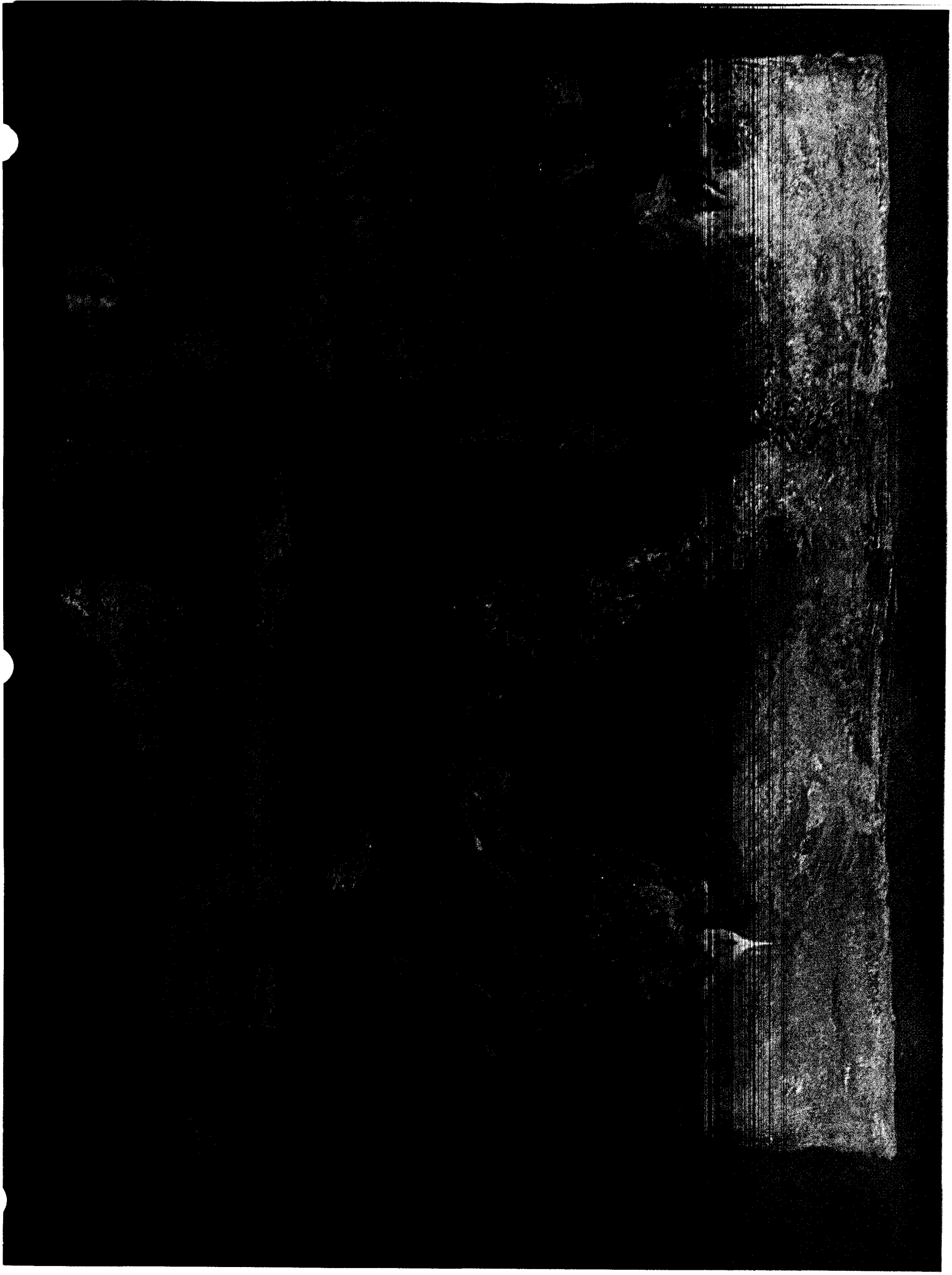

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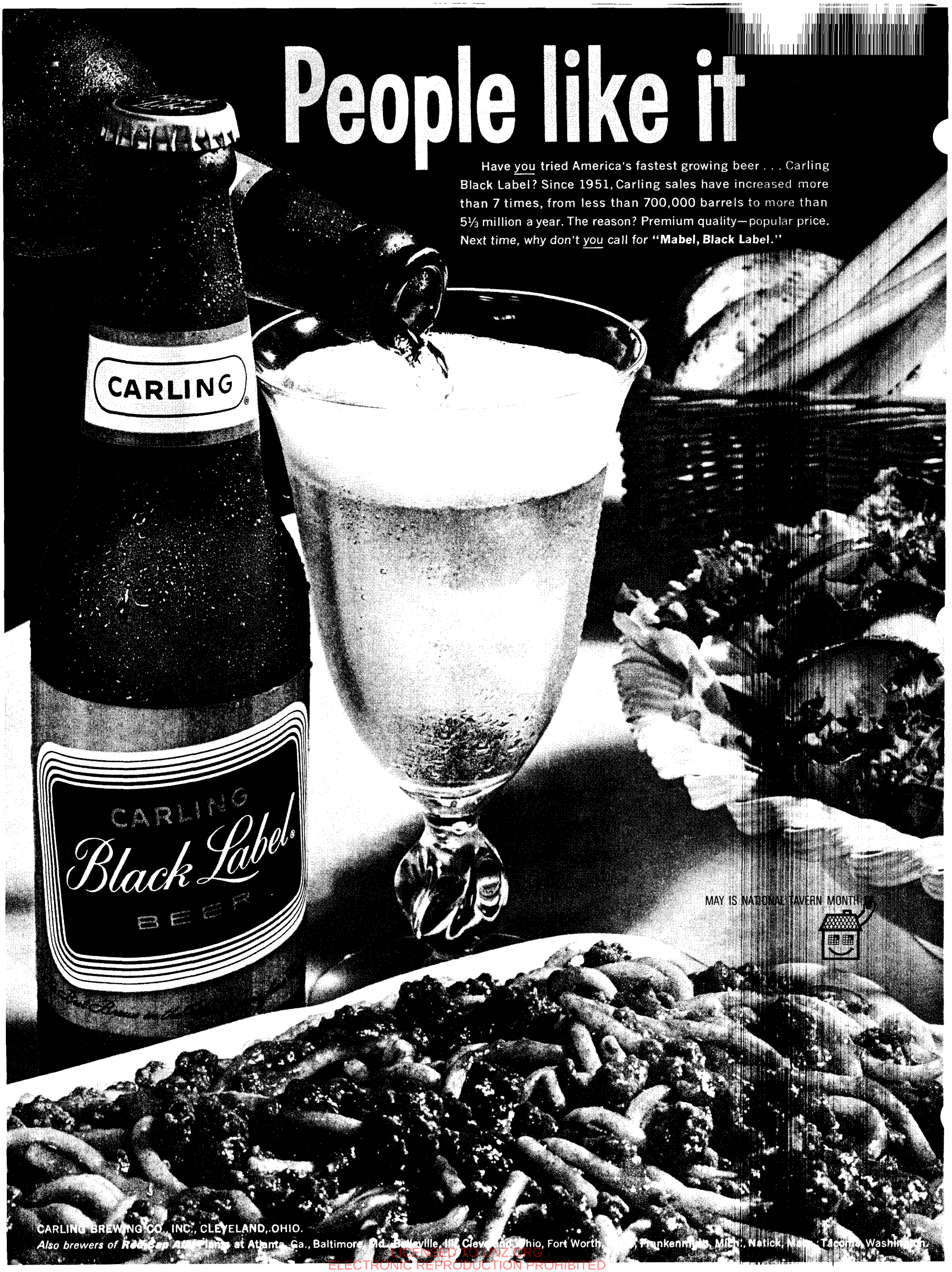
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The Effect of Barney Fuller

"It's awful for her," Barney admitted, with a rueful look that acknowledged his selfishness—he couldn't help it.

Webb said, "But it's just like that rchitect of yours—maybe, if you stuck it out for a while . . ." He came to a stop; the words, and everything that touched it were trite.

"I can't do it," Barney said benevolently. "We're going away together."

"What about the job?"

Barney shrugged.

"I just don't understand," Webb said.

"Oh, it happens."

"But ——"

"George, you're a friend. I thought you'd say go ahead, best of luck, or something."

"Barney, you're an idiot," Webb said, meaning it.

He watched Barney consult his watch, and he hoped for a moment that Barney would go—if he cleared out then, Webb suspected, he would leave behind him someone with sad but at any rate uncomplicated thoughts. Webb would be able to go on thinking him an idiot, like the architect, like anyone who added to the divorce statistics. Whereas if he stayed—what improvement could be made? There was nothing Webb could say; he was outside the situation, and Barney was a long way in. Barney's watch, however, disappointed him. He had time. He said, "Let me give it to you simply—how it happened. You see, I know it's terrible, but I'm happy."

Webb nodded. That semiparadox had to be taken for granted.

"She isn't pretty," Barney said, "she n't cute—she isn't exactly beautiful. Her ame is Carol Davidson. She's twenty-three. I met her in New York at the Greens'—I knew him in college—at a din-ner party. She was supposed to have a date, but he didn't show up, and I spent he entire evening arguing with her or easing her. I couldn't help it. She was oright and very opinionated. I made her nad by pretending to think she'd gone to Ohio State—she went to Smith. She told ne I was childish for liking ice hockey. Somehow the subject came up, and I bet ner there wasn't a Dial-a-Prayer system in New York. She bet me there was. We went nto the hall and phoned—a solemn voice ntoned the prayer. We stayed there in the nall a while, and I started telling her about spans and arches, stresses and metal fatigue, and she told me about Israel. She'd just come back from a year there. Still, as far as I was concerned it was just talk—nothing else. We went back and joined the rest, and after half an hour I announced to Katy Green that I had to go. I got up to leave. I didn't expect her to say the same thing. What made it worse was that no one else decided to go, though it was late enough."

Barney looked at Webb to see if he understood what a spot this had put him in. Webb had his hands over his eyes.

"I got a cab to take her home. In the cab I stared at her, and she stared back at me. She looked as much Gypsy as she looked Jewish. Just before we got there, when it was time to tell the driver to leave the meter on and take me to my hotel, I heard myself asking her to have a drink. We looked at the bar on the corner of her block. It was full of ghosts. So she said, 'Let me give you one.' We sat until three, drinking a little—not much. She told me about the Hasidic Jews, who got started in Poland in the 18th century, and about a wise man called the Baal Shem-Tob, who was a sort of prophet. She was reading me one of his sayings when I kissed her. We made love for hours with dismal unsuccess. She had long black hair. She admired my hands."

He was unaware of an audience now; he stared gently at the fire.

"I left at six-thirty. The city was all adrift in fog, it was spooky. I found a cab, but the driver couldn't see the front of his car, and so we moved slowly and sometimes stopped altogether while the fog rolled round. I had two boiled eggs and toast in a coffee shop near Grand Central. Then I sat in my hotel room till eleven, staring at girder specifications. I felt ill. I hadn't slept. I had a violent headache and all my nerves tingled—the tips of my fingers shook. I remembered that one of the most important teachings of the Baal Shem was that you should love more. I hadn't meant to go back—I knew it wasn't what the Baal Shem had in mind. I called first to see if she was up. I bought some brioches and a cold honeydew melon. She was smaller, and prettier than I'd remembered. She wore a red flannel robe and burned the coffee. Across the courtyard there were men building a new apartment house. She has a cat called Augusta. It climbed on the table and I threw it off.

"Then we had another staring fit. We looked at each other for at least five minutes. She was about three feet away from me and I could smell a lemon fragrance about her. She said it was Citronnelle de Balmain. I kissed her, and then I went to lie down on her bed. I slept till she woke me at quarter to four. She had to go out to photograph somebody—she's a photographer—and I went back to the hotel. I got a shave in the barbershop, something I've never done before, and put on a clean shirt. I met her in one of those seedy Irish bars on Third Avenue. We ate and drank, and the noise of the television made it impossible to do anything but look at her. We went back early this time."

And this time, Webb couldn't help thinking, since Barney didn't go on talking about it, clearly the waves crashed upon the rocks, the earth shook, and—high above—the stars moved into their miraculous though inevitable conjunction.

Webb sat there for a long time after Barney had gone. Once he had got that much off his chest, had shared his tale, he had bolted quickly—there had been no confessional therapy in it, only celebration. And in fact, although you could scoff at or think you saw through it all, the brioches, the Citronnelle, even the Baal Shem, on the assumption that they were fresh and sparkling to Barney, and not well-known like Dixie and his children, you had to admit that this knowledge—this common sense—didn't ultimately affect the issue. Webb had searched hard for something that did. When Barney began to talk about meeting the girl, he began rehearsing what, at the end of Barney's soliloquy, he would try to say. It would have to be short, sharp, and direct, he knew—something pungent, hopefully original, and apt. The exact words would have to depend on what came to his lips at the time, but their sense would be that—well, this was fine and dandy, he didn't doubt it. But hadn't Barney found it just as fine and dandy with Dixie once? If right now he was bored with domestic life, wouldn't his life with Carol Davidson become just as domestic in the future? And, in any event, wouldn't it be really good, courageous, and noble even, if, instead of following the course the mass of western 20th-century humanity took in such an instance, he did it the hard way, squared his shoulders, toed the thin and rigorous line? Because in the end the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount and—though he didn't know them—the Baal Shem's teachings were surely right, proper, and very much for the best.

But it didn't come to this. Soon Webb lost the thread of his own thoughts. Listening to Barney was much like listening to a song like *La Vie en Rose*, which you knew was sentimental but which affected you all the same. Webb wanted to see it all in the cold, hard light of day, but Barney had the rose-colored spectacles firmly on, and such was the force of his disastrous happiness, Webb looked through them too, at first bitterly, then enviously, and then greedily.

It was very late when he went to bed and Laura woke. He tried to tell her what Barney had told him. Later still she turned and asked, "Do you love me?" Reluctantly Webb dismissed the private, happy dream he had been pursuing, so much like Barney's, and affirmed that he did. That it would clearly take all his wits to be able to keep on affirming it, that it might be touch and go, he didn't have the heart to say. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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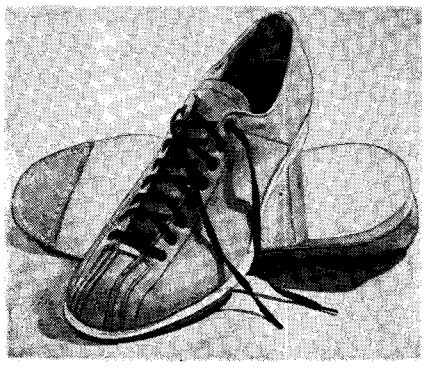

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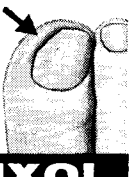

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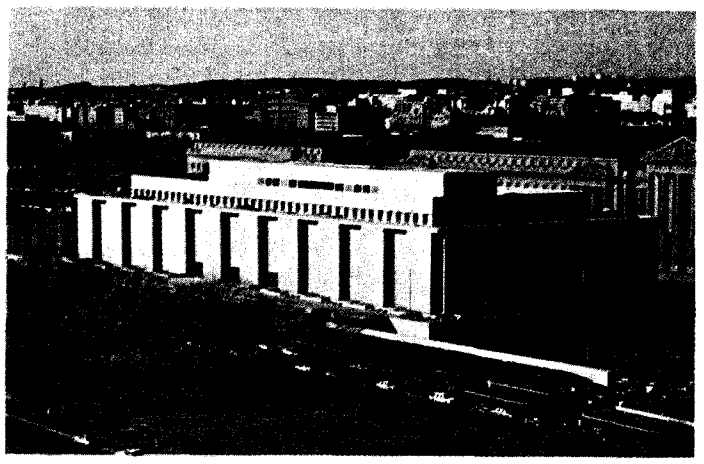
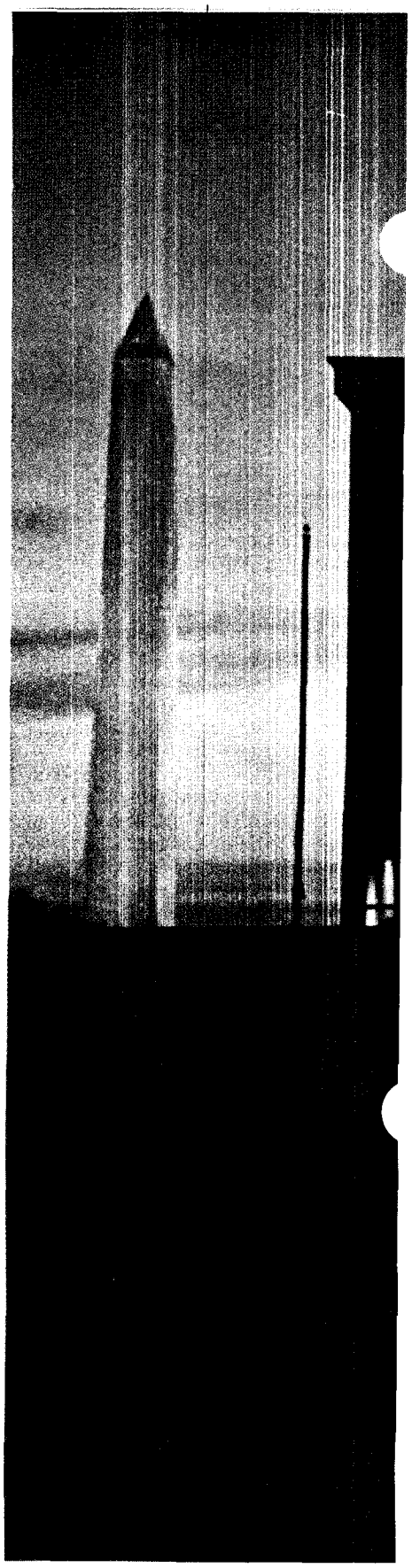


The Smithsonian's gleaming new Pantheon of patriotic knickknacks.

The Smithsonian Institution's glossy new home may be an architectural dud, but Smithsonian buffs care only that their beloved clutter has come through the perils of another housecleaning.

BY ANNE CHAMBERLIN
Photographs by Robert Smallman



Workmen struggled for eleven days

The year is young, but the citizens of Washington, D.C., have already been through a lot. The Mayflower Hotel cigar stand ran out of Schimmelpenninck cigars; someone backed a truck over the clock in front of Stein's Clothing Store on F Street, so you have to walk two blocks to find out what time it is; and Eastern Airlines raised the shuttle fare, making it cost a dollar more to escape to New York. This is the kind of erosion that gradually undermines an entire way of life. But even though the town has acquired an edge of wariness, no one was really braced for the news that *they had shuffled things around at the Smithsonian*—in fact, shuffled a good many things straight across the Mall into a new, streamlined, two-block-long, $36 million Museum of History and Technology.

There had been warning signs, of course. In the dark of night of November 21, 1961, an inordinately big flatbed trailer truck was observed crawling furtively along Constitution Avenue with a 132-ton Southern Railway locomotive loaded in the back. For 11 consecutive days thereafter men could be seen trying to shove the thing into the basement of the pale-marble monument that had been inexorably rising higher and higher out of an enormous hole across from the Labor Department ever since 1959. Some citizens had surmised that this vast bleached box was being built to store the wheat surplus closer to Congress. They now figured that old steam engines were being tossed in the bottom as ballast. But almost no one suspected the men were down there rearranging our whole national sense of continuity and well-being.

Mark Twain may have called the Smithsonian a "poor, mildewed old fossil," and some people say it's the Nation's Attic, but to most of the 13 million mesmerized men, women and children who pass through its magic portals each year, he who tampers with this combination filing case, family album and treasured bureau drawer tampers with trouble. In Washington you could dismantle the White House and mail it stone by stone to Williamsburg, Va., but "streamlining" the delicious clutter of the Smithsonian is a call to the barricades.

Once the news was out, 543,943 people—more than fought their way past the Mona Lisa—went to the new place the first Sunday it was open to see what happens when you clean out the old storeroom and spread it around in eight acres of display space. A meeting of national museum directors called this modernized clutter center "an exciting new building," and a man from the Buffalo *Courier-Express* pronounced it a "fun place," but otherwise it started a winter of discontent. Ada Louise Huxtable sourly reported in *The New York Times* that it was a "disaster," where "marble has been substituted for imagination."

Background for slobs

"Our own generation," the *Times's* Russell Baker mourned, "is unable to build a shelter worthy of housing what the old people have left us." In the Washington *Post* Wolf Von Eckardt called the interior "horrible" and went on to declare, "Women in shorts and curlers will not look out of place."

But marble cannot overpower, nor chromium escalators outshine the objects within. The Star-Spangled Banner that waved from Fort McHenry during the bombardment of Baltimore in the War of 1812—its seams carefully reinforced by tape from behind—already hangs 50 feet long in a two-floor display near the pendulum that demonstrates the earth's rotation. The flag is constantly bathed by a soft current of filtered air to keep off the dust. No previous Smithsonian space was big enough to show it unfolded in full grandeur.

Beyond, wearing Greek sandals and bare to the waist, gazing with wild surmise down an echoing corridor, sits the 14½-ton Italian marble statue of George Washington by Horatio Greenough. It is a hopeful sign of national stability that we are allowed to view this statue at all. In the 1840's, when it first reached Washington as a new ornament for the Capitol, it so shocked the citizenry that it was hauled away in disgrace, finally fetching up in the Smithsonian. Greenough, chipping away in his studio in Florence, had wanted to make Washington look like Phidias's statue of Zeus. But those well-known patrons of classical art who occupy the Capitol said that to put the thing in the Rotunda "will only give the idea of entering or leaving a bath." It took three weeks to jack it up and haul it to our new downtown Parthenon.

To give the Smithsonian curators and exhibit designers their due, the displays in this building are neater, cleaner and more instructive than before. But the feeling is loose among Smithsonian buffs that this newest addition to the ceremonial tombs along Constitution Avenue will never be as much fun.

In the Smithsonian's older buildings there are still enough old piano legs showing to give a sense of the fathomless accumulations behind the scenes. When an awed citizenry stands before the African bush elephant ("exceeding any other known elephant by 12 inches") in the front hall of the Natural History Building, there is splendor in knowing that this is but one of 325,000 mammal specimens in the Smithsonian collection. The giant clam (*Tridacna gigas*) on show below the 92-foot model of a blue whale (the world's biggest one-piece job of reinforced plastic) is but one of the Smithsonian's more than 10 million mollusks. The Smithsonian collection of 16 million insects, including 117,000 scientifically catalogued ants, is second only to that of the British Museum and closing in fast. Crates of new bugs from the South Pacific have just arrived.

Even those who can't tell a robin from a canary find it a sobering thing to gaze upon the tufted puffin, the blue-faced booby, the motmot or the resplendent trogon, and realize that these constitute but the barest tail feather of the Smithsonian's collection of half a million birds, eggs and nests. In the Smithsonian bird wing you can find that the dodo isn't the only bird we've crowded off the planet. The California condor is marked for ex-

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all the museum's most unwieldy exhibit, this 132-ton locomotive, now spectacularly on show behind the illuminated windows of the Hall of Railroads.

tinction too. As a lady visitor remarked the other day, "It must be all that bad air from Los Angeles."

The Smithsonian dinosaur situation is, of course, in a class by itself. It took three men seven years to clean the skeleton of the great 135-million-year-old Diplodocus that stretches the length of the main hall of reptile fossils in the Natural History Building, and the reconstructed beast is now set off in true Smithsonian style by one huge, isolated leg bone lying at its feet. "If you want to be able to tell your friends that you touched a dinosaur bone," says a sign nearby, "here is your chance." For the benefit of those who have missed this thrill, it feels like a rough, brown concrete paving block.

The Smithsonian is forever reminding people that it is not just a storehouse of oddities. It also runs the Astrophysical Observatory in Cambridge, Mass., and 12 satellite-tracking stations around the world, plus the Freer Gallery of American and Oriental Art, the National Collection of Fine Arts, the National Portrait Gallery, the National Gallery of Art, the United States National Museum, the International Exchange Service and the Bureau of American Ethnology. Eventually it will run the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. The Smithsonian also manages the National Zoo, which recently presented President Sukarno with four white whistling swans and four wood ducks, while he gave the zoo two live Komodo dragons—a swap which may be put down as one of the few wholly successful international exchanges of 1964. It has sponsored more than 2,000 scientific expeditions. It staffs a tropical-disease research center on an island in the Panama Canal and has researchers and scientists constantly burrowing in the crannies of human knowledge all over the world. But to its most passionate admirers, the Smithsonian is mainly marvelous as a monument to the grandeur of THINGS. Moving these around makes the Republic nervous.

Frankly, the new marble box only reinforces the feeling that the first building was the best. Designed by James Renwick Jr., who did Grace Church and St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City, the old building has been called the "first Romanesque 12th-century-style building ever erected in this country for nonecclesiastical uses." It is a marvelous soaring tangle of red crenellated turrets, tall leaded windows and vaulted archways that is to this day one of the wonders of downtown Washington. It rises out of the swampy flats of the Mall as Chartres towers out of the rolling plains of the Beauce. Started in 1847, it is a pinnacle of Victorian architectural exuberance, from which Washington has been sliding downhill ever since.

An early fire destroyed many of the first exhibits, including 150 paintings of American Indians and a marble copy of the Dying Gladiator, but it wasn't long before the Smithsonian's collection of minerals, fossils, rocks, animals, plants and papers began to spill over and require a second building—another giddy and imaginative creation, this time in red brick, trimmed in iridescent blue. It was finished in 1881 in time to house the inaugural reception and ball of President Garfield. (The dress Mrs. Garfield wore for the occasion is to be seen in one of the new glassed-in enclosures in the First Ladies' Hall of the new building.) Lindbergh's *The Spirit of St. Louis* still dangles from the ceiling there, and Lindbergh once had to climb up into the cockpit to check his gas-consumption records. He had jotted the figures down on the instrument panel and needed them for a book he was writing.

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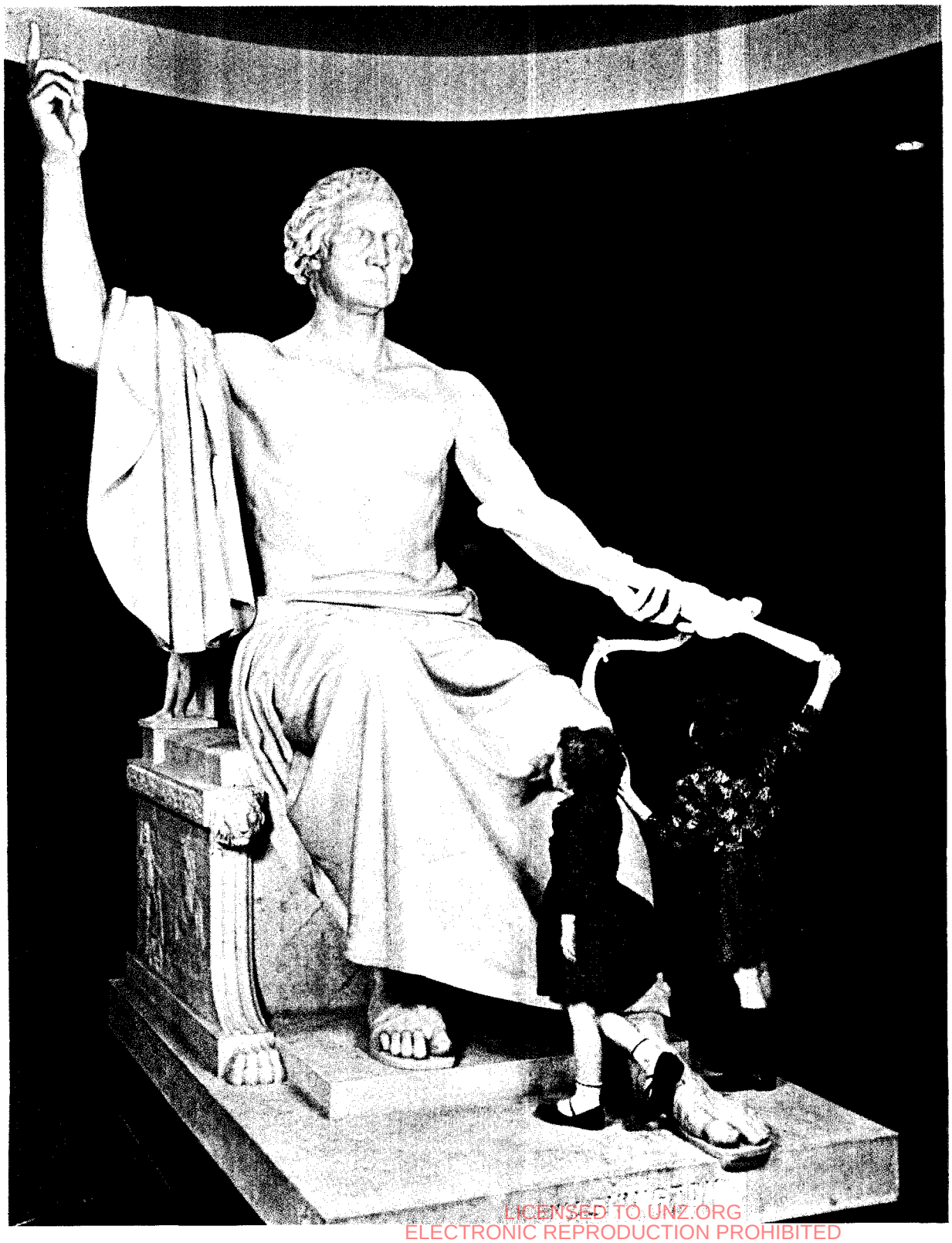
Seated in plastic, mannequin members of a political parade wait to be set up in the Hall of Historic Americans.

EVEN THE PRESIDENT FLUFFS THE SMITHSONIAN'S REAL NAME.



◀ *In the 1840's this statue of Washington was banished for its classical nudity.*

Smithsonian Institution

An entire sect of Smithsonian communicants is particularly devoted to this building and needs to be repeatedly assured that the old juxtapositions are still in place. Does *The Spirit of St. Louis* still fly silently above the case containing Colonel Lindbergh's flying suit, maps and Feen-A-Mint box? Does General Sheridan's horse, Winchester, stand poised with right front hoof upraised behind plate glass, within sight of George Washington's Army mess kit and the slender black boots that General Grant stood in to take General Lee's surrender at Appomattox? Is the $10,000 bill still safe in its case? And the Ingersoll $1.00 watch? The cigar-store Indian?

Those who worry about this group of treasures face a racking period of uncertainty. Eventually, except for the airplanes, which will go to the projected National Air Museum, the whole lot will be bundled over into the marble hall—a process that will take another four years. The place of these treasures in the old building will be taken by a collection of live curators, who will set up their offices among the ghosts of vanished knickknacks.

In this time of anxiety, it is reassuring to recall that the Smithsonian has weathered storms before. When James Smithson, illegitimate son of the 1st Duke of Northumberland, who had never even seen this country, left his entire fortune to the United States "to found at Washington an Establishment, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," it took Congress months to decide it was all right for this country to accept money from an Englishman—even a dead one—and 11 years to decide what to do with it. A lot of people still haven't got the name straight. The most recent offender was President Lyndon B. Johnson, the Smithsonian's presiding officer *ex officio*, who stood before a vast company of Washington officials and blanching curators last January and dedicated the new building to "the Smithsonian *Institute*." (Mr. Smithson's will decreed *Institution* as the word.)

Dr. S. Dillon Ripley II, who took command of Smithson's many-splendored mansion as its eighth secretary last February, looks to Smithsonian addicts like the right fellow for the job. He has made eight expeditions in Southern Asia, the South Pacific, India and Nepal and served with the OSS in Ceylon. He is an ornithologist, historian and student of anthropology and archaeology. His writings range from books about the social life of Australian bowerbirds to a recent article on 17th-century chairs. His Tibetan may be a little rusty, but he has a grip on Malay, Hindustani, Dutch, French, Spanish and German. The other night he was seen at a formal reception wearing dinner jacket, black tie and a flaming pink shirt. He promises to "go hog wild to get back to first principles." This kind of behavior and talk is highly satisfying to a Smithsonian addict. Besides, we all know that if the going gets really rough for Skipper Ripley, he can always take himself over to the second floor of the Natural History Building, just beyond the Hope Diamond, and gaze into the world's largest known flawless quartz crystal ball, 12-and-seven-eighths inches in diameter, weighing 106 pounds. Can an anxious nation ask for more? THE END

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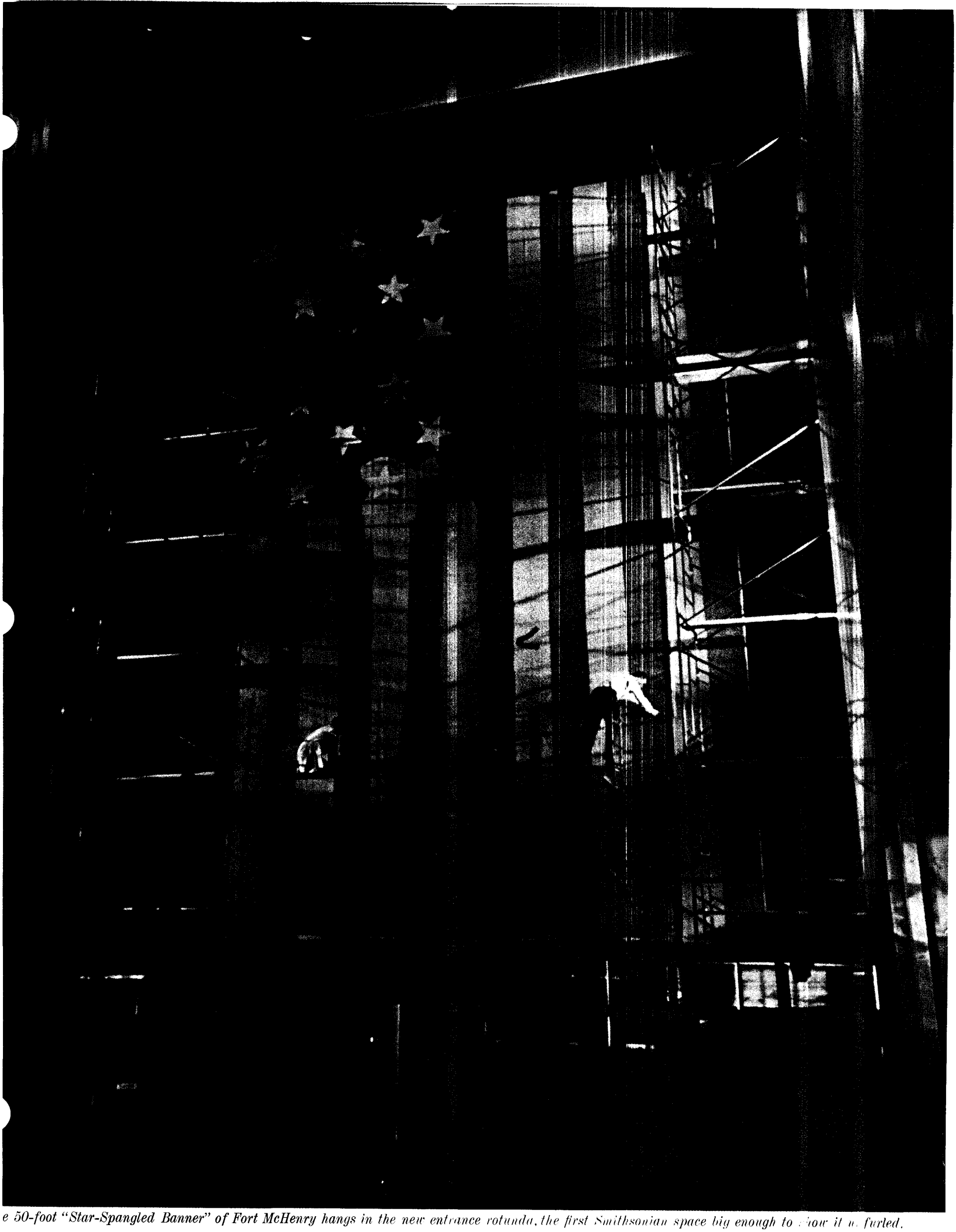

e 50-foot "Star-Spangled Banner" of Fort McHenry hangs in the new entrance rotunda, the first Smithsonian space big enough to show it unfurled.

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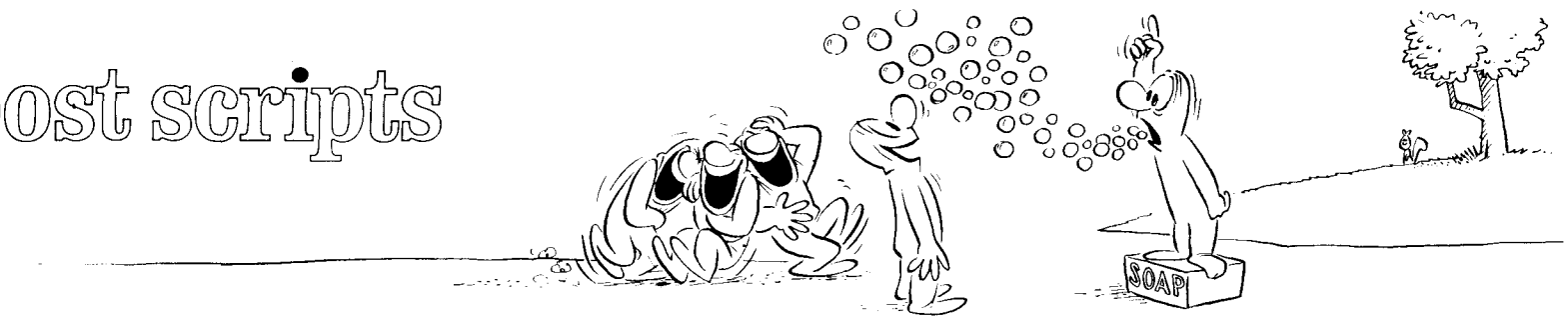
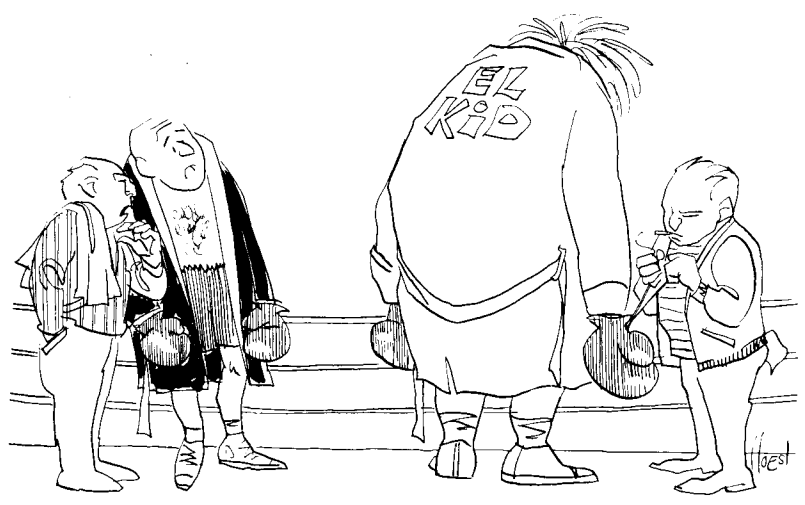
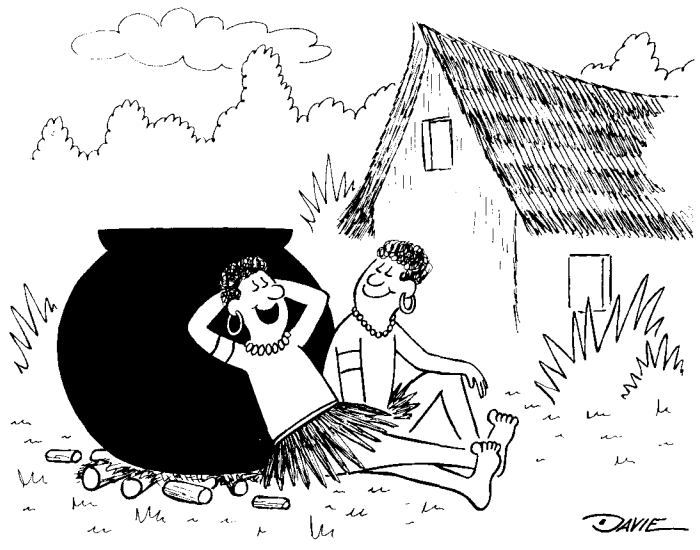
post scripts

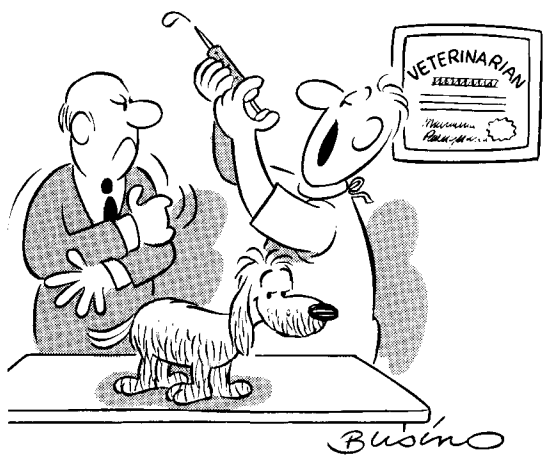




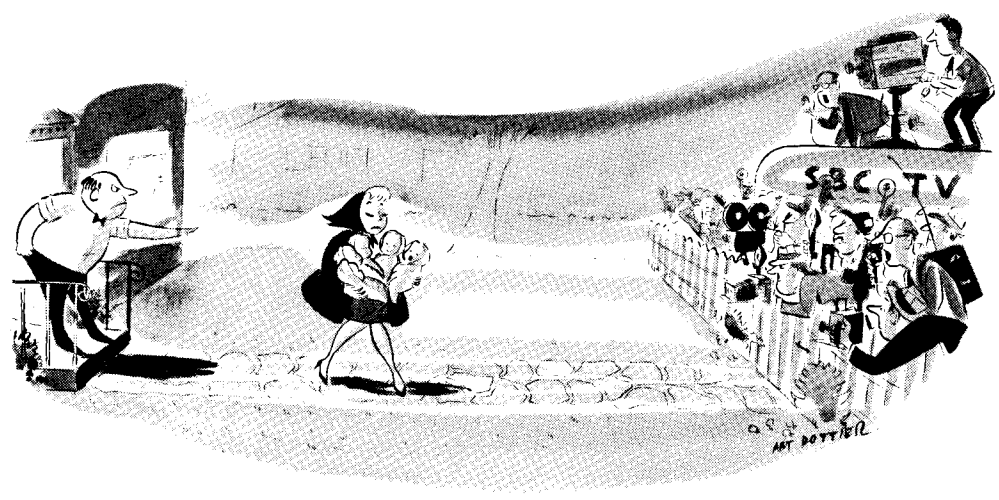
"Try to get in a sneak punch during the rules discussion."



"Oh, missionaries are OK, I guess. But I like Peace Corpsmen better—they always help us build the fire."



"Try to hold him a little steadier this time."



"You're kidding!"

ODE TO A CODE

We grow number by the numbers
As each agency encumbers
  Us with figures to replace our natal names,
And we fidget with the digits
Feeling quite prodigious idjits
  As we stumble through those rigid numbers games.

You might liefer be a lifer
Than confined within a cipher,
  But the pressures, ever rifer, intervene
To reduce your rage to umbrage
And identity to numbrage
  So that mankind can be managed by machine.

Every alphabet's archaic—
Roman, Arabic, Hebraic—
  Full of kinks that goad computers to explode;
Though your sentimental nature
Tends to cling to nomenclature,
  Up-to-date yourself and zip into a code.

FELICIA LAMPORT

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We call them tiger paws because they're standard equipment on the wildest thing in Detroit: Pontiac's new GTO.

But you can get a set for your car too.

They look like tires, of course. They go on like tires. And the official name sounds like a tire: U.S. Royal Super Safety 800.

There the resemblance ends. Because a tiger's paw will do more for your car than a regular tire will. Much more.

It's been tested at a sustained speed of 120 miles an hour without a failure.

It handles like a dream at high speeds. It responds quickly. No, *eagerly*. It's sure-footed, and it has an instinct for cornering.

But here's what really made Pontiac pick it as the paw for their tiger: It gives you the high-speed safety margin and the controlled feel of a sports car tire without the discomfort. No spine-jarring *thunkety thunk* every time you go over an expansion strip in the road.

Drive in to any U.S. Royal dealer and have him equip your car with a set of tiger paws.

It sounds like a collector's item, but a tiger's paw will only cost you two or three dollars more than you'd pay for a regular original equipment tire.

U.S.Royal®

©U.S. Rubber Tire Co. / Canada: Dominion Royal Tires

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Nationwide Insurance announces a marvelous new medicine for sick people:

Cash.

What a lovely get-well shade of green it is—the cash you get with a Nationwide income protection plan. Nationwide will pay you as much as $230 a week, *no matter what other medical insurance you may have.* Read how we'll also help you pay those *big* medical bills your ordinary health insurance won't cover.

SUPPOSE you were hurt, or sick, and couldn't get to work. How long would your company keep on paying you? Three weeks? Six weeks? Twelve weeks? Or no weeks at all?*

Nationwide has a number of income protection plans that eliminate this worry. They make sure you'll be able to pay the rent and other bills when you're laid up and can't work.

Cash to replace lost income—up to $230 a week.

These income protection plans are not like most health insurance you may know. They don't pay doctors or hospitals or anyone else. They pay *you.*

Doesn't matter how much other medical insurance you may have, or if your other insurance pays *all* your medical bills. Doesn't matter if you're still drawing pay from your company, or Workmen's Compensation.

Nationwide pays *you* the money. *It's tax-free.* And you can spend it any way you want to.

You can get a Nationwide income protection plan that pays you anywhere from $50 a month to $230 a *week.* You can set up the plan to start the first day you get hurt. Or you can time it to begin when your other sick pay ends—this lowers your premium. Now let's talk about costs.

Need $100 a month? $200? $400? Here's about what it costs.

Is this kind of insurance expensive? Judge for yourself. Here's what a plan that would pay a man $100 a month *for the rest of his life* might cost:

If you're 25, you might pay only $3.40 a month.
If you're 35, you might pay only $4.20 a month.
If you're 45, you might pay only $5.60 a month.

**Amazing fact:* Three out of ten working Americans have *no* protection against loss of income. Most of those who *are* insured get only one-fourth to one-third of their incomes and they lose their benefits after only 13 weeks. Yet for every $3 we spend yearly on medical bills ($19.6 billion total in 1960) we're out *another* $2 in lost wages and salaries ($13.6 billion total).

Need more than $100 a month—say, $400? To see how much it would cost you, just multiply the monthly price for your age group by *four.*

You'll notice we say, "might," when we quote prices. The only honest figures we can give you are *average* figures. The kind of work you do, the state of your health, other factors, can move you up or down a little on the price scale.

A Nationwide agent can tell you about income protection plans that fit any budget and pay just about any amount you decide you'll need for as long as you need it—from one year to *life.*

Cash to pay the big bills—as much as $12,000 and more.

Another thing you'll want to discuss with a Nationwide Insurance agent is our new hospital and surgical coverage. It will help you pay your medical bills up to $12,000—sometimes even more.

It can pay for a $25-a-day hospital room for 365 days. That's more than *$9,000.*

It can pay as much as *$500* for major surgery.

It can help pay for iron lungs, physiotherapy, anesthetics, operating rooms, medications—even treatment for *mental* illness, under certain conditions. (Many plans *won't* cover mental illness.)

How much would coverage like this cost the average man?

If you're 25, you might pay only $8.01 a month.
If you're 35, you might pay only $9.28 a month.
If you're 45, you might pay only $11.00 a month.

NOTE: Family medical coverage is a specialty with Nationwide. You can add all your kids to a plan like this, *whether you've got two or 20,* for just $11.39 more a month. If you're a one-child family, add him to the plan for just $5.69 a month more.

And Nationwide hospital and surgical coverage is *guaranteed renewable for life* at prevailing rates. You can fire us any time, but we can't fire you.

Pays for all medical costs above deductible amount—not just 75 percent.

You can buy this insurance with either $50 or $100 deductible amounts. (The prices above are for our $100 deductible plan.) That means you pay the first $50 or $100 and Nationwide will pay all the rest of the medical costs.

And we mean *all* the rest covered by the policy. Not just 75 percent of the amount above deductible, as many plans pay.

Make sure you'll have cash to pay the big bills and make up for lost paydays. The way to begin: talk with a Nationwide agent soon. You'll find us listed in the Yellow Pages, under "Insurance."

Nationwide Life Insurance Co.
Home Office: Columbus, Ohio.

Nationwide Insurance

The name again—Nationwide Insurance

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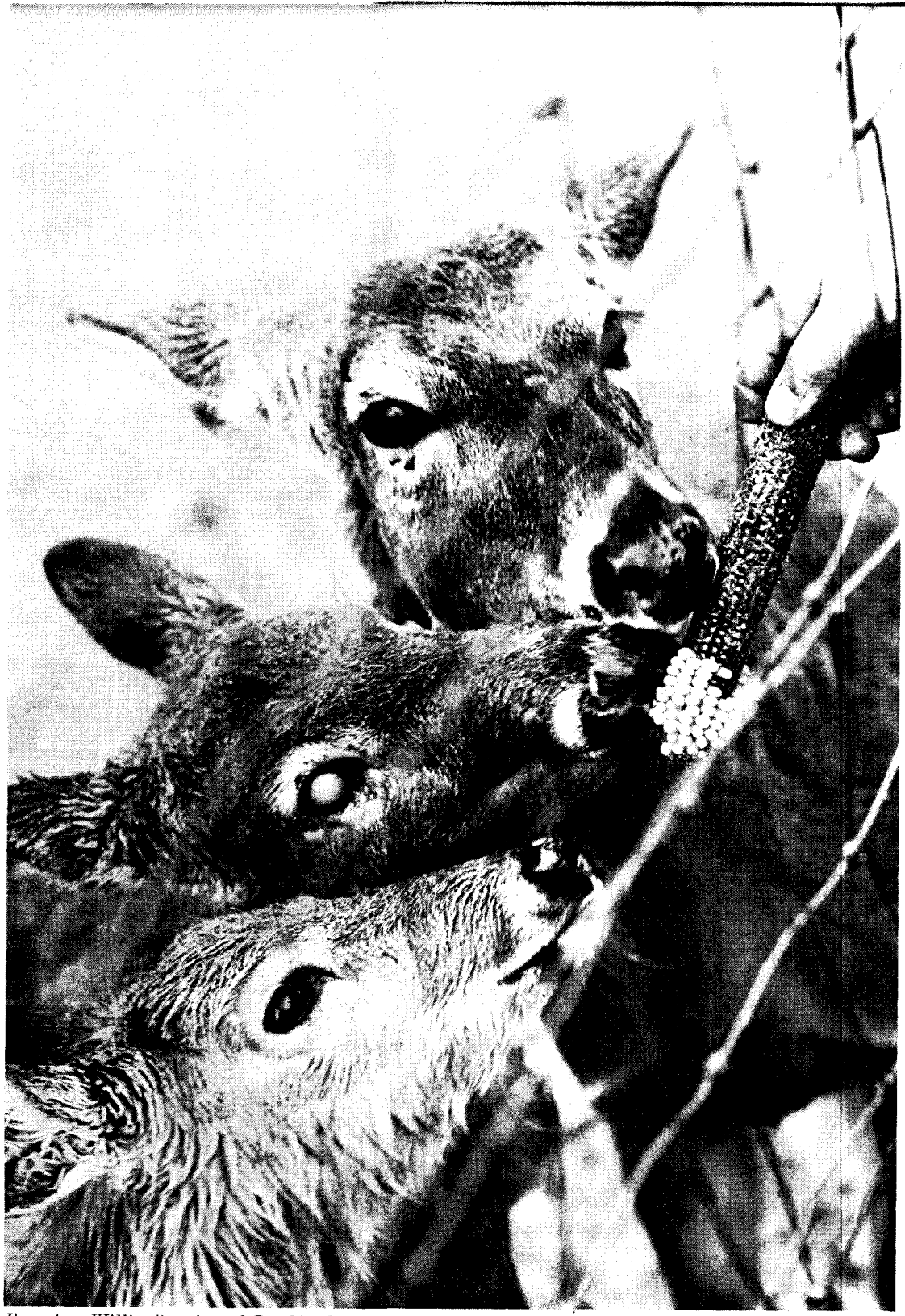

From top: Willie, Bonnie and Bambi nibble corn. Once helped by Willie, Bonnie now finds her food by smell.

THE FAWN WAS BLIND, FROM A BLIND MOTHER, AND HIS CHANCES WERE VERY SLIM.

A NEW LIFE FOR A BLIND DEER

BY GEORGES CAROUSSO

The baby deer was so small that at first Bill White thought it was a dog. It was huddling near the pen in which he kept the big buck, Willie, and White quickly scooped up the tiny creature and started back toward his house. As the fawn trembled in his arms he talked softly to it, wondering that the animal had survived at all. It was, he figured, no more than three days old.

White has been caring for animals ever since he was a child, and his wife and seven-year-old daughter were not surprised to see him bring another one into the house. They quickly found a small empty cardboard carton, sprinkled it with shredded newspapers, and placed the tiny brown fawn inside. She tried to stand, but her spindly legs collapsed beneath her. White warmed a baby bottle full of milk and held it in front of the fawn's face. Her nostrils quivered, but she did not move. Frowning, he pressed the nipple against her mouth and watched as she sucked hungrily.

He sensed it that day and his fears grew as the days followed. When he first found Bonnie, as they called her, he noticed strange white spots in the centers of her eyes. Each time he brought a bottle to her bed she seemed unaware of the nipple until it had touched her mouth. Once he waved a handkerchief in front of her face, but she did not flinch. Finally he shone a flashlight in her eyes. She did not stir. The fawn was blind.

Nothing quite like this had ever happened to Bill White, a stocky, balding country grocer who had always had an easy way with wildlife. He grew up on a farm in Pennsylvania, and when he was married he had moved to the rolling wooded country near Elk Neck State Park in Maryland. One of the first things he did was to start his own menagerie. First he had only a pair of peacocks, some pheasants and a raccoon he found in a garbage can. Eventually he built his own home for animals on a clearing near his grocery store, and filled it with monkeys, sheep, honey bear, birds, European white fallow deer, snakes, groundhogs, a burro and two tame alligators named Alley and Oop. Each year the zoo is visited by 20,000 people who pay no admission, although the zoo does have a heart-shaped pool where a passerby can drop money. Bill donates all proceeds to charity. To him, the animals are a kind of cause, a vocation, and he devotes himself to their welfare.

Bonnie, the blind deer, took on a symbolic meaning for White and his wife. They had adopted their daughter, Carol Ann, when she was five days old, and they felt a special kinship for the helpless animal. The child seemed to feel the same way. A pretty girl with long braids and freckles, she began neglecting her former favorites—two raccoons, a fox and a black snake—to devote her time to the fawn.

For both White and his daughter the greatest fear was that the deer might die. From the moment he had found Bonnie she was sickly, her small body racked with a form of dysentery common among animals not being nursed by their mothers. She did not respond to medicines normally used for domestic animals, nor would cow's milk help her. In desperation, Bill made up a formula consisting of evaporated milk, egg white, lime water and vitamins.

An alarm clock would ring every three hours, day and night, and either Carol Ann or her father would press a bottle of the special formula into the fawn's mouth. For a month the baby doe fought for her life inside the box in the Whites' living room. Then the day came when she heard them coming and struggled to her feet, waiting expectantly for the nipple. At that moment they knew she would live.

No sooner had Bonnie recovered than White learned he might lose her. He knew he needed a permit from the Department of Game and Inland Fish to keep her, and he was afraid that if he didn't tell the state officials about Bonnie, someone else might.

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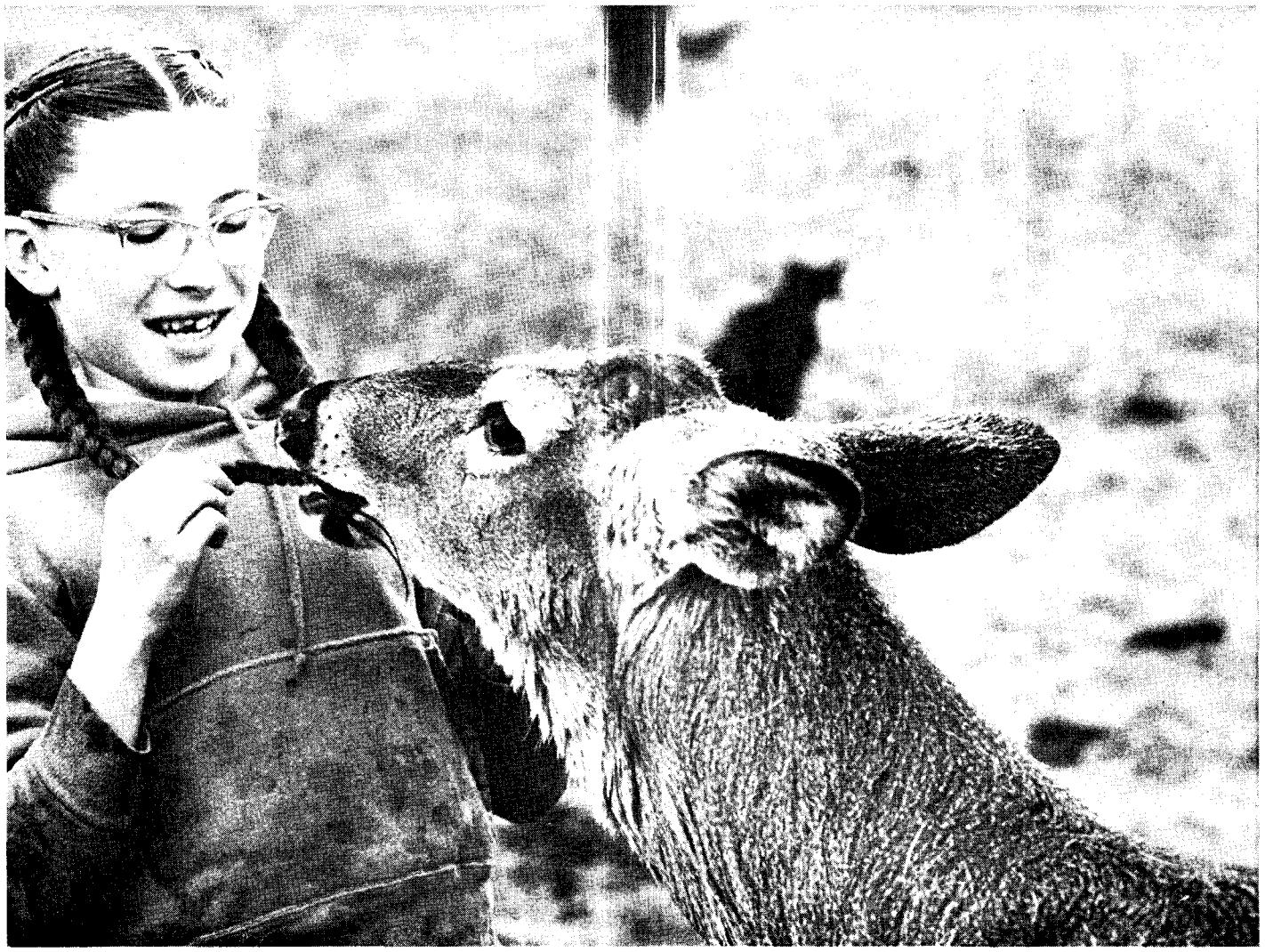

Willie, the 250-pound buck who nearly killed a man when his fawn was taken away for an operation, nibbles Carol Ann's pigtails.

NOBODY KNEW ABOUT THE OPERATION BECAUSE NOBODY HAD DONE IT.

The Blind Deer

Following a letter from White, the local game wardens came to investigate. Their answer was a death sentence. The officials decided that the Whites could not care for her properly and that since she was blind the only humane act was to destroy her. Heartbroken, White appealed to Maryland's Governor J. Millard Tawes, who wrote on August 11, 1961, that Bonnie had been given a full pardon. The deer had been saved again.

As the weather grew warmer, either Bill or Carol Ann would take Bonnie to a nearby meadow for exercise. In the beginning they put her on a leash, but they soon found she could follow their voices and scent, so they let her run free. Once Bonnie lost Bill's scent and panicked. She began wheeling around in tight little circles, bleating for help. Bill called to her by making a familiar scraping noise with his foot and she ran to him, huddling for comfort against his leg.

Despite her blindness, Bonnie led an unusually free life. Since she would follow Bill and Carol Ann everywhere, she was allowed to play around the house and in the grocery store. At times she would startle customers by stealing candy from Bill's counter. Once she caused a passing motorist to swerve across the road in amazement when he saw her trotting alongside White as he cut the lawn with his power mower.

When she was two months old, the Whites decided to place the frisky deer in the buck's pen. Willie immediately sensed her blindness. He would gently nudge her with his shoulder, leading her to her food. Though she continued her playful ways, the fawn quickly became attached to Willie, seldom wandering from his side except for occasional romps in the meadow with Carol Ann.

While the deer seemed content, Bill White occasionally wondered whether there was any way of curing Bonnie's blindness. One day when she was five months old a physician visiting the zoo told the Whites that he believed the doe had cataracts and that an operation might restore her sight.

A hit-and-run driver

White began checking with local veterinarians, most of whom were skeptical. One of them, however, told him to contact Dr. Lionel F. Rubin, a young instructor at the University of Pennsylvania's School of Veterinary Medicine and one of the few specialists in animal eye surgery. Doctor Rubin agreed to look, but there was no way for Bill to transport the deer 50 miles away to Kennett Square, Pa., where the doctor worked. Because deer are high-strung, Bonnie could become crazed with fear unless she were injected with tranquilizers, and White did not know how to give them. He hoped to convince Doctor Rubin to make the trip.

While the Whites were still trying to figure out this problem, a visitor left the deer pen open, and Bonnie and Willie wandered out onto the highway. A speeding car hit both of them and then roared off. Terrified, Willie fled into the woods. Bonnie, her face slashed and bleeding, wandered in a dazed circle, her quivering nostrils seeking some familiar scent.

Bill White, called by the neighbors, rushed onto the road. He talked softly to Bonnie, then placed his hand under her nose and led her back to her pen. After Bonnie safely reached the enclosure, Bill began to tremble. If the doe had panicked and run, there would have been no way for Bill to catch her. "If I live to be a hundred," he said, "I'll never forget that quarter-of-a-mile walk." Three weeks later White found Willie in a nearby cornfield and brought him home. Luckily, neither deer was seriously injured.

A short time afterward Bonnie and Willie mated, and Doctor Rubin advised against any operation during the deer's pregnancy. In September, 1962, when Bonnie was 15 months old, she gave birth to a buck fawn with normal sight. Then, before Doctor Rubin could find an opportunity to come and examine the deer, Bonnie bred with Willie again. The second fawn, a buck, was born blind.

By now, almost three years had passed since the doctor had told the Whites that Bonnie might be made to see. A Philadelphia brewery heard about the deer and agreed to bring Doctor Rubin to the Whites and then, if a successful operation seemed possible, to transport the deer 50 miles to Kennett Square. One day last December, Doctor Rubin finally arrived. After setting up special lights, he helped Bill coax the deer to the side of the pen. While the doe and fawn nibbled on bananas, Doctor Rubin flashed light from one to the other. The inflammation in Bonnie's eyes had progressed to the point where her cornea was completely opaque. Her blindness had been progressive and time had run out. "I'm sorry," Doctor Rubin said. "There's nothing that can be done for her."

Carol Ann had been standing some distance away, her eyes fastened on her father. When she saw his expression, she knew there was no hope that the foundling deer would ever see. Overcome with grief, she ran behind the barn, not waiting to hear about Bambi, Bonnie's blind fawn.

"But the little one," the doctor continued, "has a chance."

One day in February, when the temperature dipped to 25 degrees and a cold wind blew through the snow-covered Maryland woods, a helicopter bearing Doctor Rubin and two assistants alighted on a field not far from White's zoo. Bill had already separated the deer, putting Willie and his first offspring in one pen, and the blind doe and buck in another. They stamped around nervously, suspiciously sniffing the air.

An attempt was made to seal them off in an even smaller enclosure by putting up wire mesh, but the hammering only made them panic. Blindly they flung themselves around the enclosure. Carol Ann, who had been trying to coax Bambi away from her mother, was nearly trampled. Finally one of the helpers was able to push Bambi to the ground, and Doctor Rubin injected the yearling with tranquilizers. They then placed the fawn inside a crate and loaded it into the waiting helicopter.

Just as the pilot was about to take off, a cry rang out. Hearing Bonnie bleating for her fawn, Willie leaped over the seven-foot fence that separated him from his mate and tried to gore one of White's helpers. Knocked to the ground, the man grabbed Willie's antlers. The 250-pound buck tried to shake him loose, angrily stamping in the snow, while the terrified man fought to keep the pointed horns from slashing him open. Finally White and two assistants were able to overpower the animal and lash him to a fence post. The helicopter departed, leaving a shaken group behind.

The next day, while the Whites waited anxiously in their Maryland home, Doctor Rubin prepared to operate on Bambi's right eye. Such delicate operations on wild animals are difficult and rare. To prevent surgical shock, he had to be extremely careful about the amount of anesthetic used. And little is known about how to perform eye operations on deer.

Working carefully, Rubin cut the lens from Bambi's right eye and removed it with a special bell-shaped suction cup he had designed himself. He worked silently for almost an hour, and even when he had finished he could not know whether he had succeeded. Finally, after 10 days had passed, he phoned the Whites in Maryland.

"The deer is fine," he said, "and there's a reasonable chance that he will be able to see shapes and forms." Later the Whites were able to confirm that the deer had gained his sight.

But for Bambi, the miracle had already happened. As soon as Bonnie sensed his return, she rushed to his side, joyfully licking his fur. And for the first time in his life, the wondering young buck looked up and saw the vague, soft outline of his mother's face. THE END

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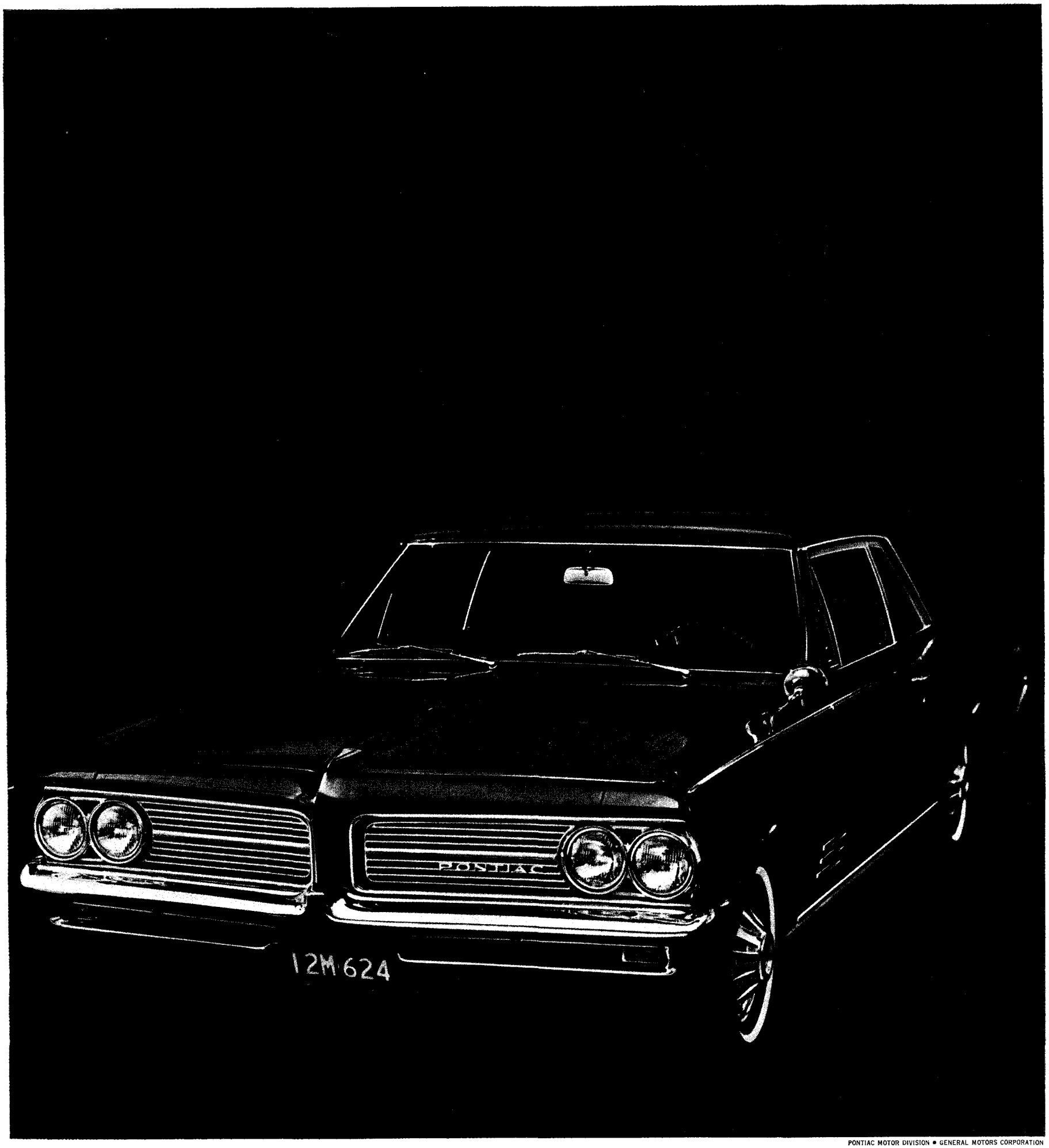

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Habit-breaker... for people who've been buying the same low-priced make time after time after time

There's nothing particularly wrong with buying the same old car all the time, but there's nothing particularly right with it either. Especially when you can get a Tempest. You see, Tempest is a big car in everything but price. It's longer, it's got a wider Wide-Track. A happy 6 comes standard (215 cubic inches, 140 horsepower) and it's as efficient as you'd expect a Pontiac to be. (That, friend, is efficient.) Let's you and us make a deal: you go down and see your Pontiac dealer, choose your favorite model from the seven Tempests —and we'll have it delivered before you can say, "How come I got stuck with the same old car again?" **WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC TEMPEST**

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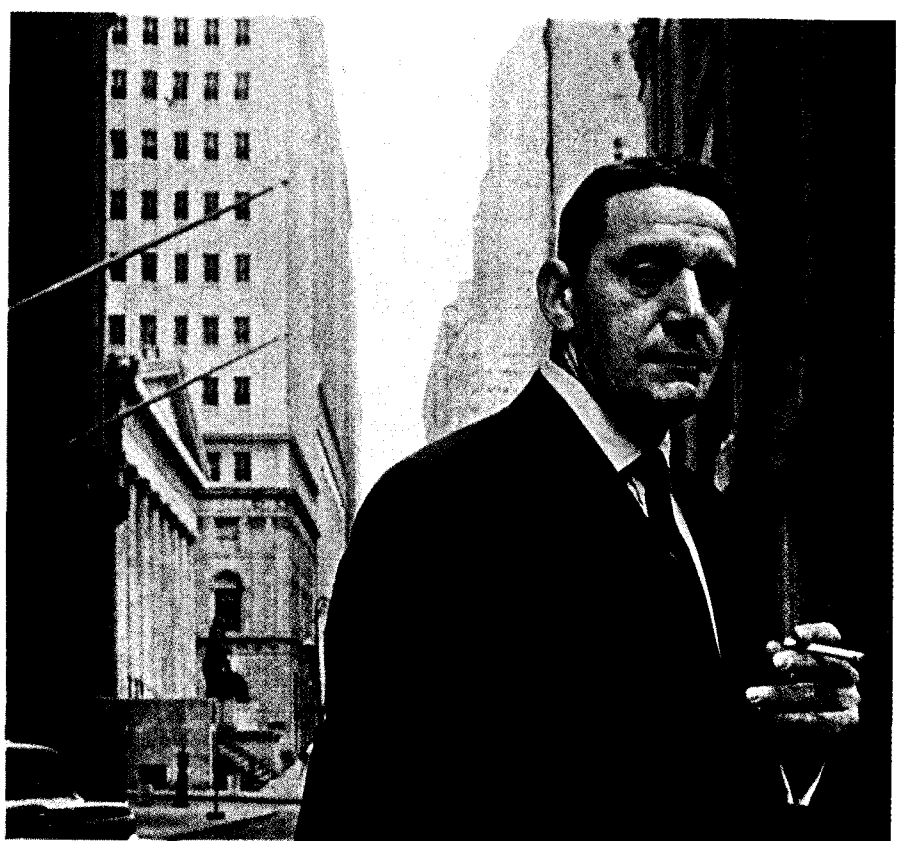
Chesterfield People:

They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)



Sidney Milan, stockbroker, New York

Howard G. Heaton, rancher, Arizona

Francelle Metzenberg, interior decorator, Illinois

If you like a mild smoke, but don't like filters, try today's Chesterfield King—mildest-tasting Chesterfield in 51 years. Vintage tobaccos—grown mild, aged mild, blended mild. Made to taste even milder through longer length. They satisfy!

CHESTERFIELD KING tastes great...yet it smokes so mild!

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Paralleling busy California highway, the five-eighths' scale Disneyland monorail looks like a swift, sleek solution to transit problems.

MONORAIL: A ONE-TRACK CONTROVERSY

By Joseph N. Bell

Believers argue that sky-hook railways can solve our urban transit dilemma by moving people faster and cheaper. Not everyone agrees—especially in Los Angeles, where monorail has been in a fight for its life.

On July 4, 1912, a Burbank, Calif., apricot grower named Joe Fawkes invited a group of public officials and potential investors to his ranch to ride on a propeller-driven monorail system he had invented. The visitors came, ate Joe's food, rode on his one-track railroad (which performed admirably well on a quarter-mile test course), listened while he explained that his 60-mph car could make the trip from Burbank to Los Angeles in 10 minutes and left, completely unconvinced. Joe's monorail, abandoned to the attacks of rust and curious children, was carted away for junk.

Fifty years later, in 1963, essentially the same idea was proposed to the Los Angeles Metropolitan Transit Authority. It was received with about the same degree of enthusiasm.

Two monorail companies were asked to show what their trains could do for the city that has more cars and less public transportation than any other metropolis in the United States. They were, in effect, invited to translate their slick architectural drawings into practical, dollars-and-cents proposals. Result: One plan was rejected and the other was abandoned—even though M.T.A. engineers estimate a rapid-transit system will cost Los Angeles $75 million more for each year of delay.

The arguments which were raised both for and against monorail are likely to be rehashed in dozens of other American cities. The Stanford Research Institute estimates that in the next two decades 20 metropolitan areas will have to spend a total of $10 billion for rapid-transit equipment and construction. Understandably, a good many people with handy answers to transit problems are trying to nose into this trough. And right in the forefront is monorail—pie-in-the-sky enough to catch the public fancy but also practical enough to demand serious consideration.

The monorail trains of today, which their supporters believe to be the last, best hope for solving America's transit problems, are made up of sleek, light-weight cars that ride on—or are suspended from—a single track 25 feet above the ground. After reaching their train via escalator, the passengers recline in molded fiber-glass seats and gaze out large picture windows as electric power shoots them from station to station at 90 miles per hour. It sounds wonderful, and on the few monorails that now exist, it is.

But all is not rosy; monorail's opponents are loud and determined, and they have some valid arguments. First, the monorail is not like any other track now in use, so this system cannot be joined with any existing system or run over any existing lines. Second, building a monorail underground (to avoid right-of-way problems) costs just as much, if not more, than boring for a conventional subway. And third, there are complex switching and storage problems. The maze of tracks and switches that are characteristic of train maintenance yards would be

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One-track Controversy

cumbersome and complex for the bulky—three feet by five feet—beams that support monorail trains. ("And where the hell," asked a transit engineer, "are they going to put their yards—on a skyhook somewhere?")

Monorail also faces difficulties in evacuating passengers who might be trapped between stations by a power failure. The eight-mile downtown-to-airport line, which is now being built in Tokyo for the Olympic Games, solved this by recessing a chute in the underside of the monorail cars which the passengers can slide down to safety.

But monorail's supporters can point to some impressive advantages. First, it can be built and put into operation much more quickly than conventional transit systems. In addition, it can be built over congested areas without disrupting traffic or seriously obstructing visibility; its operation is quiet and smooth; it is relatively cheap to build and safe to operate. (Of eight million World's Fair passengers, only one filed an accident claim against the Seattle monorail.)

According to a poll taken in 1963 by the Los Angeles *Times*, 62 percent of that city's residents would like to give monorail a try. Perhaps it is the artists' drawings of cities of the future, which invariably include great networks of shiny cars speeding passengers across the sky, but the idea has always had appeal for harried commuters in all congested metropolitan areas. Certainly some form of rapid transit is necessary to get people out of their automobiles and off the clogged highways, and despite a continuous series of rebuffs, the monorail fans still hope their system will win out.

Monorail is neither new nor revolutionary. It even predates Joe Fawkes, who may have had the first monorail in Burbank but certainly not in the world. There was a horse-drawn monorail operating in France as far back as 1896, and a piece of an Irish railroad ran suspended from a single rail from 1888 to 1924. However, Exhibit A for well over 50 years has been an eight-mile line at Wuppertal, Germany—the world's only commercially successful line until the monorail built for the Seattle Fair. Since 1901 the Wuppertal monorail has carried a billion passengers without a serious accident.

More recently, a wealthy Swedish industrialist named Axel Wenner-Gren dreamed of revolutionizing public transportation with dozens of Alweg—a contraction of his name—monorail systems in cities all over the world. As it turned out, Wenner-Gren had to settle for considerably less. After building a test line for a suspended monorail in Cologne, Germany, he switched to the straddle type to lick the problem of excessive sway at high speeds. His first and only commercial sale was to Disneyland, U.S.A., but he died before this line—five eighths' scale and recently lengthened to 2.5 miles—was completed.

Since its founder's death, Alweg—spurred by a slight, blond, fiftyish promoter named Sixten Holmquist—has stepped up its marketing efforts. Its major accomplishment thus far has been the highly successful Seattle line.

In 1961 Seattle decided on a monorail to carry passengers from downtown to the fairgrounds, but the city had no money with which to build it. At the same time, Alweg wanted a prototype monorail line it could show off to prospective customers, and Seattle seemed to fill the bill. When Alweg offered to line up financing for the 1.2-mile line and take its chances on repayment out of fares, plus a 25-cent override on each Fair ticket, Seattle jumped at the deal. Thus the monorail would cost Seattle nothing—and Alweg even agreed to tear it down or turn it over to the city when the Fair was over.

The Seattle monorail turned out to be successful beyond even the dreams of its promoters. The entire cost of building the line—$4.2 million—was recouped in six months. From then until June 3, 1963, when Alweg gave the monorail to the Civic Center Corp. of Seattle, the profits (Alweg won't say how much) piled in. Today the Seattle monorail continues to carry enough passengers to pay modest operating expenses and return a handsome profit to its new owners, even though the Space Needle and restaurant are the only attractions left at the Fair site.

The enthusiasm of Seattle toward its monorail is infectious. Typical is Paul Seibert, head of a downtown business association, who says, "We realize this is the Model T of monorail, but even so, it is a heck of a lot better than most of us anticipated. It's our Eiffel Tower. People actually come all the way to Seattle just to ride the monorail."

Such comments are heady stuff for the residents of Los Angeles, mired in traffic jams and money problems. They have been offered an alternate plan—but the cost is staggering. The M.T.A., which is charged with planning rapid transit for all of Los Angeles County, has proposed a "backbone" system that includes 19 miles of expensive subway (through heavily congested downtown areas), 38 miles of elevated track and seven miles of surface lines—all for conventional trains operating on steel rails. The total cost of the package is $649 million, requiring a yearly debt cost of $33 million—about $11 million more than could be expected to come in through the fare box.

While M.T.A. scrounged about for means of raising this money, the two monorail companies were translating their drawings into firm plans.

Alweg, fresh from its Seattle triumph, proposed to build a 43-mile, $187.5 million monorail that would parallel three fourths of the M.T.A.'s proposed backbone route and would be financed by selling M.T.A. revenue bonds to private investors. Revenues were expected to be sufficient to meet monthly payments on the debt. The proposal, which was contingent upon obtaining the necessary rights-of-way, sounded highly attractive to Los Angeles taxpayers, who would theoretically get their new transit line without ponying up a cent of tax money.

Alweg's opponents immediately hopped on the weak spot: What happens, they asked, if fare-box revenues *don't* come up to expectations? Who pays the difference? When public hearings were held, M.T.A. chairman A. J. Eyraud further blasted the proposal: "The Alweg people insist on building overhead systems in areas where it is neither wanted nor warranted. Their proposals are not feasible. They offer no magic solutions, either in a rapid-transit system or its financing. We can no longer waste time in reviewing proposals that do not even approach the solution to our requirements."

Undaunted, the Goodell Monorail Systems also made a proposal to Los Angeles. This company wanted to build a 90-mph suspended monorail line, from downtown to the airport. Goodell also proposed to finance its system by M.T.A. bonds, which would be secured wholly by potential fare-box revenues and would involve no tax money. The Goodell plan envisioned service to the airport at six minute intervals; the 17-mile trip to take 12 minutes in air-conditioned, automated, nonstop coaches. Goodell estimated that the line could be built and in operation within 18 months of the time that all right-of-way obstacles were cleared.

While Alweg's Los Angeles hopes were summarily executed, the Goodell proposal was nagged to death. According to M.T.A. officials, cities along the route delayed right-of-way clearances, the airlines vacillated over whether or not they wanted a downtown terminal, and the State Highway Division delayed consideration of monorail freeway clearances. The M.T.A. showed little enthusiasm for the battles required to overcome these obstacles, and after a year of utter frustration, George Cantelo, Goodell's vice president in Los Angeles, found another public body that was interested: the Los Angeles Department of Airports. Airport manager Francis Fox now says that right-of-way negotiations are well advanced and prospects are good for construction of a downtown airport terminal and a monorail line to connect it with the airport within two years—without the participation of the M.T.A.

Despite Goodell's success, Ernest Gerlach, chief engineer of the M.T.A., believes without equivocation that monorails cannot do the job in Los Angeles.

"The monorail people," he says, "are a solution looking around for a problem. The proper problem doesn't show up very often. I think it probably did in Seattle and at Disneyland. But in planning a system for Los Angeles County, we have to build structures the citizens will accept. There are six different towns on our backbone route, and several of them simply said a flat 'No' to any overhead transit system on main streets of their town."

Alweg's man in Los Angeles, a lanky, articulate, no-nonsense public-relations man named William Ross—who, incidentally, is handling publicity for the Goldwater primary campaign in California—is bitter about the kiss-off given his company by the M.T.A.

"Sometimes I wonder," he says, "if they really want to build a system. The basic question in Los Angeles was always: Do we go underground at huge expense to the taxpayers or do we go overhead with monorail with no taxes and the fare box carrying the freight? It was our hope that once our plan was considered acceptable we could go with the M.T.A. into each of the communities along the transit route and sell them on the merits of monorail. I think we could have pulled it off, but we never got the chance."

On one vital point the advantage of monorail seems clear: Its novelty *will* attract riders. In Seattle, hundreds of thousands of people climbed off city buses that would have taken them to the fairground for an extra nickel and instead paid 50 cents to make the same trip in the monorail. At Disneyland the monorail continues to be the most popular ride in the park; the number of monorail passengers consistently runs about three fourths of the total gate admissions.

Whether it ever solves mass transit problems or not, monorail is plainly the favorite ride in town. THE END

"They're plastic."

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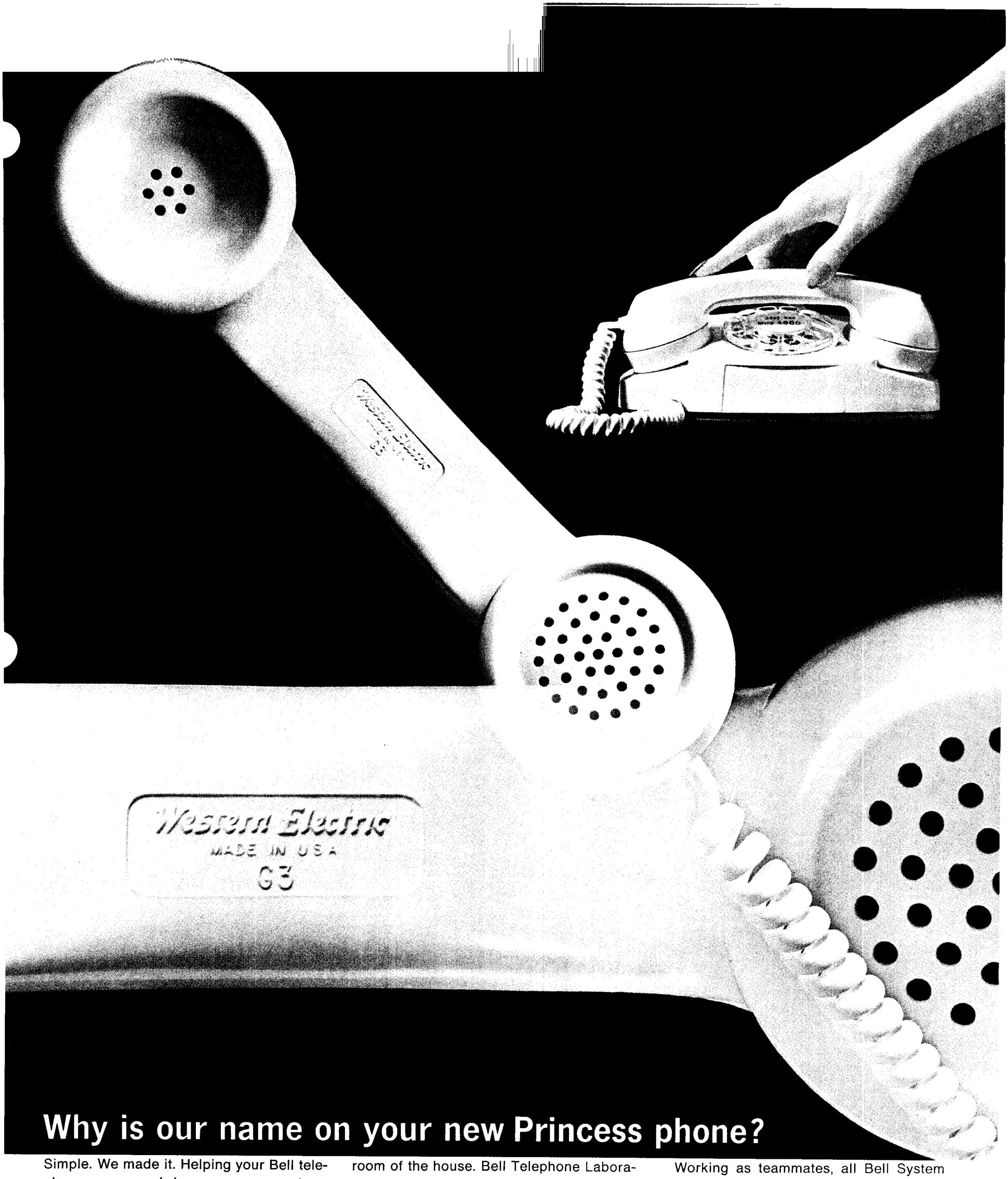

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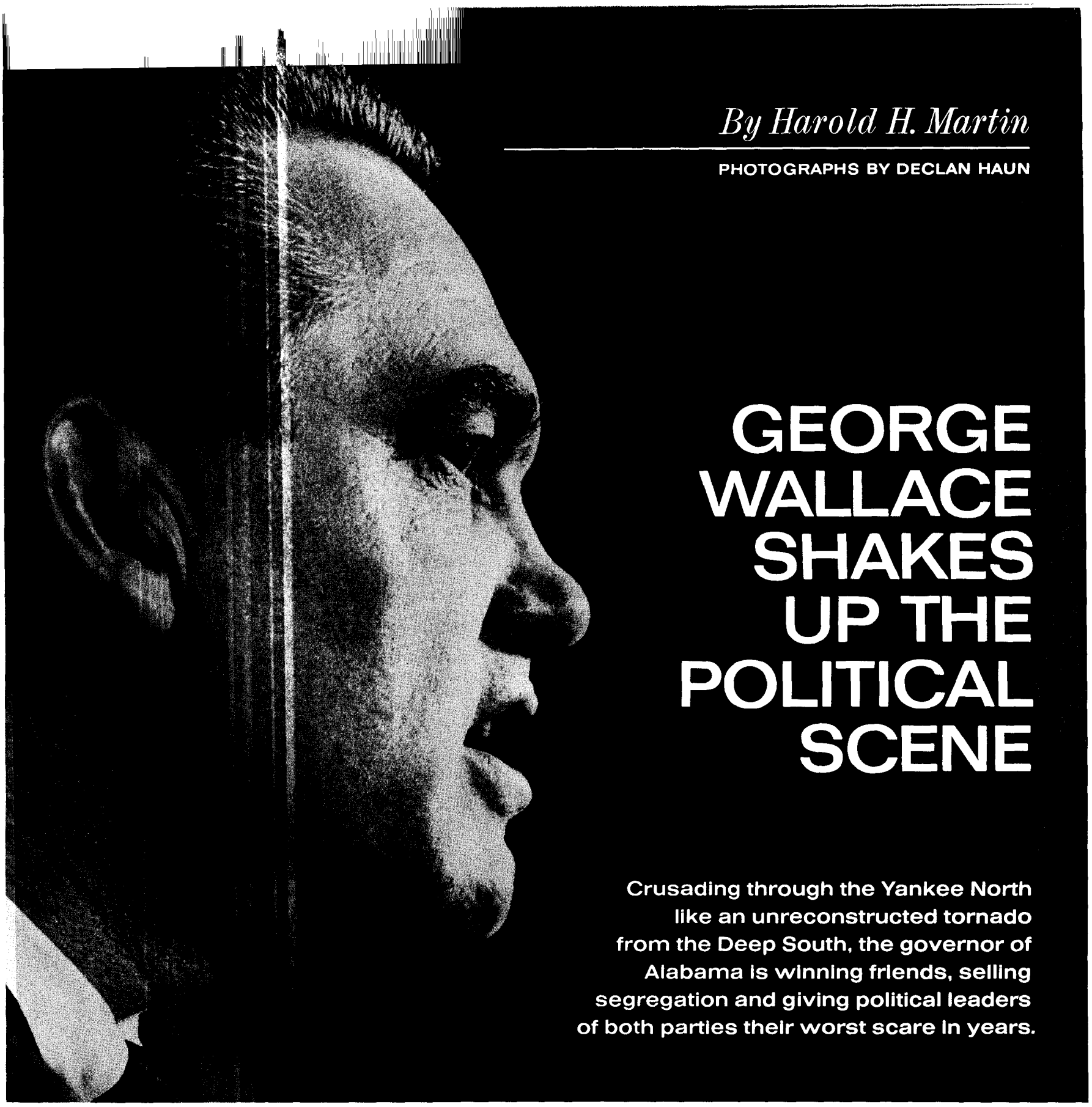

By Harold H. Martin

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DECLAN HAUN

GEORGE WALLACE SHAKES UP THE POLITICAL SCENE

Crusading through the Yankee North like an unreconstructed tornado from the Deep South, the governor of Alabama is winning friends, selling segregation and giving political leaders of both parties their worst scare in years.

After a three-week campaign in Indiana, Gov. George C. Wallace—"The Fighting Little Judge"—expects to score the same kind of primary vote he did in Wisconsin.

In an outburst of fervor that sounded as though the gray armies had just whipped the Yankees in the Third Battle of Bull Run, 3,000 citizens of Montgomery, Ala., gathered at their airport one night last month to weep and shout and reach out clutching hands to touch a conquering hero returning in triumph from the North.

As the little man, his arm upthrust in a victory sign, stepped from the state-owned plane that had brought him home, observers noted that his concept of his own place on the national political stage had suddenly taken on a new dimension: The huge red letters on the plane's fuselage once had urged STAND UP FOR ALABAMA. They now had been changed to read STAND UP FOR AMERICA.

This did not mean that Alabama in any degree had modified the attitudes that had separated it in will and spirit from the states that lie beyond the boundaries of the old South. It meant instead that the Honorable George C. Wallace, Alabama's belligerent, bantam-sized governor, had gone into the supposedly liberal and progressive North preaching Alabama's pure doctrine of states' rights versus civil rights, of segregation versus integration, and in Wisconsin he had found an amazing number of Yankees who shared his views.

There, he triumphantly told the crowd, 264,000 voters—roughly one quarter of all those who had cast their ballots in Wisconsin's April 7 primary—had voted for George Wallace. The implications of this vote, he told his hearers, were enormous. It meant that senators would back off in their support of the civil-rights bill. It meant that both parties would have to "conservatize" their party platforms. It meant that from now on politicians trapped by the "insipid bloc vote" of the Negro would have to worry about the Stand-up-for-America vote. It meant that in the North there was a strong strain of sympathy for the stand of the South in its battle against the Central Government. "We have shaken the eyeteeth of every liberal in the country," said Mr. Wallace.

Moreover, he proposed to shake them some more, and therefore he could not tarry long at home. Soon he must be on his way to Indiana where, he told his hearers confidently, May 5 would bring another victory for Alabama and the Southern concepts of individual liberty. And in mid-May, Maryland, torn by racial strife, would prove again the justice of his cause. Meanwhile, as he fought their battles in the field, Mr. Wallace told his hearers, they must carry on the fight at home to elect a slate of presidential electors unpledged to any man or party. If they should fail to do this, all his victories in the North would be meaningless.

As the South's most vociferous segregationist moved on into Indiana, a state which in the '20's gave strong and heartfelt support to the Ku Klux Klan, liberal Democrats all over the nation sought to assay the meaning of his sudden and alarming

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"A vote for me is a vote for the right to run your own lives."

George Wallace

emergence on the national political stage.

The Wallace vote, *The New York Times* said editorially, was a cause for dismay. It indicated that "grass-roots resistance to effective civil-rights legislation is disturbingly widespread."

To the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, Wallace's successful Northern forays suggested one thing: that "where the Southerner is adamant against equal rights, Northerners seem to say that the Negro deserves civil rights and fair treatment, but not too civil or too fair, and above all not too close to home."

Not so, said John M. Bailey from his lofty aerie as national Democratic chairman. The Wallace votes were not votes against civil-rights legislation. They were switchover votes by renegade Republicans, crossing party lines in a cynical effort to embarrass the Democratic Party.

To those who followed Wallace on his speaking tours, this analysis seems too pat. There was a heavy crossover Republican vote, without doubt. But the people who came out to cheer Wallace, who worked for him and followed him about with shining eyes, were not Republicans desperately trying to embarrass a Democratic administration. They were Republicans to whom Barry Goldwater was a flaming liberal—"He's too soft on the Peace Corps," said one—and their involvement was emotional, not cynically political. They were "Abolish the income tax-ers," "Abandon the U.N.-ers" and "Drop the bomb on the Communists now" advocates. Since the passing of Sen. Joe McCarthy, they had been looking for a leader, and in Wallace they thought they had found him.

Wallace himself attributed his victory to the basic good sense of the voters. In his triumphal farewell speech in Milwaukee, his soft Alabama drawl was mellow, his mood expansive. He exuded loving-kindness. "I just want to express my heartfelt gratitude to all you good people of Wisconsin. I always have liked Wisconsin. I like it better now. If I ever have to move away from Alabama, I'd want to move up here, where I've found so many friends. More than 260,000 of them. But I want to make one thing abundantly clear. This magnificent victory—and it was a victory, for I wasn't supposed to get any votes up here—was not a vote against any of our people, whatever their color, creed or race. It was a vote for constitutional government and states' rights. It was a vote against those wild-eyed, far-out pinko liberals who, under the false guise of civil rights, are trying to control all your property and dictate every detail of your lives."

Wallace had good cause to feel jubilant. He had gone into presumably tolerant and progressive Wisconsin bearing an exceedingly sorry image. Millions had seen him on TV in his law-defying stand in the schoolhouse door. Millions had remembered the riot scenes, the police dogs, the fire hoses and the cattle prods, and the church bombings in Birmingham. In none of these had Wallace taken part, but he bore their onus, he was a symbol of their violence.

He had come to Wisconsin in answer to no public clamor for his presence there. His "organization" was nonexistent, except for his own entourage of pleasant, soft-talking Alabamans, and a few widely scattered archconservatives. His financial backing, he claims, was nil, and he had few invitations to speak, except at schools and colleges where he knew his audiences would in the main be clamorously hostile.

Yet somehow he had managed to turn all these handicaps to his advantage. His audiences had expected to see a fire-breathing old maneshaker of the Bilbo or John Rankin stripe. They saw instead a dapper, smiling, doggedly amiable, almost humble little man, nimble in debate, ever ready with the soft answer that turned away wrath, the *non sequitur* that left harsh questions unanswered.

Smiling, flicking a small salute, he passed through lines of pickets bearing placards lettered RACIST, GO HOME; WALLACE DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING AGAINST NEGROES, HE THINKS EVERYBODY SHOULD OWN ONE; and WALLACE IS A HATE-MONGER. On the platform, as the placards waved and the boos began, he waited, smiling broadly, until there was quiet.

"I sense that there is some disagreement between us," he would say pleasantly. "But let us first agree to disagree agreeably." He would then launch into one of his three prepared speeches, reading rapidly. His formal speeches, on the whole, were ineffective. In the give and take of the question-and-answer periods he showed up best.

Question: "Governor Wallace, if you are so against federal aid, why does your state accept $700 million in federal aid every year?"

Answer: (Smiling, and reaching for a glass of water) "I'll have to take a drink on that." (Then sternly) "There is no such thing as 'federal' aid. Washington takes our money, pours most of it down various ratholes around the world—and sends back to the states the little that is left. All federal aid is taxpayers' money."

Question: "Why do you feel the Negro is inferior to the white man?"

Answer: "I'm no anthropologist. I'm

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not qualified to speak on variations in human beings. But I've never said one man was inferior—or superior—to another. I see that your banners call me a racist. I am no racist. I believe there is a God, and He loves all men, and if I despise a creature that God made, because of his color, that is evil. But I am a segregationist because I believe that separation of the races is best for both peoples. I am an Alabama segregationist, though, not a Wisconsin segregationist. If Wisconsin believes in integration, that is Wisconsin's business, not mine. That is why I'm here to tell you that Wisconsin has the right to choose the pattern it will follow in its race relations. Alabama has the right to choose the path it will follow. And the Central Government in Washington has no right to tell either Alabama or Wisconsin what to do." (Mixed cheers and boos.) "So, a vote for me in Wisconsin is not a vote for segregation. It is a vote for the right to run your schools, your businesses, your lives as *you* and you alone see fit."

Whenever possible Wallace tried to avoid all discussion of his attitude toward the Negro, preferring to pitch his campaign on the loftier plane of states' versus civil rights. Occasionally, when backed into a corner, he painted a glowing picture of the comfortable lot of the Negro in Alabama—happy Negro workers in the labor unions, happy Negro schoolteachers teaching happy pupils in separate schools, happy Negro college presidents ("How many Negro college presidents do you have here?"), happy Negro voters flocking to the polls 100,000 strong.

Question: "If there are 950,000 Negro citizens in Alabama and 100,000 of them can vote, why are there no Negro representatives in the Alabama legislature?"

Answer: (Wallace reached all the way back to Reconstruction days for this one.) "Why, son, there have been more Negro legislators in Alabama than you ever had here in Wisconsin."

Question: "If, as you say, God made all men, and you love all things that God has made, then how can you refuse the Negro child the right to go to school?"

Answer: "I'm glad you asked about that separation in the schools. The Negroes themselves brought that about. Right after the Civil War the Negroes decided that their new status as free men demanded that they should learn in separate schools. . . ."

Question: "Well, now that they don't want to be separate anymore, why do you refuse them?"

Answer: (Blandly) "Oh, we found out that the Negroes were right in the first place. Everybody does get along better when the two races are separate."

The pattern of the answers was always the same: the bland disclaimer, the plausible-sounding explanation and then the quick riposte.

On church bombings: "Anyone who puts a bomb anywhere is a fiend. I hope someday we'll find the responsible party. The FBI is working hard on the case. Of course, bombings are not confined to Alabama alone. Many good Northern communities have bombings. There have been bombings in Chicago. Youngstown, Ohio, has seventy unsolved bombings."

On "discrimination": "All the decisions we make in life involve discrimination. If you buy a Ford instead of a Chevrolet, you are discriminating against Chevrolet. If you marry one girl instead of another, you are discriminating. Or if you go to one school instead of another. Discrimination means freedom of choice, and freedom of choice is the basis of our liberties, and that's what this so-called civil-rights bill is taking away from us—our freedom of choice. If a man in business wants to hire one man instead of another, that's his right. If a barber wants to shave one man, and not another, that's his right."

On defiance of the Supreme Court: "The Supreme Court is an oligarchy. They legislate when they are supposed to adjudicate. Why can't you criticize a court? You can criticize governors—and they are just as sacred in the American system of government as judges."

Observers of Wallace's audiences while he was casting his semantic web about them sensed a curious dichotomy of response. His attacks on the Central Government appealed to their innate conservatism. His outrageously exaggerated charges that the passage of the civil-rights bill would mean the loss of all personal freedom, they could accept—since the vast majority of them had not read the bill. But his views on race embarrassed them, and angered the stronger-minded. Realizing this, he concentrated his invective on the civil-rights issue. In short, he gave every hearer a chance to transmute a latent hostility toward the Negro into a hostility toward big government. The technique was effective. Frequently listeners, questioned by reporters as to their reactions to Wallace's arguments, began their reply, "Well, I'm not prejudiced in any way, but I don't think the Government has the right to tell me. . . ."

The governor bears down on his answers to questions from a Wisconsin newsman.

Wallace spoke at St. Norbert's, a Catholic school near Green Bay, a few days after the Catholic press in Wisconsin had run an article headlined VOTING FOR RACISTS MEANS COOPERATING IN THEIR EVIL. In the authoritative Catholic paper, the *Herald-Citizen*, the lead editorial read:

"Moral evil is invading Wisconsin. Governor Wallace of Alabama has come to our state. He is publicly known for promoting that type of racism which has been specifically condemned by Pope Pius XI. Governor Wallace in his inaugural address on Jan. 14, 1963, said, 'Segregation now, segregation tomorrow, segregation forever.'"

The St. Norbert's audience, as Wallace began to speak, was openly hostile. At the end it was not warm. But the smiling little man had succeeded in blurring any hatemonger image.

A student said, "He's not as bad as I thought he was."

A young priest, looking troubled, said, "I am in sympathy with the objectives of the civil-rights bill. But I haven't read it, and I must admit he raised some doubts in my mind."

There were no doubts about what Wallace stood for—or what his Wisconsin vote meant—in the minds of some Milwaukeeans who listened to the returns come in on election night. In one shabby bar on the Negro North Side a mahogany hand reached out and snapped the radio off, but the announcer's words still rang in the ears of the black men in heavy overcoats hunched over their beers. "And for Governor George Wallace, Democrat of Alabama, arch-segregationist, bitter foe of civil rights, 261,148."

◀ *Pro- and anti-Wallacites demonstrate at hall in Milwaukee where Alabaman spoke.*

There was silence for a moment. Then one of the men said, "It take a mean dog to go in another man's yard and growl. This cat Wallace worse than Bilbo."

"No," an older man said. "I remember Bilbo. He was worse. He was mean and rough both. Wallace, he mean enough, but he mean and slick. . . ."

At the end of the bar a big brown man, young and angry-looking, broke in. "Me, I'm glad he come up here and done what he did. He jerk the covers off these phonies up here. He say, 'All right, boys, I'm for segregation today, tomorrow and forever, and I know you cats are, too, but you too scared to admit it.' So a quarter of a million of them admit it."

Supporters of Democratic Gov. John W. Reynolds—who had implied that if Wallace should receive the incredible number of 100,000 votes, the name of Wisconsin would be blackened—preferred other explanations. Many of them blamed the press. "The papers let us down," said one. "They didn't hit this character where it would hurt. He came in here mouthing all that slush—'I love Wisconsin cheese, I love Negroes, I love everybody.' And all that stuff about the civil-rights bill being worse than the bubonic plague, and they sloshed every word he said all over the front page. Where were the pictures that show him as he really is—standing in the door of that university defying the law of the United States? Where were the pictures of the police dogs and the fire hoses, and that church that was bombed in Birmingham where the children were killed?"

Wallace himself, however, gave the newspapers no credit. "Your people

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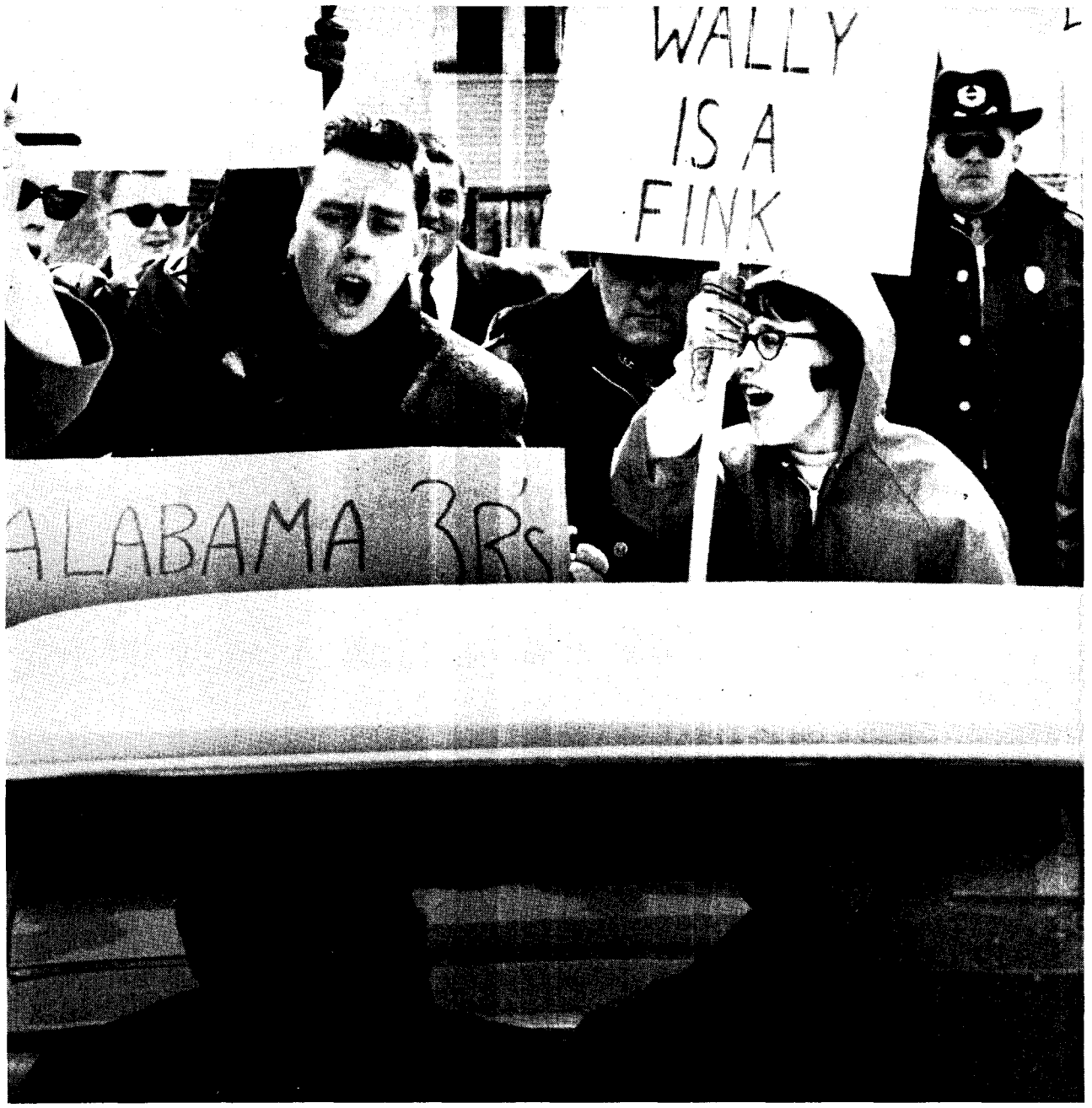

Hostile crowd in Sheboygan hurls epithets at Wallace as he drives off after a luncheon speech at the city's Flamingo Club.

"We have shaken the eyeteeth of the liberals."

George Wallace

received me courteously, and I appreciate that," he told reporters on election night. "But your left-wing, pinko, far-out press—particularly the Milwaukee *Journal* and *Sentinel*—subjected me to the most savage smear campaign ever seen in the history of politics. They made me out a fiend with horns and a tail, a hatemonger, a bigot and a racist. They didn't discuss the issues. They made George Wallace the issue, and they made him out to be some sort of ogre."

Yet the ability to face a hostile environment or a hostile audience and emerge triumphant has been a characteristic of George Wallace since he was young. Born into an impoverished Alabama farm family, his heritage a mixture of Black Belt Bourbon and hillbilly, he came to college age with no resources other than his own talent for persuasion and a fierce ambition. The family farm had been lost to the mortgage holders during the depression, and his father had died in 1937, his freshman year at the University of Alabama. He worked his way through college, waiting tables, washing dishes and running a student boardinghouse called the Bastille. In the summers he sold magazines, taking his pay in butter, eggs, side meat and frying chickens.

Although he was too little to compete with the Alabama football team's behemoths, his naturally combative instinct found outlet as a pugilist. He was state Golden Gloves boxing champion in 1936–37, and as a senior captained the university boxing team. A 1942 graduate in law, he enlisted in the Air Force, and served in the Pacific Theater as flight engineer on B-29 bombers. Three years of this duty so affected him that when he was honorably discharged in 1945, he started drawing $10 a month compensation for 10 percent damage to his nerves. He still accepts this payment, and is not embarrassed when the subject is mentioned.

"Why the hell shouldn't I take the money?" he asks. "At least I've got papers certifying my mind is ninety percent sound. Can Wayne Morse say that?" (Senator Morse had been the first to mention Mr. Wallace's combat fatigue.)

Wallace, on his return from the war, plunged immediately into politics, serving first as state assistant attorney general and then as a state legislator. He authored the Wallace Act, which built a chain of trade schools for both white and black, and the Wallace Industries Act, which encouraged new industries to come to Alabama by granting them tax concessions.

Though he was fighting civil-rights legislation as far back as 1948, his first open defiance of the Federal Government came 10 years later when, as a state-circuit-court judge, he refused to turn over county voter registration lists to the Civil Rights Commission, placing them, instead, in possession of the grand jury for safekeeping. Federal Judge Frank Johnson Jr. cited Wallace for contempt of court but later dismissed the citation after, he said, Wallace had complied with the court's order, by subterfuge—while still publicly breathing defiance. At this, Judge Wallace denounced Judge Johnson, who had been his classmate in law school, referring to him as an "integrating, scalawagging, carpetbagging, bold-faced liar." He had, too, defied the federal court to the bitter end, he said, but the federal judge didn't have the guts to cite him for contempt.

Wallace for this feat became known as "the fighting little judge," a title which still pleases him. On the whole, though, 1958 was a rough year for him. He was beaten in his first race for governor by John Patterson, a segregationist of such extreme views that Mr. Wallace seemed a moderate by comparison.

"Patterson out-niggered George in that race," says former Gov. Kissin' Jim Folsom, a learned student of Alabama political mores. "And old George resolved he wouldn't let that happen again. That's when he got to be so monomaniacal on the race thing—felt like he had to hang six Negroes from every stump every time he made a speech."

In his 1962 race Wallace did not make the mistake of being too moderate in his racial views. He won, and his stand in the door of the University of Alabama was in fulfillment of a campaign pledge. His promise, however, was somewhat modified. He had sworn he would stand in the door until he was carried out bodily. Instead, after President Kennedy federalized the state National Guard, he stood aside quietly.

Despite his intransigence, Wallace's efforts to keep Negroes out of Alabama schools have failed, and more desegregation has taken place under his administration, in a shorter time, than in any other resisting Southern state. In Mobile, Birmingham and Huntsville, 21 Negro children are enrolled in once all-white high and elementary schools, and six are attending college.

There are other inconsistencies in his record. Wallace, his critics point out, demands that the Federal Government leave the states alone to work out their own school problems in their own way, but he denies local school boards this same privilege. In Tuskegee, Mobile, Huntsville and Birmingham local officials reportedly had planned to carry out the Supreme Court edicts quietly and without fanfare. Then Wallace had state troopers sent in, to block the schoolhouse doors.

This once proud and efficient highway patrol, Wallace detractors say, has now been converted into a steel-hatted private army. Its subversives unit, ostensibly set up to keep an eye on Communists, actually is watching and keeping files on journalists and on people who have taken part in civil-rights demonstrations.

Strong enough in the beginning, Wallace has solidified his position in Alabama by his exploits in the North. Today, whatever the truculent little man should ask for, the state is in a mood to give him. There are rumors that an effort will be made to amend the Constitution so that he can succeed himself as governor, and if a race for the Senate were held today, he could almost certainly beat either John Sparkman or Lister Hill.

There are reasons to believe, however, that Wallace is bored with the governorship, and that his ambitions soar higher than a Senate seat. In tapping the great underground rivers of American bigotry, he has loosed a flood that has lifted him into national prominence. Like Huey Long and Joseph McCarthy, he has become a maverick political chieftain, leading a guerrilla band of unknown strength whose numbers are increasing with every demonstration, sit-in, boycott and rock-and-bottle-throwing riot. He seems determined to use his newfound power to the utmost, pushing his Northern battalions to make their strength felt in every political race, whether it be for coroner or Congress or the presidency.

"Segregation today, tomorrow and forever" is still his war cry for the South, and his immediate goal seems to be not only to destroy the civil-rights bill but to destroy the liberal ideal to which the bill gives voice. His aim, in short, presumably is to rally to his banner forces strong enough to rewrite the whole book of American politics, and by so doing change the direction in which the nation has been so agonizingly moving toward a deeper, broader concept of human dignity and freedom. THE END

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Inside Sheboygan club, Wallace smiles for cameraman as he meets the press. He later complained **bitterly** *that newspapers "made me out a* **hatemonger**, *a bigot and a racist."*

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EDITORIALS

THE MEANING OF GOVERNOR WALLACE'S "VICTORY"

Gov. George Wallace's surprising showing in Wisconsin (page 85) confirms a fact that many observers have long suspected and Stewart Alsop first pointed out in *The Post*. There is a strong backlash from the civil-rights movement, and it is not confined to the South.

To civil-rights advocates, Wallace is a segregationist zealot. And, as Harold H. Martin reports, Wallace himself considers his Wisconsin showing as a vote against "those wild-eyed, far-out pinko liberals who, under the false guise of civil rights, are trying to control all your property and dictate every detail of your lives." The fact that this man could poll 264,000 votes in Wisconsin indicates how difficult it will be for Congress to produce a meaningful civil-rights bill.

American Negroes are becoming more impatient than ever, which is understandable when you consider how long they have been deprived of basic rights and opportunity. But it is doubtful that we can avoid a racial explosion unless Negroes show great restraint. Such suggestions as the "stall-in" (deliberately running out of gas to cause a great traffic jam around the New York World's Fair) and the "drip-out" (opening all water faucets and leaving them open) do the Negro cause more harm than good, as responsible Negro leadership has pointed out.

The only people who stand to gain from such irrational schemes are Governor Wallace and his supporters.

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

Two incidents, recounted in detail in *The New York Times* recently, have said more about man's inhumanity to man than all the limited wars, racial disturbances and other varieties of collective violence reported in the papers.

In Kew Gardens, N.Y., a respectable American community, Kitty Genovese, a pretty young woman of 28, drove home from work one night at 3:20 A.M. She parked her car in a lot next to the railroad station and started for her apartment a hundred feet away. She saw a man at the far end of the parking lot, and made her way toward a police call box up the street. She got as far as a street light and the man grabbed her. She screamed. Lights went on, windows were opened and voices heard. (Later, police determined more than 37 persons were watching.)

The man stabbed her and she shouted, "Oh, my God! He stabbed me! Please help me! Please help me!"

A man called out, "Let that girl alone," and the assailant walked away.

Miss Genovese got up and started toward her apartment. The man caught up with her and stabbed her again. "I'm dying! I'm dying!" she screamed, but no one lifted a finger to help her or even bothered to call the police.

The assailant got into a car and drove off. Miss Genovese crawled around to the back of her apartment. The assailant came back and stabbed her again. This time it was fatal.

One of Miss Genovese's neighbors finally called the police. They arrived in two minutes, but she was dead. Assistant Chief Inspector Frederick Lussen later told *The Times*, "The assailant had three chances to kill this woman during a 35-minute period. He returned twice to complete the job. If we had been called when he first attacked, the woman might not be dead now."

The neighbor who finally called the police did so after considerable hesitation. "I didn't want to be involved," he was quoted as saying. He telephoned a friend for advice before he made the call, and he crossed a roof to the apartment of a 70-year-old woman and tried to get her to make the call. Another of Miss Genovese's neighbors said, "I didn't want my husband to get involved," and a man who saw the attacks without coming to Miss Genovese's aid said, "I was tired. I went back to bed."

(*And the Lord said unto Cain, "Where is Abel thy brother?" And he said, "I know not: Am I my brother's keeper?"*)

Two weeks later, *The Times* recounted another shocking story. In Albany, N.Y., a mentally deranged lad of 19 crawled out on a 12th-story hotel ledge and threatened for two hours to jump. A crowd gathered across the street on the State Capitol lawn. People shouted, "Jump! Jump! Jump!"

A teen-ager called out, "Aw, come on, you're chicken," and another shouted, "What's the matter, ya yellow?"

The crowd set up a chant: "Jump! Jump! Jump!" A 10-year-old girl crawled up on the base of a momument and mocked the young man by threatening to jump. A young woman said, "I wish he'd do it and get it over with. If he doesn't hurry up, we're going to miss our last bus."

A man said, "Five bucks says he don't jump." And another man remarked, "I hope he jumps on this side. We couldn't see him if he jumped over there." Finally the young man's seven-year-old nephew persuaded him to come down, and he was taken to a medical center. The crowd went home with nothing to show for the evening but its inhumanity. Later the young man's family agreed to have him committed to a school for the mentally retarded.

No onlooker committed a crime in either of these instances. The law does not require anyone to go to the aid of a helpless woman who is being stabbed to death, or even to make a telephone call to save her life, nor is it a legal offense to shout "Jump! Jump! Jump!" to a mentally retarded young man standing on a building ledge.

Every one of those people in Kew Gardens is free for the rest of his life to contemplate his irresponsibility in not lifting a finger to save his neighbor. Every person who stood on the lawn at the State Capitol in Albany and shouted at the sick young man to jump can assure himself it wasn't his fault that the young man is alive.

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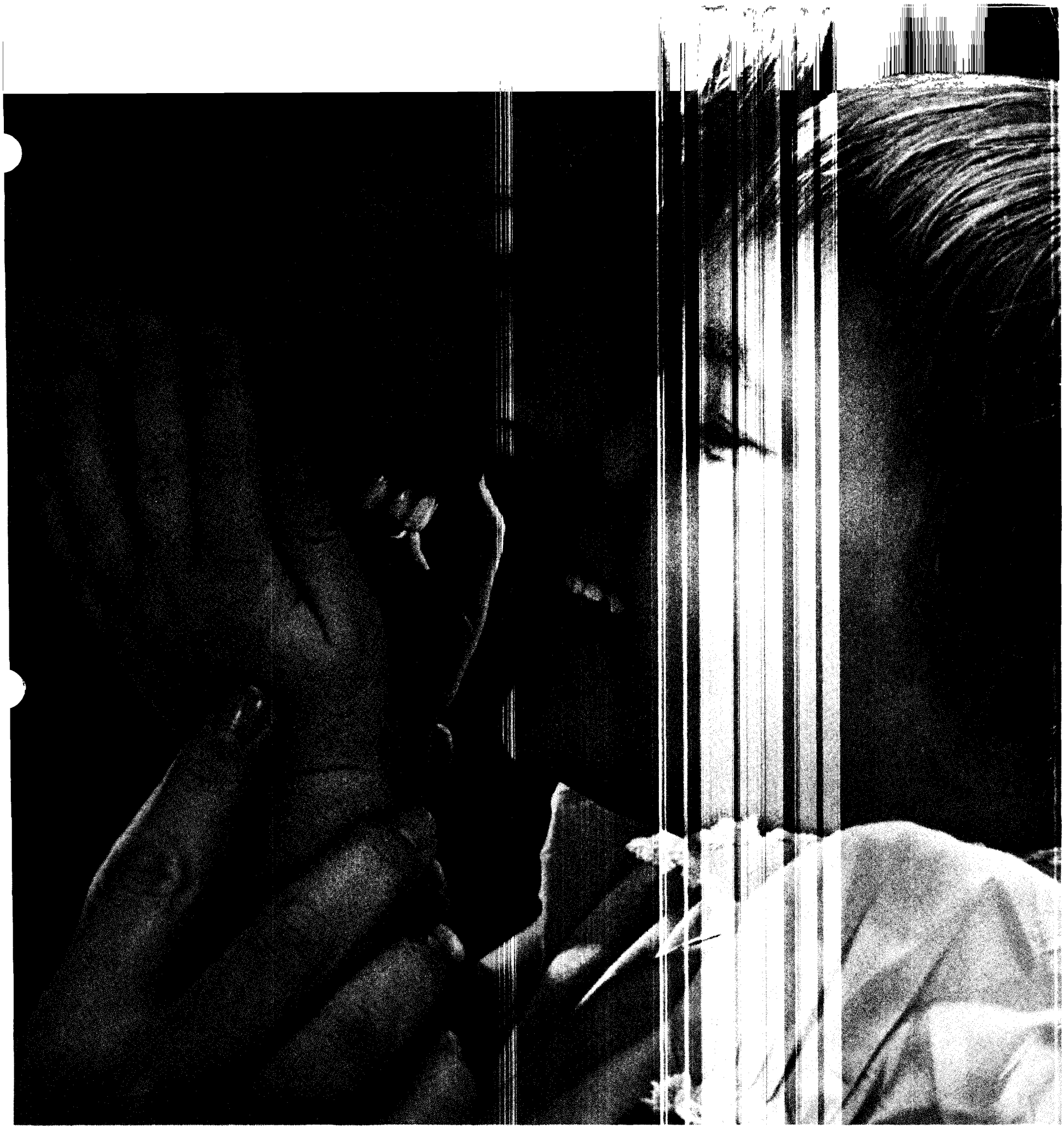

Why more mothers are around on Mother's Day

As recently as the early 1930s one out of every 157 mothers died from complications of pregnancy and childbirth. By 1960 this number had been slashed to one of every 2,778.

A number of factors working together helped reduce this once-high death toll. Among them: better diagnoses, improved delivery techniques, and a variety of new medicines developed by American pharmaceutical company scientists.

Some of these drugs have all but conquered certain hazards of pregnancy. The toxemias, for example. Others, like insulin, often make it possible for the diabetic mother to give birth without the once usually fatal complications. Still other drugs control bleeding. And all at moderate cost.

Many drugs deserve to be starred on this Mother's Day honor roll. More are on their way from the research laboratories of American drug companies. Drugs that may one day help almost all mothers safely through pregnancy and childbirth.

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